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A
SELECT COLLECTION
OF
ENGLISH SONGS,
WITH THEIR
ORIGINAL AIRS.

HARDING AND WRIGHT,
PRINTERS,
ST. JOHN'S-SQUARE, LONDON.

A
SELECT COLLECTION
OF
ENGLISH SONGS,
WITH THEIR
ORIGINAL AIRS:
AND
A HISTORICAL ESSAY
ON THE
ORIGIN AND PROGRESS OF NATIONAL SONG,
BY THE LATE
JOSEPH RITSON, *Esq.*
IN THREE VOLUMES.

THE SECOND EDITION,
WITH
ADDITIONAL SONGS AND OCCASIONAL NOTES.
By THOMAS PARK, *F. S. A.*
VOL. II.

LONDON:

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CO.; J. M. RICHARDSON; J. BOOTH; R. PRIESTLEY; R. SCHOLEY;
CRADOCK AND JOY; R. BALDWIN; AND J. MAJOR.

1813.

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PART THE SECOND.

Drinking-Songs.

SONG I.

THE HONEST FELLOW.

PHO ! pox o'this nonsense, I prithee give o'er,
And talk of your Phyllis and Chloe no more ;
Their face, and their air, and their mien—what a rout !
Here's to thee, my lad !—push the bottle about.

Let finical fops play the fool and the ape ;
They dare not confide in the juice of the grape :
But we honest fellows—'sdeath ! who'd ever think
Of puling for love, while he's able to drink.

'Tis wine, only wine, that true pleasure bestows ;
 Our joys it increases, and lightens our woes ;
 Remember what toppers of old us'd to sing,
 ' The man that is drunk is as great as a king.'

If Cupid assaults you, there's law for his tricks ;
 Anacreon's cases, see page twenty-six :
 The precedent's glorious, and just, by my soul ;
 Lay hold on, and drown the young dog, in a bowl.

What's life but a frolic, a song, and a laugh ?
 My toast shall be this, whilst I've liquor to quaff,
 May mirth and good fellowship always abound .
 Boys, fill up a bumper, and let it go round.

SONG II.

" R O U N D O."

BETTER our heads than hearts should ache,
 Love's childish empire we despise ;
 Good wine of him a slave can make,
 And force a lover to be wise.

Wine sweetens all the cares of peace,
 And takes the terror off from war ;
 To love's affliction it gives ease,
 And to our joys does best prepare.

Better our heads than hearts should ache,
 Love's childish empire we despise ;
 Good wine of him a slave can make,
 And force a lover to be wise.

SONG III.

SOME say women are like the seas,
 Some the waves, and some the rocks ;
 Some the rose that soon decays ;
 Some the weather, and some the cocks :
 But if you'll give me leave to tell,
 There's nothing can be compar'd so well,
 As wine, wine, women and wine, they run in a parallel.

Women are witches, when they will,
 So is wine, so is wine ;
 They make the statesman lose his skill,
 The soldier, lawyer, and divine ;
 They put a gig in the gravest skull,
 And send their wits to gather wool :
 'Tis wine, wine, women and wine, they run in a parallel.

What is't that makes your visage so pale ?
 What is't that makes your looks divine ?
 What is't that makes your courage to fail ?
 Is it not women ? Is it not wine ?
 'Tis wine will make you sick when you're well ;
 'Tis women that make your forehead to swell :
 'Tis wine, wine, women and wine, they run in a parallel.

SONG IV.

THE women all tell me I'm false to my lass,
 That I quit my poor Chloe, and stick to my glass ;
 But to you men of reason, my reasons I'll own ;
 And if you don't like them, why—let them alone.

Although I have left her, the truth I'll declare ;
I believe she was good, and I'm sure she was fair :
But goodness and charms in a bumper I see,
That make it as good and as charming as she.

My Chloe had dimples and smiles, I must own ;
But, though she could smile, yet in truth she could frown :
But tell me, ye lovers of liquor divine,
Did you e'er see a frown in a bumper of wine ?

Her lilies and roses were just in their prime ;
Yet lilies and roses are conquer'd by time :
But in wine, from its age such a benefit flows,
That we like it the better the older it grows.

They tell me, my love would in time have been cloy'd,
And that beauty's insipid when once 'tis enjoy'd ;
But in wine I both time and enjoyment defy ;
For the longer I drink, the more thirsty am I.

Let murders, and battles, and history prove
The mischiefs that wait upon rivals in love ;
But in drinking, thank heaven, no rival contends,
For the more we love liquor, the more we are friends.

She too might have poison'd the joy of my life,
With nurses and babies, and squalling and strife :
But my wine neither nurses nor babies can bring ;
And a big-bellied bottle's a mighty good thing.

We shorten our days when with love we engage,
It brings on diseases and hastens old age ;
But wine from grim death can its votaries save,
And keep out t' other leg, when there's one in the grave.

Perhaps, like her sex, ever false to their word,
 She had left me to get an estate, or a lord ;
 But my bumper (regarding nor title nor pelf)
 Will stand by me when I can't stand by myself.

Then let my dear Chloe no longer complain ;
 She's rid of her lover, and I of my pain :
 For in wine, mighty wine, many comforts I spy ;
 Should you doubt what I say, take a bumper and try.

SONG V.*

SHE tells me with claret she cannot agree,
 And she thinks of a hogshead when'er she sees me ;
 For I smell like a beast, and therefore must I,
 Resolve to forsake her, or claret deny.
 Must I leave my dear bottle, that was always my friend,
 And I hope will continue so, to my life's end ?
 Must I leave it for her ? 'tis a very hard task :
 Let her go to the devil !—bring the other full flask.

Had she tax'd me with gaming, and bid me forbear,
 'Tis a thousand to one I had lent her an ear :

* Honest Tom's title to this song is rather questionable. In one of his plays he has a song beginning,

‘ When I visit proud Celia just come from the glass,’

which is so near the present, as to make one thing certain while it leaves it doubtful, i. e. either that the present copy was borrowed from Tom, or that Tom borrowed from it. [Ritson seems by this note to have pre-supposed that he had ascribed this song to D'Urfey.]

Had she found out my Sally, up three pair of stairs,
I had balk'd her, and gone to St. James's to prayers.
Had she bad me read homilies three times a day,
She perhaps had been humour'd with little to say ;
But, at night, to deny me my bottle of red,
Let her go to the devil !—there's no more to be said.

SONG VI.

BY MR. HENRY CAREY.*

WITH an honest old friend, and a merry old song,
And a flask of old port, let me sit the night long ;
And laugh at the malice of those who repine,
That they must swig porter, while I can drink wine.

I envy no mortal, though ever so great,
Nor scorn I a wretch for his lowly estate ;
But what I abhor, and esteem as a curse,
Is poorness of spirit, not poorness in purse.

Then dare to be generous, dauntless, and gay,
Let's merrily pass life's remainder away ;
Upheld by our friends, we our foes may despise,
For the more we are envied, the higher we rise.

* [At p. 13, Ritson desires the reader to prefer the appellative Harry Carey to that of Mr. Henry: for what important reason he has not declared. The character given of him by Sir John Hawkins, and cited in vol. i. p. 84, certainly raises him above the moral elevation of Tom D'Urfey.]

SONG VII.

THE HAPPY LIFE.

BY THE REV. WILLIAM THOMPSON.

A BOOK, a friend, a song, a glass,
A chaste, yet laughter-loving lass,
To mortals various joys impart,
Inform the sense, and warm the heart.

Thrice happy they who, careless, laid
Beneath a kind embowering shade,
With rosy wreaths their temples crown,
In rosy wine their sorrows drown.

Meanwhile the Muses wake the lyre,
The Graces modest mirth inspire,
Good-natur'd humour, harmless wit ;
Well-temper'd joys, nor grave, nor light.

Let sacred Venus with her heir,
And dear Ianthe too be there :—
Music and wine in concert move
With beauty and refining love.

There Peace shall spread her dove-like wing,
And bid her olives round us spring,
There Truth shall reign, a sacred guest !
And Innocence, to crown the rest.

Begone—ambition, riches, toys,
 And splendid cares, and guilty joys :—
 Give me a book, a friend, a glass,
 And a chaste laughter-loving lass.

SONG VIII.

PLATO'S ADVICE.*

SAYS Plato, why should man be vain,
 Since bounteous heav'n has made him great ?
 Why look with insolent disdain
 On those undeck'd with wealth or state ?
 Can splendid robes, or beds of down,
 Or costly gems that deck the fair,
 Can all the glories of a crown
 Give health, or ease the brow of care ?

The scepter'd king, the burden'd slave,
 The humble, and the haughty die ;
 The rich, the poor, the base, the brave,
 In dust, without distinction, lie.
 Go, search the tombs where monarch's rest,
 Who once the greatest titles bore ;
 The wealth and glory they possess,
 And all their honours are no more.

So glides the meteor through the sky,
 And spreads along a gilded train,

* An alteration of a poem, written by the Rev. Mr. Matthew
 (husband of the celebrated Letitia) Pilkington, beginning,

‘ Why, Lycidas, should man be vain ?’

But, when its short-liv'd beauties die,
 Dissolves to common air again.*
 So 'tis with us, my jovial souls :
 Let friendship reign while here we stay ;
 Let's crown our joys with flowing bowls :—
 When Jove us calls we must obey.

SONG IX.

GIVE me but a friend and a glass, boys,
 I'll show ye what 'tis to be gay ;
 I'll not care a fig for a lass, boys,
 Nor love my brisk youth away :
 Give me but an honest fellow,
 That's pleasantest when he is mellow,
 We'll live twenty-four hours a day.

'Tis woman in chains does bind, boys,
 But 'tis wine that makes us free ;
 'Tis woman that makes us blind, boys,
 But wine makes us doubly see.
 The female is true to no man,
 Deceit is inherent to woman,
 But none in a brimmer can be.

* [Here closes Mr. Pilkington's ode to Lycidas, printed in 1730 with his poems ; the spurious addition has been thus refined from its Bacchanalian heathenism, in the song-collections of Mr. Plumptre.]

So 'tis with us ;—life is not long,
 Let friendship reign while here we stay :
 Let virtue aid the cheerful song ;
 When Heav'n shall call, we must obey.]

SONG X.*

BID me, when forty winters more
Have furrow'd deep my pallid brow ;
When from my head, a scanty store,
Lankly the wither'd tresses flow ;
When the warm tide, that bold and strong
Now rolls impetuous on and free,
Languid and slow scarce steals along ;
Then bid me court sobriety.

Nature, who form'd the varied scene
Of rage and calm, of frost and fire,
Unerring guide, could only mean
That age should reason, youth desire :
Shall then that rebel man presume
(Inverting nature's law) to seize
The dues of age in youth's high bloom,
And join impossibilities ?

No—let me waste the frolic May
In wanton joys and wild excess,
In revel sport, and laughter gay,
And mirth, and rosy cheerfulness.
Woman, the soul of all delights,
And wine, the aid of love, be near :
All charms me that to joy incites,
And ev'ry she that's kind, is fair.

* Quære, if not by Sir John Hill, M. D.?

SONG XI.

BY MR. GAY.*

YOUTH's the season made for joys,
Love is then our duty,
She alone, who that employs,
Well deserves her beauty.
Let's be gay,
While we may,
Beauty's a flower despis'd in decay.

Let us drink and sport to-day,
Ours is not to-morrow;
Love with youth flies swift away,
Age is nought but sorrow.
Dance and sing,
Time's on the wing,
Life never knows the return of spring.

SONG XII.

BY DR. DALTON.†

PREACH not to me your musty rules,
Ye drones that mould in idle cell;
The heart is wiser than the schools,
The senses always reason well.

* In the 'Beggars Opera.'

† In his excellent alteration of the masque of 'Comus.'

If short my span, I less can spare
To pass a single pleasure by ;
An hour is long, if lost in care ;
They only live, who life enjoy.

SONG XIII.*

COME now, all ye social pow'rs,
Shed your influence o'er us ;
Crown with joy the present hours,
Enliven those before us.

Bring the flask, the music bring,
Joy shall quickly find us ;
Drink and dance, and laugh and sing ;
And cast dull care behind us.

Love, thy godhead we adore,
Source of generous passion ;
But will ne'er bow down before
Those idols wealth or fashion.
Bring the flask, &c.

Friendship with thy smile divine,
Brighten all our features ;
What but friendship, love and wine,
Can make us happy creatures.
Bring the flask, &c.

* Altered and enlarged from the *finale* of Bickerstaff's 'School for Fathers.'

Why the deuce should we be sad,
 While on earth we moulder ;
 Grave or gay, or wise or mad,
 We every day grow older.
 Bring the flask, &c.

Then since time will steal away,
 Spite of all our sorrow ;
 Heighten every joy to-day,
 Never mind to-morrow.

Bring the flask, the music bring,
 Joy shall quickly find us ;
 Drink, and dance, and laugh, and sing,
 And cast dull care behind us.

SONG XIV.

CATO'S ADVICE.*

WHAT Cato advises, most certainly wise is,
 Not always to labour, but sometimes to play,
 To mingle sweet pleasure with search after treasure,
 Indulging at night for the toils of the day :

* By Harry Carey ; which familiar appellative the reader is desired to prefer in every place to the more stately one of Mr. Henry. Cato's real advice (whoever he was) is comprised in the following distich, prefixed by honest Harry, in his 'Musical Century,' as a motto to the song :

Interpone tuis interdum gaudia curis,
 Ut possis animo quemvis sufferre laborem. *Distich, lib. 3.*

And while the dull miser esteems himself wiser,
His bags to increase, while his health does decay ;
Our souls we enlighten, our fancies we brighten,
And pass the long evenings in pleasure away.

All cheerful and hearty, we set aside party,
With some tender fair the bright bumper is crown'd ;
Thus Bacchus invites us, and Venus delights us,
While care in an ocean of claret is drown'd :
See, here's our physician, we know no ambition,
But where there's good wine and good company found ;
Thus happy together, in spite of all weather,
'Tis sunshine and summer with us the year round.

SONG XV.

FROM ANACREON.

IF gold could lengthen life, I swear,
It then should be my chiefest care
To get a heap ; that I might say,
When death came to demand his pay,
Thou slave, take this, and go thy way.

But since life is not to be bought,
Why should I plague myself for nought ;
Or foolishly disturb the skies
With vain complaints, or fruitless cries ?
For if the fatal destinies
Have all decreed it shall be so,
What good will gold or crying do ?

Give me, to ease my thirsty soul,
The joys and comforts of the bowl ;
Freedom and health, and whilst I live,
Let me not want what love can give :
Then shall I die in peace, and have
This consolation in the grave,
That once I had the world my slave.

SONG XVI.

AN HUNDRED YEARS HENCE.

LET us drink and be merry,
Dance, joke, and rejoice,
With claret and sherry,
Theorbo and voice :
The changeable world
To our joy is unjust ;
All treasure's uncertain,
Then down with your dust.
In frolics dispose
Your pounds, shillings, and pence ;
For we shall be nothing
An hundred years hence.

We'll kiss and be free
With Moll, Betty, and Nelly,
Have oysters and lobsters
And maids by the belly.
Fish-dinners will make
A lass spring like a flea ;
Dame Venus, love's goddess,
Was born of the sea :

With Bacchus and her
We'll tickle the sense,
For we shall be past it
An hundred years hence.

Your most beautiful bit,
That hath all eyes upon her,
That her honesty sells
For a haut-goût of honour,
Whose lightness and brightness
Doth shine in such splendour,
That none but the stars
Are thought fit to attend her ;
Though now she be pleasant,
And sweet to the sense,
Will be damnable mouldy
An hundred years hence.

The usurer, that
In the hundred takes twenty,
Who wants in his wealth,
And pines in his plenty ;
Lays up for a season
Which he shall ne'er see,
The year one thousand
Eight hundred and three :
His wit and his wealth,
His learning and sense,
Shall be turned to nothing
An hundred years hence.

Your Chancery-lawyers,
Whose subtilty thrives,

In spinning out suits
 To the length of three lives ;
 Such suits which the clients
 Do wear out in slavery,
 Whilst pleader makes conscience
 A cloak for his knavery,
 May boast of his subtilty
 In the present tense,
 But *non est inventus*
 An hundred years hence.

Then why should we turmoil
 In cares and in fears,
 Turn all our tranquillity
 To sighs and to tears ?
 Let's eat, drink, and play,
 Till the worms do corrupt us,
 'Tis certain, *post mortem*
Nulla voluptas.
 Let's deal with our damsels,
 That we may from thence,
 Have broods to succeed us
 An hundred years hence.

O.

SONG XVII.

JOLLY mortals, fill your glasses,
 Noble deeds are done by wine ;
 Scorn the nymph and all her graces,
 Who'd for love or beauty pine.

Look within the bowl that's flowing,
And a thousand charms you'll find,
More than in Phyllis, though just going
In the moment to be kind.

Alexander hated thinking,
Drank about at council-board ;
He subdued the world by drinking,
More than by his conquering sword.

SONG XVIII.

As swift as time put round the glass,
And husband well life's little space ;
Perhaps your sun, which shines so bright,
May set in everlasting night.*

Or, if the sun again should rise,
Death, ere the morn, may close your eyes ;
Then drink, before it be too late,
And snatch the present hour from fate.

Come, fill a bumper, fill it round ;
Let mirth, and wit, and wine abound ;
In these alone true wisdom lies,
For, to be merry's to be wise.

* [This passage, like too many others amid the present festal assemblage, betrays a near alliance with the modern philosophy of the Gallic school ; which Miss More has forcibly and felicitously termed ' the college of infidelity. ']

SONG XIX.*

Busy, curious, thirsty fly,
Drink with me, and drink as I;
Freely welcome to my cup,
Could'st thou sip and sip it up.
Make the most of life you may,
Life is short, and wears away.

Both alike are mine and thine,
Hastening quick to their decline:
Thine's a summer, mine no more,
Though repeated to threescore;
Threescore summers, when they're gone,
Will appear as short as one.

[Yet this difference we may see
'Twixt the life of man and thee:
Thou art for this life alone,
Man seeks another when 'tis gone;
And though allow'd its joys to share,
'Tis Virtue here hopes Pleasure there.]†

* 'Made extempore by a gentleman, occasioned by a fly drinking out of his cup of ale.'

† [This moral finale was added by the Rev. Mr. Plumptre. See his 'Collection of Songs,' vol. i. p. 257; where a third verse appears to the original composition, which was probably omitted by Ritson, from its incongruity of metaphor.]

SONG XX.

ANACREON ON HIMSELF.

BY THE REV. MR. FAWKES.

WHEN I drain the rosy bowl,
Joy exhilarates my soul ;
To the Nine I raise my song,
Ever fair and ever young.
When full cups my cares expel,
Sober counsels then farewell ;
Let the winds, that murmur, sweep
All my sorrows to the deep.

When I drink dull time away,
Jolly Bacchus, ever gay,
Leads me to delightful bowers,
Full of fragrance, full of flowers.
When I quaff the sparkling wine,
And my locks with roses twine,
Then I praise life's rural scene,
Sweet, sequester'd, and serene.

When I sink the bowl profound,
Richest fragrance flowing round,
And some lovely nymph detain,
Venus then inspires the strain.
When from goblets deep and wide,
I exhaust the generous tide,

All my soul unbends—I play,
Gamesome, with the young and gay.*

SONG XXI.

MORTALS, learn your lives to measure,
Not by length of time, but pleasure ;
Now the hours invite, comply ;
Whilst you idly pause, they fly :
Blest, a nimble pace they keep ;
But in torment, then they creep.

Mortals, learn your lives to measure,
Not by length of time, but pleasure ;
Soon your spring must have a fall ;
Losing youth, is losing all :
Then you'll ask, but none will give ;
And may linger, but not live.

SONG XXII.

OLD Chiron thus preach'd to his pupil Achilles :
I'll tell you, young gentleman, what the Fates will is ;
 You, my boy,
 Must go
 (The gods will have it so)
 To the siege of Troy ;

* Mr. Fawkes's translation contains the following additional lines, necessarily omitted when it was converted into a song.

When the foaming bowl I drain,
Real blessings are my gain ;
Blessings which my own I call:
Death is common to us all.

DRINKING-SONGS.

Thence never to return to Greece again,
But before those walls to be slain.
Ne'er let your noble courage be cast down ;
But, all the while you lie before the town,
Drink, and drive care away, drink and be merry ;
You'll ne'er go the sooner to the Stygian ferry. O.

SONG XXIII.

LET's be jovial, fill our glasses,
Madness 'tis for us to think—
How the world is rul'd by asses,
And the wise are sway'd by chink.

Then never let vain cares oppress us ;
Riches are to them a snare ;
We're ev'ry one as rich as Cræsus,
While our bottle drowns our care.

Wine will make us red as roses,
And our sorrows quite forget ;
Come let's fuddle all our noses,
Drink ourselves quite out of debt.

When grim Death comes looking for us,
We are toping off our bowls ;
Bacchus joining in the chorus,
Death, begone, here's none but souls.

Godlike Bacchus thus commanding,
Trembling Death away shall fly ;
Ever after understanding,
Drinking souls can never die.

SONG XXIV.

EVERY man take a glass in his hand,
And drink a good health to the king ;
Many years may he rule o'er this land,
May his laurels for ever fresh spring !
Let wrangling and jangling straightway cease,
Let every man strive for his country's peace ;
Neither tory nor whig,
With their parties, look big :
Here's a health to all honest men.

'Tis not owning a whimsical name
That proves a man loyal and just ;
Let him fight for his country's fame,
Be impartial at home, if in trust :
'Tis this that proves him an honest soul,
His health we'll drink in a brimful bowl :
Then let's leave off debate,
No confusion create ;
Here's a health to all honest men.

When a company's honestly met,
With intent to be merry and gay,
Their drooping spirits to whet,
And drown the fatigues of the day ;
What madness is it thus to dispute,
When neither side can his man confute ?
When you've said what you dare,
You're but just where you were,
Here's a health to all honest men.

Then agree, ye true Britons, agree,
And ne'er quarrel about a nick-name ;
Let your enemies trembling see,
That an Englishman's always the same ;
For our king, our church, our law, and right,
Let's lay by all feuds, and straight unite :
Then who need care a fig,
Who's a tory or whig ?
Here's a health to all honest men.

SONG XXV.

THE WHET.

BY TOM BROWN.*

WINE, wine in a morning,
Makes us frolic and gay,
That like eagles we soar,
In the pride of the day ;
Gouty sots of the night
Only find a decay.

'Tis the sun ripens the grape,
And to drinking gives light ;
We imitate him,
When by noon we're at height ;
They steal wine, who take it
When he's out of sight.

* It is printed in Tom's works ; but that, indeed, is no conclusive proof of his property in it.

Boy, fill all the glasses,
Fill them up now he shines ;
The higher he rises
The more he refines,
For wine and wit fall
As their maker declines.

SONG XXVI.

HAD Neptune, when first he took charge of the sea,
Been as wise, or at least been as merry as we ;
He'd have thought better on't, and, instead of his brine,
Would have fill'd the vast ocean with generous wine.

What trafficking then would have been on the main
For the sake of good liquor, as well as for gain !
No fear then of tempest, or danger of sinking ;
The fishes ne'er drown, that are always a-drinking.

The hot thirsty sun then would drive with more haste,
Secure in the evening of such a repast ;
And when he'd got tipsy, would have taken his nap
With double the pleasure in Thetis's lap.

By the force of his rays, and thus heated with wine,
Consider how gloriously Phœbus would shine ;
What vast exhalations he'd draw up on high,
To relieve the poor earth as it wanted supply.

How happy us mortals, when bless'd with such rain,
To fill all our vessels, and fill them again !
Nay, even the beggar that has ne'er a dish
Might jump in the river, and drink like a fish.

What mirth and contentment in every one's brow,
Hob as great as a prince, dancing after the plow !
The birds in the air, as they play on the wing,
Although they but sip, would eternally sing.

The stars, who I think don't to drinking incline,
Would frisk and rejoice at the fume of the wine ;
And, merrily twinkling, would soon let us know
That they were as happy as mortals below.

Had this been the case, what had we then enjoy'd,
Our spirits still rising, our fancy ne'er cloy'd !
A pox then on Neptune, when 'twas in his pow'r,
To slip, like a fool, such a fortunate hour.

SONG XXVII.

FROM ANACREON.

BY ABRAHAM COWLEY, ESQ.

THE thirsty earth drinks up the rain,
And thirsts, and gapes for drink again ;
The plants set in the earth, they are
By constant drinking fresh and fair.

The sea itself (which one would think,
Should have but little need to drink)
Drinks many a thousand rivers up,
Into his overflowing cup.

The busy sun (and one would guess
By his drunken fiery face no less)
Drinks up the sea, and when that's done,
The moon and stars drink up the sun :

They drink and dance by their own light,
They drink and revel all the night ;
Nothing in nature's sober found,
But an eternal health goes round.

Fill up the bowl, boys, fill it high ;
Fill all the glasses here ; for why
Should every creature drink but I ?
Why, man of morals, tell me why ?

SONG XXVIII.

BY ARTHUR DAWSON, ESQ.*

YE good fellows all,
Who love to be told where there's claret good store,
Attend to the call
Of one who's ne'er frightened,
But greatly delighted,
With six bottles more :

* Third baron of the Exchequer in Ireland : who is said to have translated it from one of the compositions of Carolan, a celebrated modern Irish bard. [See the life of Turlough O'Carolan, with specimens of his native muse, in 'Historical Memoirs of the Irish Bards,' by that elegant, liberal, and much lamented scholar Joseph Cooper Walker, Esq. of St. Valeri, near Bray in Ireland.]

Be sure you don't pass
The good house Money Glass,
Which the jolly red god so peculiarly owns ;
'Twill well suit your humour,
For pray what would you more,
Than mirth, with good claret, and bumpers, 'squire
Jones.

Ye lovers who pine
For lasses that oft prove as cruel as fair,
Who whimper and whine
For lilies and roses,
With eyes, lips, and noses,
Or tip of an ear :
Come hither, I'll show you
How Phyllis and Chloe
No more shall occasion such sighs and such groans ;
For what mortal so stupid
As not to quit Cupid,
When call'd by good claret, and bumpers, 'squire Jones.

Ye poets who write,
And brag of your drinking fam'd Helicon's brook,
Though all you get by't
Is a dinner oft-times,
In reward of your rhimes,
With Humphrey the duke :
Learn Bacchus to follow,
And quit your Apollo,
Forsake all the muses, those senseless old crones ;
Our jingling of glasses
Your rhiming surpasses,
When crown'd with good claret, and bumpers, 'squire
Jones.

Ye soldiers so stout,
With plenty of oaths, though no plenty of coin,
Who make such a rout
Of all your commanders
Who serv'd us in Flanders,
And eke at the Boyne :
Come leave off your rattling
Of sieging and battling,
And know you'd much better to sleep in whole bones ;
Were you sent to Gibraltar,
Your note you'd soon alter,
And wish for good claret, and bumpers, 'squire Jones.

Ye clergy so wise,
Who myst'ries profound can demonstrate most clear,
How worthy to rise !
You preach once a week,
But your tithes never seek
Above once in a year :
Come here without failing,
And leave off your railing
'Gainst bishops providing for dull stupid drones ;
Says the text so divine,
What is life without wine ?
Then away with the claret, a bumper, 'squire Jones.

Ye lawyers so just,
Be the cause what it will, who so learnedly plead,
How worthy of trust !
You know black from white,
Yet prefer wrong to right,
As you chance to be fee'd :

Leave musty reports,
And forsake the king's courts,
Where dulness and discord have set up their thrones ;
Burn Salkeld and Ventris,
With all your damn'd entries,
And away with the claret, a bumper, 'squire Jones.

Ye physical tribe,
Whose knowledge consists in hard words and grimace,
Whene'er you prescribe
Have at your devotion
Pills, bolus, or potion,
Be what will the case :
Pray where is the need
To purge, blister, and bleed ?
When ailing yourselves the whole faculty owns,
That the forms of old Galen
Are not so prevailing
As mirth with good claret, and bumpers, 'squire Jones.

Ye fox-hunters eke,
That follow the call of the horn and the hound,
Who your ladies forsake,
Before they're awake,
To beat up the brake
Where the vermin is found :
Leave Piper and Blueman,
Shrill Duchess and Trueman ;
No music is found in such dissonant tones :
Would you ravish your ears
With the songs of the spheres,
Hark away to the claret, a bumper, 'squire Jones.

SONG XXIX.

IN THE PRAISE OF SACK.

BY FRANCIS BEAUMONT.*

LISTEN all, I pray,
To the words I've to say,
In memory sure insert 'em ;
Rich wines do us raise
To the honour of bays ;
Quem non fecere disertum ?

Of all the juice
Which the gods produce,
Sack shall be prefer'd before 'em ;
'Tis sack that shall
Create us all
Mars, Bacchus, Apollo, virorum.

We abandon all ale,
And beer that is stale,
Rosa Solis and damnable hum ;
But we will crack
In the praise of sack,
'Gainst *omne quod exit in um.*

* This song is inserted in Beaumont's poems, and his name is here prefixed to it on the authority of an old manuscript copy in the Harleian library.

DRINKING-SONGS.

This is the wine
 Which in former time
 Each wise one of the Magi,
 Was wont to carouse
 In a frolicsome blouse,
Recubans sub tegmine fagi.

Let the hop be their bane,
 And a rope be their shame,
 Let the gout and the cholic pine 'em,
 That offer to shrink
 In taking their drink,
Seu Græcum, sive Latinum.

Let the glass go round,
 Let the quart pot sound ;
 Let each one do as he's done to ;
 Avaunt ye that hug
 The abominable jug,
 'Mongst us *heteroclita sunt*.

There's no such disease
 As he that doth please
 His palate with beer for to shame us ;
 'Tis sack makes us sing,
 Hey down a down ding,
Musa paulo majora canamus.

He is either mute,
 Or does poorly dispute,
 That drinks not wine as we men do ;
 The more a man drinks,
 Like a subtile sphinx,
Tantum valet iste loquendo.

'Tis true our souls,
 By the lousy bowls
 Of beer that doth naught but swill us,
 Do go into swine,
 (Pythagoras 'tis thine)
Nam vos mutastis et illas.

When I've sack in my brain
 I'm in a merry vein,
 And this to me a bliss is ;
 Him that is wise
 I can justly despise,
Mecum confertur Ulysses ?

How it cheers the brains !
 How it warms the veins !
 How against all crosses it arms us !
 How it makes him that's poor
 Courageously roar,
Et mutatas dicere formas.

Give me the boy,
 My delight and my joy,
 To my *tantum* that drinks his tale :
 By sack he that waxes,
 In our syntaxis,
Est verbum personale.

Art thou weak or lame,
 Or thy wits to blame ?
 Call for sack and thou shalt have it ;
 'Twill make him rise,
 And be very wise,
Cui vim natura negavit.

DRINKING-SONGS.

We have frolic rounds,
We have merry go-downs,
Yet nothing is done at random ;
For when we're to pay,
We club and away,
Id' est commune notandum.

The blades that want cash,
Have credit for crash,
They'll have sack whatever it cost 'em ;
They do not pay
Till another day.
Manet alta mente repostum.

Who ne'er fails to drink
All clear from the brink,
With a smooth and even swallow,
I'll offer at his shrine,
And call it divine,
Et erit mihi magnus Apollo.

He that drinks still,
And ne'er has his fill,
Hath a passage like a conduit :
The sack doth inspire
In rapture and fire,
Sic æther æthera fundit.

When you merrily quaff,
If any go off,
And slily offer to pass ye,
Give their nose a twitch,
And kick 'em in the breech,
Nam componuntur ab asse.

I have told you plain,
 And will tell you again,
 Be he furious as Orlando,
 He is an ass
 That from hence doth pass,
Nisi bibit ab ostia stando.

SONG XXX.

BY MR. PHILIPS.*

COME fill me a glass, fill it high,
 A bumper, a bumper I'll have;
 He's a fool that will flinch, I'll not bate him an inch,
 Though I drink myself into the grave.

Here's a health then to those jolly souls,
 Who like me will ne'er give o'er;
 Who no danger controuls, but will take off their bowls,
 And merrily stickle for more.

Drown reason, and all such weak foes,
 I scorn to obey her command;
 Could she ever suppose I'd be led by the nose,
 And let my glass idly stand?

* Mr. Nichols, from many circumstances, has little doubt but this convivial song was by the author of 'The Splendid Shilling.' (See his Select Collection of Poems, iv. 281.) But it seems to have appeared at a too early period to be safely ascribed to that writer. It is more probably the production of that Philips who was nephew to Milton, and author of the 'Theatrum Poetarum,' and several poetical performances.

Reputation's a bugbear to fools,
 A foe to the joys of dear drinking,
 Made use of by tools, who'd set us new rules,
 And bring us to positive thinking.

Tell 'em all, I'll have six in my hand,
 For I've trifled an age away :
 'Tis in vain to command, the fleeting sand
 Rolls on, and cannot stay.

Come, my lads, move the glass, drink about,
 We'll drink the universe dry ;
 We'll set foot to foot, and drink it all out,
 If once we grow sober, we die. O.

SONG XXXI.

RAIL no more, ye learned asses,
 'Gainst the joys the bowl supplies ;
 Sound its depth, and fill your glasses,
 Wisdom at the bottom lies.
 Fill them higher still, and higher,
 Shallow draughts perplex the brain ;
 Sipping quenches all our fire,
 Bumpers light it up again.

Draw the scene for wit and pleasure,
 Enter jollity and joy ;
 We for thinking have no leisure,
 Manly mirth is our employ :
 Since in life there's nothing certain,
 We'll the present hour engage ;
 And, when death shall drop the curtain,
 With applause we'll quit the stage.

SONG XXXII.

THE TIPLING PHILOSOPHERS.*

DIOGENES surly and proud,
Who snarl'd at the Macedon youth,
Delighted in wine that was good,
Because in good wine there is truth :
Till growing as poor as a Job,
Unable to purchase a flask,
He chose for his mansion a tub,
And liv'd by the scent of the cask.

Heraclitus would never deny
A bumper to comfort his heart,
But when he was maudlin would cry,
Because he had emptied his quart :
Though some are so foolish to think
He wept at man's folly and vice,
'Twas only his custom to drink
Till the liquor flow'd out of his eyes.

Democritus always was glad
To tinkle and cherish his soul ;
And would laugh like a man that was mad,
When over a full flowing bowl :

* Consisted originally of but six verses. The author afterwards inserted a number of additional stanzas, of which, those included within crotchets have been sometimes printed as part of the song. The whole is contained in a little pamphlet, intitled ' Wine and Wisdom, or the Tipling Philosophers, a lyric poem.' Lond. 1710.

As long as his cellar was stor'd,
The liquor he'd merrily quaff,
And when he was drunk as a lord,
At those that were sober he'd laugh.

[Wise Solon, who carefully gave
Good laws unto Athens of old,
And thought the rich Cræsus a slave,
Though a king, to his coffers of gold ;
He delighted in plentiful bowls ;
But, drinking, much talk would decline,
Because 'twas the custom of fools
To prattle much over their wine.]

[Old Socrates ne'er was content,
Till a bottle had heighten'd his joys,
Who in's cups to the oracle went,
Or he ne'er had been counted so wise :
Late hours he certainly lov'd,
Made wine the delight of his life,
Or Xantippe would never have prov'd
Such a damnable scold of a wife.]

[Grave Seneca, fam'd for his parts,
Who tutor'd the bully of Rome,
Grew wise o'er his cups and his quarts,
Which he drank like a miser at home :
And to show he lov'd wine that was good
To the last, we may truly aver it,
That he tinctur'd the bath with his blood,
So fancied he died in his claret.]

[Pythag'ras did silence enjoin

On his pupils, who wisdom would seek,
Because that he tippled good wine,

Till himself was unable to speak :

And when he was whimsical grown,

With sipping his plentiful bowls,

By the strength of the juice in his crown,

He conceiv'd transmigration of souls.]

Copernicus, like to the rest,

Believ'd there was wisdom in wine,

And fancied a cup of the best

Made reason the brighter to shine ;

With wine he replenish'd his veins,

And made his philosophy reel ;

Then fancied the world like his brains,

Run round like a chariot wheel.

[Theophrastus, that eloquent sage,

By Athens so greatly ador'd,

With a bottle would boldly engage,

When mellow, was brisk as a bird ;

Would chat, tell a story, and jest,

Most pleasantly over a glass,

And thought a dumb guest at a feast,

But a dull philosophical ass.]

[Anaxarchus, more patient than Job,

By pestles was pounded to death,

Yet scorn'd that a groan or a sob

Should waste the remains of his breath :

DRINKING-SONGS.

But sure he was free with the glass,
And drank to a pitch of disdain,
Or the strength of his wisdom, alas !
I fear would have flinch'd at the pain.]

Aristotle, that master of arts,
Had been but a dunce without wine,
And what we ascribe to his parts,
Is due to the juice of the vine :
His belly, most writers agree,
Was as large as a watering-trough ;
He therefore jump'd into the sea,
Because he'd have liquor enough.

[When Pyrrho had taken a glass,
He saw that no object appear'd
Exactly the same as it was
Before he had liquor'd his beard :
For things running round in his drink,
Which sober he motionless found,
Occasion'd the sceptic to think
There was nothing of truth to be found.]

Old Plato was reckon'd divine,
He wisely to virtue was prone ;
But had it not been for good wine,
His merits we never had known.
By wine we are generous made,
It furnishes fancy with wings ;
Without it we ne'er should have had
Philosophers, poets, or kings.

SONG XXXIII.

BY MR. HENRY CAREY.*

ZENO, Plato, Aristotle,
 All were lovers of the bottle ;
 Poets, painters, and musicians,
 Churchmen, lawyers, and physicians,
 All admire a pretty lass,
 All require a cheerful glass :
 Ev'ry pleasure has its season,
 Love and drinking are no treason.

SONG XXXIV.

FROM MILTON.†

Now Phœbus sinketh in the west,
 Welcome song, and welcome jest,
 Midnight shout and revelry,
 Tipsy dance and jollity ;
 Braid your locks with rosy twine,
 Dropping odours, dropping wine.

Rigour now is gone to bed,
 And advice with scrup'lous head,
 Strict age, and sour severity,
 With their grave saws in slumber lie.

* In the burlesque opera of the ' Dragon of Wantley.'

† In the masque of ' Comus.'

DRINKING-SONGS.

SONG XXXV.

BY DR. DALTON.*

By the gaily circling glass
 We can see how minutes pass ;
 By the hollow cask are told,
 How the waning night grows old.

Soon, too soon, the busy day
 Drives us from our sport and play.
 What have we with day to do ?
 Sons of care ! 'twas made for you.

SONG XXXVI.

BY R. B. SHERIDAN, ESQ.†

THIS bottle's the sun of our table ;
 His beams are rosy wine ;
 We—planets that are not able
 Without his help to shine.

Let mirth and glee abound !
 You'll soon grow bright
 With borrow'd light,
 And shine as he goes round.

* In the masque of ' Comus.'

† In the comic opera of the ' Duenna.'

SONG XXXVII.

From Anacreon.

BY THE EARL OF ROCHESTER.

VULCAN, contrive me such a cup
As Nestor us'd of old ;
Show all thy skill to trim it up,
Damask it round with gold.

Make it so large, that, fill'd with sack
Up to the swelling brim,
Vast toasts in the delicious lake,
Like ships at sea, may swim.

Engrave not battle on his cheek,
With war I've nought to do ;
I'm none of those that took Maestrick,
Nor Yarmouth leaguer knew.

Let it no name of planets tell,
Fix'd stars or constellations ;
For I am no Sir Sydrophel,
Nor none of his relations.

But carve thereon a spreading vine,
Then add two lovely boys ;
Their limbs in am'rous folds entwine,
The type of future joys.

DRINKING-SONGS.

Cupid and Bacchus my saints are,
 May drink and love still reign ;
 With wine I wash away my care,
 And then to love again.

SONG XXXVIII.

From Anacreon.

BY MR. OLDHAM.*

FILL me a bowl, a mighty bowl,
 Large as my capacious soul ;
 Vast as my thirst is ; let it have
 Depth enough to be my grave ;
 I mean the grave of all my care,
 For I design to bury 't there.

Let it of silver fashion'd be,
 Worthy of wine, worthy of me,
 Worthy to adorn the spheres,
 As that bright cup amongst the stars.
 Fill me a bowl, a mighty bowl,
 Large as my capacious soul.

* This is part of a long poem. [No poem that Oldham wrote has conferred on him so much honour as the elegiac tribute of Dryden, in which he says—

—‘ Our souls were near allied, and thine
 ‘ Cast in the same poetic mould with mine.’]

SONG XXXIX.

You know that our ancient philosophers hold,
There is nothing in beauty, or honour, or gold ;
That bliss in externals no mortal can find,
And in truth, my good friends, I am quite of their mind.

What makes a man happy, I never can doubt,
'Tis something within him, and nothing without ;
This something, they said, was the source of content,
And, whatever they call'd it, 'twas wine that they meant.

Without us, indeed, it is not worth a pin ;
But, ye gods ! how divine if we get it within ;
'Tis then of all blessings the flourishing root,
And, in spite of the world, we can gather the fruit.

When the bottle is wanting the soul is deprest,
And beauty can kindle no flame in the breast ;
But with wine in our hearts we are always in love,
We can sing like the linnet, and bill like the dove.

The richest and greatest are poor and repine,
If with gold and with grandeur you give them no wine ;
But wine to the peasant or slave if you bring,
He's as rich as a Jew, and as great as a king.

With wine at my heart, I am happy and free,
Externals without it are nothing to me ;
Come fill ; and this truth from a bumper you'll know,
That wine is, of blessings, the blessing below.

SONG XL.

IN PRAISE OF WINE.

BY BEN JONSON?*

LET soldiers fight for pay and praise,
And money be the miser's wish ;
Poor scholars study all their days,
And gluttons glory in their dish :
'Tis wine, pure wine, revives sad souls,
Therefore give me the cheering bowls.

Let minions marshal in their hair,
And in a lover's lock delight,
And artificial colours wear ;
We have the native red and white.
'Tis wine, &c.

Your pheasant pout, and culver salmon,
And how to please your palates think ;
Give us a salt Westphalia gammon,
Not meat to eat, but meat to drink.
'Tis wine, &c.

* This is not found in Jonson's works ; and D'Urfey, who furnished the name, might possibly mean Ben Johnson the player, his own cotemporary. But, whoever was the author, the song was certainly written before the Restoration. [A miscellany of poems assuming to be by Ben Jonson, jun. appeared in 1672, and the above might probably have been extracted from that collection.]

It makes the backward spirits brave,
That lively that before was dull ;
Those grow good fellows that are grave,
And kindness flows from cups brim-full.
'Tis wine, &c.

Some have the phthisic, some the rheum,
Some have the palsy, some the gout ;
Some swell with fat, and some consume,
But they are sound that drink all out.
'Tis wine, &c.

Some men want youth, and some want health,
Some want a wife, and some a punk,
Some men want wit, and some want wealth ;
But he wants nothing that is drunk.
'Tis wine, pure wine, revives sad souls,
Therefore give me the cheering bowls.

SONG XLI.

A BACCHANALIAN RANT.

BY MR. HENRY CAREY.

BACCHUS must now his power resign,
I am the only god of wine ;
It is not fit the wretch should be
In competition set with me,
Who can drink ten times more than he.

Make a new world, ye powers divine !
 Stock'd with nothing else but wine ;
 Let wine its only product be,
 Let wine be earth, and air, and sea,
 And let that wine be all for me.

Let other mortals vainly wear
 A tedious life in anxious care ;
 Let the ambitious toil and think,
 Let states and empires swim or sink,
 My sole ambition is to drink.

SONG XLII.

[I AM the king and prince of ' drinkers,'
 Ranting, rattling, jovial boys :
 We despise your sullen thinkers,
 And fill the tavern with ' our' noise.
 We sing and we roar,
 And we drink and call for more,
 And make more noise than twenty can ;
 'Tis therefore all we swear,
 That the man who knows no care,
 He only deserves the name of a man.]

My friend and I we drank whole p—pots
 Full of sack up to the brim :
 I drank to my friend, and he drank his pot,
 So we put about the whim :
 Three bottles and a quart,
 We swallow'd down our throat,

But hang such puny sips as these ;
 We laid us all along,
 With our mouths unto the bung,
And tip'd whole hogsheads off with ease.

I heard of a fop that drank whole tankards,
 Styl'd himself the prince of sots :
But I say now, hang such silly drunkards,
 Melt their flaggons, break their pots.
 My friend and I did join
 For a cellar full of wine,
And we drank the vintner out of door ;
 We drank it all up,
 In the morning, at a sup,
And greedily rov'd about for more.

My friend to me did make this motion,
 Let us to the vintage skip :
Then we embark'd upon the ocean,
 Where we found a Spanish ship,
 Deep laden with wine,
 Which was superfine,
The sailors swore five hundred tun ;
 We drank it all at sea,
 Ere we came unto the key,
And the merchant swore he was quite undone.

My friend, not having quench'd his thirst,
 Said, let us to the vineyards haste :
Straight then we sail'd to the Canaries,
 Which afforded just a taste ;
 From thence unto the Rhine,
 Where we drank up all the wine,

'Till Bacchus cried, ' Hold, ye sots, or ye die ;'
 And swore he never found,
 In his universal round,
 Such thirsty souls as my friend and I.

Out, fie ! cries one, what a beast he makes him !
 He can neither stand nor go.
 Out, you beast you, you're much mistaken,
 Whene'er knew you a beast drink so ?
 'Tis when we drink the least,
 That we drink most like a beast ;
 But when we carouse it six in hand,
 'Tis then, and only then,
 That we drink the most like men,
 When we drink till we can neither go nor stand.

SONG XLIII.*

THE man that is drunk is void of all care,
 He needs neither Parthian quiver nor spear :
 The Moors poison'd dart he scorns for to wield ;
 His bottle alone is his weapon and shield.

Undaunted he goes among bullies and whores,
 Demolishes windows, and breaks open doors ;
 He revels all night, is afraid of no evil,
 And boldly defies both proctor and devil.

As late I rode out, with my skin full of wine,
 Incumbered neither with care nor with coin,

* This song is a parody of the twenty-second ode of the second book of Horace.

I boldly confronted a horrible dun,
Affrighted, as soon as he saw me, he run.

No monster could put you in half so much fear,
Should he in Apulia's forest appear ;
In Africa's desert there never was seen
A monster so hated by gods and by men.

Come place me, ye deities, under the line,
Where grows not a tree, nor a plant, but the vine ;
O'er hot burning sands I'll swelter and sweat,
Barefooted, with nothing to keep off the heat.

Or place me where sunshine is ne'er to be found,
Where the earth is with winter eternally bound ;
Even there I would nought but my bottle require,
My bottle should warm me, and fill me with fire.

My tutor may Job me, and lay me down rules ;
Who minds them but dull philosophical fools ?
For when I am old, and can no more drink,
'Tis time enough then for to sit down and think.

'Twas thus Alexander was tutor'd in vain,
For he thought Aristotle an ass for his pain ;
His sorrows he us'd in full bumpers to drown,
And when he was drunk, then the world was his own.

This world is a tavern, with liquor well stor'd,
And into't I came to be drunk as a lord :
My life is the reck'ning, which freely I'll pay ;
And when I'm dead drunk, then I'll stagger away.

SONG XLIV.

(From *Aurelius Augurellus*.*)

BY DR. PARNELL.

GAY Bacchus, liking Estcourt's wine,
A noble meal bespoke us ;
And for the guests that were to dine,
Brought Comus, Love, and Jocus.

The god near Cupid drew his chair,
Near Comus Jocus plac'd ;
Thus wine makes love forget its care,
And mirth exalts a feast.

The more to please the spritely god,
Each sweet engaging Grace
Put on some clothes to come abroad,
And took a waiter's place.

Then Cupid nam'd at every glass
A lady of the sky,
While Bacchus swore he'd drink the lass,
And had it bumper high.

Fat Comus toss'd his brimmer o'er,
And always got the most ;
Jocus took care to fill him more,
Whene'er he miss'd the toast.

* [Augurellus was born at Rimini, and died at Trevisa, early in the sixteenth century, at the age of 83.]

They call'd, and drank at every touch,
Then fill'd and drank again ;
And if the gods can take too much,
'Tis said, they did so then.

Free jests run all the table round,
And with the wine conspire
(While they by sly reflection wound)
To set their heads on fire.

Gay Bacchus little Cupid stung,
By reck'ning his deceits ;
And Cupid mock'd his stamm'ring tongue,
With all his stagg'ring gaits.

And Jocus droll'd on Comus' ways,
And tales without a jest ;
While Comus call'd his witty plays
But waggeries at best.

Such talk soon set them all at odds,
And had I Homer's pen ;
I'd sing ye, how they drank like gods,
And how they fought like men.

To part the fray, the Graces fly,
Who made them soon agree ;
And had the Furies selves been nigh,
They still were three to three.

Bacchus appeas'd, rais'd Cupid up,
And gave him back his bow ;
But kept some dart to stir the cup,
Where sack and sugar flow.

Jocus took Comus' rosy crown,
And gaily wore the prize ;
And thrice, in mirth, he push'd him down,
As thrice he strove to rise.

Then Cupid sought the myrtle grove,
Where Venus did recline,
And beauty close embracing love,
They join'd to rail at wine.

And Comus, loudly cursing wit,
Roll'd off to some retreat,
Where boon companions gravely sit
In fat unwieldy state.

Bacchus and Jocus still behind,
For one fresh glass prepare ;
They kiss, and are exceeding kind,
And vow to be sincere.

But part in time, whoever hear
This our instructive song ;
For though such friendships may be dear,
They can't continue long.*

* [Dr. Parnell's version of this sportive song is executed with a vernacular air of graceful ease, that translation very rarely has put on ; and we are accordingly made acquainted by Dr. Johnson, that the latter part is purely Parnell's : of whose compositions the same critic happily said—' It is impossible to determine whether they are ' the productions of Nature, so excellent as not to want the help of ' Art, or of Art so refined as to resemble Nature. ']

SONG XLV.

A TRUE AND LAMENTABLE BALLAD ;

CALLED

THE EARL'S DEFEAT.

(To the Tune of Chevy-Chase.)

BY THE DUKE OF WHARTON.

‘ On both sides slaughter and gigantic deeds.’ MILTON.

God prosper long from being broke
The Luck* of Eden-Hall ;
A doleful drinking-bout I sing,
There lately did befall.

To chase the spleen with cup and can
Duke Philip took his way,
Babes yet unborn shall never see
The like of such a day.

The stout and ever-thirsty duke
A vow to God did make,
His pleasure within Cumberland
Three live-long nights to take.

Sir Musgrave too of Martindale,
A true and worthy knight,
Eftsoon with him a bargain made,
In drinking to delight.

* A pint bumper at sir Christopher Musgrave's. See G. Mag. for 1791.

The bumpers swiftly pass about,
Six in a hand went round ;
And, with their calling for more wine,
They made the hall resound.

Now when these merry tidings reach'd
The earl of Harold's ears ;
' And am I (quothe he, with an oath)
' Thus slighted by my peers ?

' Saddle my steed, bring forth my boots,
' I'll be with them right quick ;
' And, master sheriff, come you too ;
' We'll know this scurvy trick.'

' Lo ! yonder doth earl Harold come ;'
(Did one at table say ;)
' 'Tis well,' replied the mettled duke,
' How will he get away ?'

When thus the earl began ; ' Great duke,
' I'll know how this did chance,
' Without inviting me, sure this
' You did not learn in France.

' One of us two, for this offence,
' Under the board shall lie ;
' I know thee well, a duke thou art,
' So, some years hence, shall I.

' But, trust me, Wharton, pity 't were,
' So much good wine to spill,
' As these companions here may drink,
' Ere they have had their fill.

‘ Let thou and I, in bumpers full,
 ‘ This grand affair decide :’—
 ‘ Accurs’d be he (duke Wharton said)
 ‘ By whom it is denied.’

To Andrews, and to Hotham fair,
 Many a pint went round ;
 And many a gallant gentleman
 Lay sick upon the ground.

When, at the last, the duke espied
 He had the earl secure ;
 He plied him with a full pint glass,
 Which laid him on the floor.

Who never spoke more words than these,
 After he downward sunk,
 ‘ My worthy friends, revenge my fall,
 ‘ Duke Wharton sees me drunk.’

Then, with a groan, duke Philip took
 The sick man by the joint,
 And said, ‘ Earl Harold, ’stead of thee,
 ‘ Would I had drunk the pint.

‘ Alack ! my very heart doth bleed,
 ‘ And doth within me sink ;
 ‘ For surely a more sober earl
 ‘ Did never swallow drink.’

With that the sheriff, in a rage,
 To see the earl so smit,
 Vow’d to revenge the dead-drunk peer
 Upon renown’d sir Kit.

Then step'd a gallant 'squire forth,
Of visage thin and pale,
Lloyd was his name, and of Gang-Hall,
Fast by the river Swale.

Who said he would not have it told,
Where Eden river ran,
That unconcern'd he should sit by ;
' So, sheriff, I'm your man.'

Now when these tidings reach'd the room,
Where the duke lay in bed ;
How that the 'squire suddenly
Upon the floor was laid :

' O heavy tidings ! (quoth the duke)
' Cumberland witness be,
' I have not any toper more,
' Of such account as he.'

Like tidings to earl Thanet came,
Within as short a space,
How that the under-sheriff too
Was fallen from his place.

' Now God be with him (said the earl)
' Sith 'twill no better be,
' I trust I have within my town,
' As drunken knights as he.'

Of all the number that were there,
Sir Bains he scorn'd to yield ;
But with a bumper in his hand,
He stagger'd o'er the field.

Thus did this dire contention end ;
 And each man of the slain
 Were quickly carried off to bed,
 Their senses to regain.

God bless the king, the duchess fat,
 And keep the land in peace ;
 And grant that drunkenness henceforth
 'Mong noblemen may cease.

And likewise bless our royal prince,
 The nation's other hope ;
 And give us grace for to defy
 The Devil and the Pope.

SONG XLVI.

Come, come, my hearts of gold,
 Let us be merry and wise,
 It is a proverb of old,
 Suspicion has double eyes :
 Whatever we say or do,
 Let's not drink to disturb the brain,
 Let's laugh for an hour or two,
 And ne'er be drunk again.

A cup of old sack is good,
 To drive the cold winter away ;
 'Twill cherish and comfort the blood
 Most when a man's spirits decay :

But he that drinks too much,
Of his head he will complain ;
Then let's have a gentle touch,
And ne'er be drunk again.

Good claret was made for man,
But man was not made for it ;
Let's be merry as we can,
So we drink not away our wit :
Good fellowship is abus'd,
And wine will infect the brain ;
But we'll have it better us'd,
And ne'er be drunk again.

When with good fellows we meet,
A quart among three or four,
'Twill make us stand on our feet,
While others lie drunk on the floor.
Then drawer, go fill us a quart,
And let it be claret in grain ;
'Twill cherish and comfort the heart,
But we'll ne'er be drunk again.

Here's a health to our noble king,
And to the queen of his heart ;
Let's laugh, and merrily sing,
And he's a coward that will start :
Here's a health to our general,
And to those that were in Spain,
And to our colonel,
And we'll ne'er be drunk again.

Enough's as good as a feast,
If a man did but measure know ;
A drunkard's worse than a beast,
For he'll drink till he cannot go.
If a man could time recal,
In a tavern that's spent in vain,
We'd learn to be sober all,
And we'd ne'er be drunk again.

SONG XLVII.

BY DAVID GARRICK, ESQ.

YE true honest Britons who love your own land,
Whose sires were so brave, so victorious and free,
Who always beat France when they took her in hand,
Come join, honest Britons, in chorus with me.
Let us sing our own treasures, old England's good cheer,
The profits and pleasures of stout British beer ;
Your wine-tipling, dram-sipping fellows retreat,
But your beer-drinking Britons can never be beat.

The French with their vineyards are meagre and pale,
They drink of the squeezings of half-ripen'd fruit ;
But we who have hop-grounds to mellow our ale,
Are rosy and plump, and have freedom to boot.
Let us sing, &c.

Should the French dare invade us, thus arm'd with our
poles,
We'll bang their bare ribs, make their lantern-jaws
ring ;
For your beef-eating, beer-drinking Britons, are souls
Who will spend their last drop for their country and
king

Let us sing our own treasures, old England's good cheer,
 The profits and pleasures of stout British beer ;
 Your wine-tipling, dram-sipping fellows retreat,
 But your beer-drinking Britons can never be beat.

SONG XLVIII.

IN PRAISE OF ALE.

WHEN the chill Sirocco* blows,
 And winter tells a heavy tale,
 When pies and daws, and rooks and crows,
 Do sit and curse the frosts and snows,
 Then give me ale.

Ale in a Saxon rumkin then,
 Such as will make grimalkin prate,
 Bids valour burgeon† in tall men,
 Quickens the poet's wit and pen,
 Despises fate.

Ale, that the absent battle fights,
 And forms the march of Swedish drum,
 Disputes with princes, laws and rights,
 What's done and past tells mortal wights
 And what's to come.

* So the modern copies. All the old ones read Charokkoe. The Sirocco (*Ital. Scirocco*) is the south-east wind, and would perhaps be more properly written and pronounced *Shirocco*.

† [To enlarge or swell, as buds do ere they expand into leaves. This song, as I am kindly informed by my friend Mr. Douce, is indebted to these lines in Gayton's 'Art of Longevity,' 1659; chap. 8, 'of Ale:']

'But when the keen Cheroketh blows fat bumpkin,
 'Who will refuse to drink thee into rumkin.']

Ale, that the plowman's heart upkeeps,
 And equals it to tyrants' thrones,
 That wipes the eye that over-weeps,
 And lulls in sweet and dainty sleeps,
 The o'er-wearied bones.

Grand-child of Ceres, Bacchus' daughter,
 Wine's emulous neighbour if but stale,
 Ennobling all the nymphs of water,
 And filling each man's heart with laughter,
 Oh! give me ale. O.

SONG XLIX.

THE EX-ALE-TATION OF ALE.*

Not drunken, nor sober, but neighbour to both,
 I met with a friend in Alesbury vale;
 He saw by my face, that I was in good case
 To speak no great harm of a pot of good ale.

* This is to be found in Beaumont's poems, and may, on that authority, be assigned to him as its author. It appears, however, from the following extract, to have been once filiated upon a much higher personage.

' The veriest straws (like that of father Garnet) are shown to the world as admirable reliques, if the least strokes of the image of a celebrated author does but seem to be upon them. The press hath been injurious in this kind to the memory of Bishop Andrews, to whom it owed a deep and solemn reverence. It hath sent forth a pamphlet upon an idle subject, under the venerable name of that great man; who, (like the grass in hot countries, of which they are wont to say that it groweth hay) was born grave and sober: and, still farther to aggravate the injury, it hath given to that idle subject

Then did he me greet, and said, " Since we meet,
(And he put me in mind of the name of the dale)
For Alesbury's sake some pains I would take,
And not bury the praise of a pot of good ale."

The more to procure me, then he did adjure me,
If the ale I drank last were nappy and stale,
To do it its right, and stir up my sprite,
And fall to commend a pot of good ale.

Quoth I, " To commend it I dare not begin,
Lest therein my credit might happen to fail ;
For many men now do count it a sin,
But once to look toward a pot of good ale.

Yet I care not a pin, for I see no such sin,
Nor any thing else my courage to quail :
For this we do find, that take it in kind,
Much virtue there is in a pot of good ale.

And I mean not to taste, though thereby much grac'd,
Nor the merry-go-down without pull or hale,
Perfuming the throat, when the stomach's afloat,
With the fragrant sweet scent of a pot of good ale.

' the idler title of ' The Ex-ale-tation of Ale.' *Lord Bacon's Works*,
vol. i. p. 180, edit. 1730.

[Ritson's alleged reason for assigning this song to Francis Beaumont, has less cogency than he seems to have supposed ; since about one third of the pieces, printed as Beaumont's poems, are referable to other writers, though left undesignated by the editor.]

Nor yet the delight that comes to the sight,
To see how it flowers and mantles in graile *,
As green as a leek, with a smile in the cheek,
The true orient colour of a pot of good ale.

But I mean the mind and the good it doth find,
Not only the body so feeble and frail;
For body and soul may bless the black bowl,
Since both are beholden to a pot of good ale.

For when heaviness the mind doth oppress,
And sorrow and grief the heart do assail,
No remedy quicker than to take off your liquor,
And to wash away cares with a pot of good ale.

The widow that buried her husband of late,
Will soon have forgotten to weep and to wail,
And think every day twain, till she marry again,
If she read the contents of a pot of good ale.

It is like the belly-blast to a cold heart,
And warms and engenders the spirits vitale,
To keep them from damage, all sp'rits owe their homage
To the sprite of the buttery, a pot of good ale.

And down the legs too the virtue doth go,
And to a bad foot-man is as good as a sail;
When it fills the veins, and makes light the brains,
No lacquey so nimble as a pot of good ale.

* [In small particles. Spenser uses the word for gravel.]

The naked complains not for want of a coat,
Nor on the cold weather will once turn his tail ;
All the way as he goes, he cuts the wind with his nose,
If he be but well wrap'd in a pot of good ale.

The hungry man takes no thought for his meat,
Though his stomach would brook a ten-penny nail ;
He quite forgets hunger, thinks on it no longer,
If he touch but the sparks of a pot of good ale.

The poor man will praise it ; so hath he good cause,
That all the year eats neither partridge nor quail,
But sets up his rest, and makes up his feast,
With a crust of brown bread, and a pot of good ale.

The shepherd, the sower, the thresher, the mower,
The one with his scythe, the other with his flail ;
Take them out by the poll, on the peril of my soul,
All will hold up their hands to a pot of good ale.

The blacksmith whose bellows all summer do blow,
With the fire in his face still without e'er a veil,
Though his throat be full dry, he will tell you no lie,
But where you may be sure of a pot of good ale.

Whoever denies it, the pris'ners will praise it,
That beg at the grate, and lie in the jail ;
For even in their fetters, they think themselves better,
May they get but a twopenny black pot of good ale.

The beggar whose portion is always his prayers,
Not having a tatter to hang on his tail,
Is as rich in his rags as the churl in his bags,
If he once but shakes hands with a tankard of ale.

It drives his poverty clean out of mind,
Forgetting his brown bread, his wallet and mail,
He walks in the house like a six-footed louse,
If he once be enrich'd with a pot of good ale.

And he that doth dig in the ditches all day,
And wearies himself quite at the plough-tail,
Will speak no less things than of queens and of kings,
If he touch but the top of a pot of good ale.

It is like a whetstone to a blunt wit,
And makes a supply where nature doth fail;
The dullest wit soon will look quite through the moon,
If his temples be wet with a pot of good ale.

Then Dick to his dearling full boldly dares speak,
Though before (silly fellow) his courage did quail,
He gives her the smouch, with his hand on his pouch,
If he meet by the way with a pot of good ale.

And it makes the carter a courtier straightway,
With rhetorical terms he will tell his tale,
With courtesies great store, and his cap up before,
Being school'd but a little with a pot of good ale.

The old man whose tongue wags faster than his teeth,
(For old age by nature doth drivell and drale)
Will frig and will fling, like a dog in a string,
If he warm his cold blood with a pot of good ale.

And the good old clerk whose sight waxeth dark,
And ever he thinks the print is too small,
He will see every letter, and say service better,
If he glaze but his eyes with a pot of good ale.

The cheeks and the jaws to commend it have cause ;
For where they were late but even wan and pale,
They will get them a colour, no crimson is fuller,
By the true dye and tincture of a pot of good ale.

Mark her enemies, though they think themselves wise,
How meagre they look, with how low a wale,
How their cheeks do fall, without spirits at all,
That alien their minds from a pot of good ale.

And now that the grains do work in my brains,
Methinks I were able to give by retail,
Commodities store, a dozen and more,
That flow to mankind from a pot of good ale.

The Muses would muse any should it misuse ;
For it makes them to sing like a nightingale,
With a lofty trim note, having washed their throat
With the Cabaline * spring of a pot of good ale.

And the musician of any condition,
It will make him reach to the top of his scale ;
It will clear his pipes, and moisten his lights,
If he drink *alternatim* a pot of good ale.

The poet divine that cannot reach wine,
Because that his money doth many times fail,
Will hit on the vein to make a good strain,
If he be but inspir'd with a pot of good ale.

* [Alluding to *fons Cabalinus*, a fountain on mount Helicon, sacred to the muses : called also Hippocrene.]

For ballads Elderton * never had peer ;
How went his wit in them, with how merry a gale,
And with all the sails up, had he been at the cup,
And washed his beard with a pot of good ale.

And the power of it shows, no whit less in prose,
It will fill one's phrase, and set forth his tale :
Fill him but a bowl, it will make his tongue troul,
For flowing speech flows from a pot of good ale.

And master philosopher, if he drink his part,
Will not trifle his time in the husk or the shale,
But go to the kernel by the depth of his art,
To be found in the bottom of a pot of good ale.

Give a scholar of Oxford a pot of sixteen,
And put him to prove that an ape hath no tail,
And sixteen times better his wit will be seen,
If you fetch him from Botley a pot of good ale.

Thus it helps speech and wit, and it hurts not a whit,
But rather doth further the virtues morale ;
Then think it not much, if a little I touch
The good moral parts of a pot of good ale.

To the church and religion it is a good friend,
Or else our forefathers their wisdom did fail,
That at every mile, next to the church-stile,
Set a consecrate house to a pot of good ale.

* [Of this toping ballad-monger some account is given by Dr. Percy, in the fourth edition of his *Reliques*, vol. ii. p. 208.]

But now, as they say, beer bears it away ;
 The more is the pity, if right might prevail ;
 For with this same beer came up heresy here,
 The old catholic-drink is a pot of good ale.

The churches much owe, as we all do know,
 For when they be drooping and ready to fall,
 By a Whitsun or Church-ale,* up again they shall go,
 And owe their repairing to a pot of good ale.

Truth will do it right, it brings truth to light,
 And many bad matters it helps to reveal ;
 For they that will drink, will speak what they think :
 Tom Tell-troth lies hid in a pot of good ale.

It is Justice's friend, she will it commend,
 For all is here served by measure and tale ;
 Now true-tale and good measure, are Justice's
 treasure,
 And much to the praise of a pot of good ale.

And next I alledge it is Fortitude's edge,
 For a very cow-herd, that shrinks like a snail,
 Will swear and will swagger, and out goes his dagger,
 If he be but arm'd with a pot of good ale.

Yea, ale hath her knights and 'squires of degree,
 That never wore corslet, nor yet shirt of mail,
 But have fought their fights all, 'twixt the pot and the
 wall,
 When once they were dub'd with a pot of good ale.

* [Whitsun-ale and Church-ale were feasts held at Whitsuntide,
 and at the consecration or repair of a parish-church.]

And sure it will make a man suddenly wise,
Ere-while was scarce able to tell a right tale ;
It will open his jaw, he will tell you the law,
As made a right benchman of a pot of good ale.

Or he that will make a bargain to gain,
In buying or setting his goods forth to sale,
Must not plod in the mire, but sit by the fire,
And seal up his match with a pot of good ale.

But for soberness, needs must I confess,
The matter goes hard ; and few do prevail
Not to go too deep, but temper to keep,
Such is the attractive of a pot of good ale.

But here's an amends, which will make all friends,
And ever doth tend to the best avail :
If you take it too deep, it will make you but sleep ;
So comes no great harm of a pot of good ale.

If, reeling, they happen to fall to the ground,
The fall is not great, they may hold by the rail ;
If into the water, they cannot be drown'd,
For that gift is given to a pot of good ale.

If drinking about, they chance to fall out,
Fear not that alarm, though flesh be but frail ;
It will prove but some blows, or at most a bloody nose,
And friends again straight with a pot of good ale.

And physic will favour ale, as it is bound,
And be against beer both tooth and nail ;
They send up and down, all over the town,
To get for their patients a pot of good ale.

Their ale-berries, caudles, and possets each one,
And syllabubs made at the milking-pail,
Although they be many, beer comes not in any,
But all are compos'd with a pot of good ale.

And, in very deed, the hop's but a weed,
Brought o'er against law, and here set to sale :
Would the law were renew'd, and no more beer brew'd,
But all men betake them to a pot of good ale!

The law that will take it under his wing,
For, at every law-day, or moot of the hale,
One is sworn to serve our sovereign lord the king,
In the ancient office of conner of ale.

There's never a lord of a manor or town,
By strand or by land, by hill or by dale,
But thinks it a franchise, and a flow'r of the crown,
To hold the assize of a pot of good ale.

And though there lie writs from the courts paramount,
To stay the proceedings of the courts paravaile ; *
Law favours it so, you may come, you may go,
There lies no prohibition to a pot of good ale.

They talk much of state, both early and late ;
But if Gascoigne and Spain their wine should but
fail,
No remedy then, with us Englishmen,
But the state it must stand by a pot of good ale.

* [*Paramount* and *paravail* seem to be here used for the superior and inferior courts of law.]

But they say that sit by it are good men and quiet,
No dangerous plotters in the common-weal,
Of treason and murder ; for they never go further
Than to call for, and pay for, a pot of good ale.

To the praise of Gambrivius, that good British king,
That devis'd for the nation (by the Welshmen's tale)
Seventeen hundred years before Christ did spring,
The happy invention of a pot of good ale.

The North they will praise it, and praise it with passion,
Where every river gives name to a dale ;
There men are yet living that are of th' old fashion,
No nectar they know but a pot of good ale.

The Picts and the Scots for ale were at lots,
So high was the skill, and so kept under seal ;
The Picts were undone, slain each mother's son,
For not teaching the Scots to make hether-ale.

But hither and thither, it skills not much whither ;
For drink must be had, men live not by kail,
Nor by haver-banocks, nor by haver-janocks ;
The thing the Scots live on is a pot of good ale.

Now, if ye will say it, I will not deny it,
That many a man it brings to his bale ;
Yet what fairer end can one wish to his friend,
Than to die by the part of a pot of good ale.

Yet let not the innocent bear any blame,
It is their own doings to break o'er the pale :
And neither the malt, nor the good wife in fault,
If any be potted with a pot of good ale.

They tell whom it kills, but say not a word,
 How many a man liveth both sound and hale,
 Though he drink no beer any day in the year,
 By the radical humour of a pot of good ale.

But to speak of killing them am I not willing ;
 For that in a manner were but to rail ;
 But beer hath its name, 'cause it brings to the bier,
 Therefore well fare, say I, to a pot of good ale.

Too many (I wis) with their deaths prove this,
 And therefore (if ancient records do not fail)
 He that first brew'd the hop * was rewarded with a rope,
 And found his beer far more bitter than ale.

O ale *ab alendo*, the liquor of life !
 That I had but a mouth as big as a whale !
 For mine is but little, to touch the least tittle
 That belongs to the praise of a pot of good ale.

Thus (I trow) some virtues I have mark'd you out,
 And never a vice in all this long trail,
 But that after the pot, there cometh a shot,
 And that's th' only blot of a pot of good ale."

With that my friend said, " that blot will I bear,
 You have done very well, it is time to strike sail ;
 We'll have six pots more, though I die on the score,
 To make all this good of a pot of good ale." O.

* [Introduced into England about 1523, says Baker in his *Chronicle*: but Fuller, in his *Worthies*, mentions a petition to Parliament in the reign of Henry VI. against that 'wicked weed called hops.']

SONG L.

O N A L E.*

WHILST some in epic strains delight,
Whilst others pastorals invite, †
As taste or whim prevail;
Assist me, all ye tuneful nine!
Support me in the great design,
To sing of nappy ale.

Some folks of cyder make a rout,
And cyder's well enough no doubt,
When better liquors fail;
But wine, that's richer, better still,
E'en wine itself (deny't who will)
Must yield to nappy ale.

Rum, brandy, gin with choicest smack,
From Holland brought, Batavia 'rack.
All these will naught avail;
To cheer a truly British heart,
And lively spirits to impart,
Like humming nappy ale.

Oh! whether thee I closely hug
In honest can, or nut-brown jug,
Or in the tankard hail;

* This ballad is printed as Mr. Gay's, in some editions of his works:
i. e. the spurious ones published by Mr. Bell, bookseller in the
Strand.

† So the copies: *quære indite?*

In barrel or in bottle pent,
I give the gen'rous spirit vent,
Still may I feast on ale.

But chief, when to the cheerful glass
From vessel pure thy streamlets pass,
Then most thy charms prevail ;
Then, then I'll bet, and take the odds,
That nectar, drink of heathen gods,
Was poor, compar'd to ale.

Give me a bumper, fill it up :
See how it sparkles in the cup ;
Oh ! how shall I regale !
Can any taste this drink divine,
And then compare rum, brandy, wine,
Or aught with nappy ale ?

Inspir'd by thee the warrior fights,
The lover woos, the poet writes,
And pens the pleasing tale ;
And still in Britain's isle confest,
Nought animates the patriot's breast
Like gen'rous nappy ale.

High church and low oft raise a strife,
And oft endanger limb and life,
Each studious to prevail ;
Yet whig and tory, opposite
In all things else, do both unite
In praise of nappy ale.

O blest potation ! still by thee,
And thy companion, liberty,
Do health and mirth prevail ;
Then let us crown the can, the glass,
And sportive bid the minutes pass,
In quaffing nappy ale.

Ev'n while these stanzas I indite,
The bar-bells grateful sounds invite
Where joy can never fail.
Adieu, my muse, adieu ! I haste
To gratify my longing taste,
With copious draughts of ale.

SONG LI.*

BACKE and side go bare, go bare,
Both foote and hande go colde :
But bellye, God sende thee good ale ynoughe,
Whether it be newe or olde.
I cannot eat but lytle meate,
My stomacke is not good ;
But sure I thinke that I can drynke
With him that weares a hood.

* From 'A ryght pithy, pleasaunt and merie comedie ; intytuled Gammer Gurtoun's Nedle.' London, 1575.—This very humorous ancient drama is preserved, amongst divers similar curiosities, in the excellent collection of old plays, published by Mr. Dodsley. [Also in vol. i. of the *Origin of the English Drama* by the Rev. T. Hawkins, who terms it the first regular comedy in our language, being (according to Mr. Oldys' manuscript tables,) printed in 1551.]

Thoughe I go bare, take ye no care,
 I am nothinge a colde ;
 I stuff my skyn so full within,
 Of joly good ale and olde.
 Backe and syde go bare, go bare,
 Both foote and hand go colde :
 But, belly, God send thee good ale inoughe,
 Whether it be new or olde.

I love no rost, but a nut-browne toste,
 And a crab* laid in the fyre ;
 A little breade shall do me stead,
 Much breade I not desyre.
 No frost nor snow, nor winde I trowe,
 Can hurte mee if I wolde ;
 I am so wrapt, and throwly lapt,
 Of joly good ale and olde.
 Backe and syde go bare, &c.

And Tyb my wyfe, that as her lyfe,
 Loveth well good ale to seeke ;
 Full oft drynkes shee, tyll ye may see
 The teares run downe her cheeke :
 Then doth she trowle to mee the bowle,
 Even as a mault-worme shuld ;
 And sayth, sweete hart, I tooke my part
 Of this joly good ale and olde.
 Backe and syde go bare, &c.

Now let them drynke, tyll they nod and winke,
 Even as good felowes shoulde doe :

* Crab-apple.

They shall not mysse to have the blisse,
Good ale doth bringe men to.
And all poore soules that have scowred boules,
Or have them lustely trolde,
God save the lyves of them and their wyves,
Whether they be yonge or olde.
Backe and syde go bare, &c.

SONG LII.

THE BROWN JUG.

(Imitated from the Latin of Hieronymus Amaltheus.)

BY THE REV. FRANCIS FAWKES.

DEAR Tom, this brown jug, that now foams with mild ale,
(In which I will drink to sweet Nan of the vale)
Was once Toby Fillpot, a thirsty old soul
As e'er drank a bottle, or fathom'd a bowl;
In boosing about 'twas his praise to excel,
And among jolly toppers he bore off the bell.

It chanc'd, as in dog-days he sat at his ease,
In his flower-woven arbour, as gay as you please,
With a friend and a pipe, puffing sorrows away,
And with honest old stingo was soaking his clay,
His breath-doors of life on a sudden were shut,
And he died full as big as a Dorchester butt.

His body when long in the ground it had lain,
And time into clay had resolv'd it again,

A potter found out in its covert so snug,
And with part of fat Toby he form'd this brown jug ;
Now sacred to friendship, and mirth, and mild ale ;
So here's to my lovely sweet Nan of the vale.

SONG LIII.

THE MAD LOVER.

BY ALEXANDER BROME.*

I HAVE been in love, and in debt, and in drink,
 This many and many a year ;
And those three are plagues enough, one would think,
 For one poor mortal to bear.
'Twas drink made me fall into love,
 And love made me run into debt ;
And though I have struggled, and struggled, and strove,
 I cannot get out of them yet.

There's nothing but money can cure me,
 And rid me of all my pain ;
 'Twill pay all my debts,
 And remove all my lets ;
And my mistress that cannot endure me,
 Will love me, and love me again :
Then I'll fall to loving and drinking again.

* [This poetical champion of the cavaliers in the time of Charles I. is thought to have written much the greater part of those songs and epigrams which were published against the Rump-parliament.]

SONG LIV.

UPBRAID me not, capricious fair,
 With drinking to excess ;
 I should not want to drown despair,
 Were your indifference less.

Love me, my dear, and you shall find,
 When this excuse is gone ;
 That all my bliss, when Chloe's kind,
 Is fix'd on her alone.

The god of wine the victory
 To beauty yields with joy ;
 For Bacchus only drinks like me,
 When Ariadne's coy.

SONG LV.

BY MR. WILLIAM WOTY.

My temples with clusters of grapes I'll entwine,
 And barter all joys for a goblet of wine :
 In search of a Venus no longer I'll run,
 But stop and forget her at Bacchus's tun.

Yet why this resolve to relinquish the fair ?
 'Tis a folly with spirits like mine to despair :
 And pray, what mighty joys can be found in a glass,
 If not fill'd to the health of a favourite lass.

VOL. II.

G

'Tis woman, whose joys every rapture impart,
And lend a new spring to the pulse of the heart :
The miser himself (so supreme is her sway)
Grows a convert to love, and resigns her his key.

At the sound of her voice Sorrow lifts up her head,
And Poverty listens well pleas'd from her shed ;
Whilst Age in half-ecstasy hobbling along,
Beats time with his crutch to the tune of her song.

Then fill me a goblet from Bacchus's hoard,
The largest, the deepest that stands on the board :
I'll fill up a brimmer, and drink to the fair,
'Tis the thirst of a lover, then pledge me who dare.

SONG LVI.

THE UNION.

BY THE SAME.

WITH women and wine I defy every care,
For life without these is a bubble of air ;
Each helping the other, in pleasure I roll,
And a new flow of spirits enlivens my soul.

Let grave sober mortals my maxims condemn,
I never shall alter my conduct for them ;
I care not how much they my measures decline,
Let them have their own humour—and I will have mine.

Wine, prudently us'd, will our senses improve ;
'Tis the spring-tide of life, and the fuel of love ;
And Venus ne'er look'd with a smile so divine,
As when Mars bound his head with a branch of the vine.

Then come, my dear charmer, thou nymph half divine !
First pledge me with kisses—next pledge me with wine :
Then giving, and taking, in mutual return,
The torch of our loves shall eternally burn.

But should'st thou my passion for wine disapprove,
My bumper I'll quit to be bless'd with thy love ;
For rather than forfeit the joys of my lass,
My bottle I'll break, and demolish my glass.

SONG LVII.

BY WILLIAM SHENSTONE, ESQ.

ADIEU, ye jovial youths, who join
To plunge old Care in floods of wine ;
And, as your dazzled eye-balls roll,
Discern him struggling in the bowl.

Not yet is hope so wholly flown,
Not yet is thought so tedious grown,
But limpid stream and shady tree
Retain, as yet, some sweets for me.

And see, through yonder silent grove,
See yonder does my Daphne rove :

DRINKING-SONGS.

With pride her footsteps I pursue,
And bid your frantic joys adieu.

The sole confusion I admire,
Is that my Daphne's eyes inspire :
I scorn the madness you approve,
And value Reason next to Love.

SONG LVIII.

BY HARRY CAREY.*

CUPID no more shall give me grief,
Or anxious cares oppress my soul ;
While gen'rous Bacchus brings relief,
And drowns 'em in a flowing bowl.

Cælia, thy scorn I now despise,
Thy boasted empire I disown ;
This takes the brightness from thy eyes,
And makes it sparkle in my own.

SONG LIX.

THE MILITARY TOPER.

How stands the glass around ?
For shame, ye take no care, my boys !
How stands the glass around ?
Let mirth and wine abound !
The trumpets sound :

* Who entitles it 'A dithyrambick for two voices.'

The colours flying are, my boys,
 To fight, kill, or wound :
 May we still be found
 Content with our hard fare, my boys,
 On the cold ground.

Why, soldiers, why
 Should we be melancholy, boys !
 Why, soldiers, why ?
 Whose business 'tis to die ?
 What ! sighing ? fie !
 Damn fear, drink on, be jolly boys !
 'Tis he, you, and I.
 Cold, hot, wet, or dry,
 We're always bound to follow, boys,
 And scorn to fly.

'Tis but in vain,
 (I mean not to upbraid you, boys)
 'Tis but in vain
 For soldiers to complain :
 Should next campaign
 Send us to Him that made you, boys,
 We're free from pain ;
 But should we remain,
 A bottle and kind landlady
 Cures all again.

SONG LX.

THE SCHOOL OF ANACREON.

RECITATIVE.

THE festive board was met, the social band
Round fam'd Anacreon took their silent stand :
' My friends (began the sage) be this the rule,
No brow austere must dare approach my school ;
Where Love and Bacchus jointly reign within,
Old Care, begone ! here sadness is a sin.

AIR.

Tell me not the joys that wait
On him that's learn'd, on him that's great ;
Wealth and wisdom I despise ;
Cares surround the rich and wise.
The queen that gives soft wishes birth,
And Bacchus god of wine and mirth,
Me their friend and fav'rite own,
I was born for them alone.
Bus'ness, title, pomp and state,
Give them to the fools I hate ;
But let love, let life be mine ;
Bring me women, bring me wine.
Speed the dancing hours away,
Mind not what the grave ones say ;
Gayly let the minutes fly,
In love and freedom, wit and joy :
So shall love, shall life be mine ;
Bring me women, bring me wine.'

SONG LXI.

BY PAUL WHITEHEAD, ESQ.

WHEN Bacchus, jolly god, invites
To revel in his evening rites,
In vain his altars I surround,
'Though with Burgundian incense crown'd :
No charm has wine without the lass ;
'Tis love gives relish to the glass.

Whilst all around, with jocund glee,
In brimmers toast their fav'rite she ;
Though ev'ry nymph my lips proclaim,
My heart still whispers Chloe's name ;
And thus, with me, by am'rous stealth,
Still ev'ry glass is Chloe's health.

SONG LXII.

BY MR. BICKERSTAFF.*

HENCE with cares, complaints, and frowning,
Welcome jollity and joy ;
Every grief in pleasure drowning,
Mirth this happy night employ.
Let's to friendship do our duty,
Laugh and sing some good old strain ;
Drink a health to Love and Beauty ;
May they long in triumph reign.

* In the opera of Love in a Village.

SONG LXIII.

THE BOTTLE.

BY HUGH KELLY, ESQ.

WHILE the bottle to humour and social delight
The smallest assistance can lend,
While it happily keeps up the laugh of the night,
Or enlivens the mind of a friend :

Oh let me enjoy it, thou bountiful Pow'r !
That my time may deliciously pass ;
And should Care ever think to intrude on the hour,
Scare the haggard away with a glass.

But, instead of a rational feast of the sense,
Should Discord preside o'er the bowl,
And folly, debate, or contention commence,
From too great an expansion of soul :

Should the man I esteem, or the friend of my breast,
In the ivy feel nought but the rod ;
Should I make sweet religion a profligate jest,
And daringly sport with my God ;

From my lips dash the poison, O merciful Pow'r !
Where the madness or blasphemy hung ;
And let every word at which Virtue should lour,
Parch quick on my infamous tongue.

From my sight let the curse be eternally driv'n,
 Where my reason so fatally stray'd ;
 That no more I may offer an insult to Heav'n,
 Or give man a cause to upbraid.

SONG LXIV.

THE SOLDIER.

BY WM. SMYTH, ESQ.

WHAT dreaming drone was ever blest
 By thinking of the morrow ?
 To-day be mine—I leave the rest
 To all the fools of sorrow :
 Give me the mind, that mocks at care ;
 The heart, its own defender ;
 The spirits that are light as air,
 And never beat surrender.

On comes the foe—to arms—to arms—
 We meet—'tis death or glory :
 'Tis victory in all her charms,
 Or fame in Britain's story :
 Dear native land ! thy fortunes frown,
 And ruffians would enslave thee :
 Thou land of honour and renown,
 Who would not die to save thee ?

'Tis you, 'tis I, that meets the ball ;
 And me it better pleases
 In battle with the brave to fall,
 Than die of cold diseases ;

Than drivell on in elbow-chair,
 With saws and tales unheeded,
 A tottering thing of aches and cares,
 Nor longer lov'd nor needed.

But thou—dark is thy flowing hair,
 Thine eye with fire is streaming ;
 And o'er thy cheek, thy looks, thine air,
 Health sits in triumph beaming :
 Thou, brother soldier, fill the wine,
 Fill high the wine to beauty ;
 Love, friendship, honour, all are thine,
 Thy country and thy duty !

SONG LXV.

OLD ENGLAND.

Who thirsts for more knowledge is welcome to roam,
 He may seek a new clime who is wretched at home ;
 Who of pleasure or folly has not had his fill,
 May quit poor Old England whenever he will ;
 But nothing shall tempt me to cross the salt main,
 For change I'm too steady, and rambling is pain.

Old England, brave boys, good enough is for me,
 Where my thoughts I can speak, where by birth-right
 I'm free ;
 Whatever I wish for, now comes at my call,
 I can roam in my fields, I can feast in my hall ;
 My time is my own, I can do as I will,
 I have children that prattle, a wife that is still.

I feel that I'm happy, though taxes run high,
I want no exotics, so easy am I ;
I'm alive to my friends, and at peace with the dead,
With party and state I ne'er trouble my head ;
Contention I hate, and my glass I love most,
When the King and Old England are nam'd as the toast.

SONG LXVI.

THE FLOWING BOWL.

WHENE'ER the gods, like us below,
To keep it up design,
Their bowls do with rich nectar flow,
Which makes them more divine :
Since drinking dignifies the soul,
Let's push about the flowing bowl.

The glitt'ring star and ribbon blue
That deck the courtier's breast,
May hide a heart of sablest hue,
Though by its king carest :
Let such in pride and splendour roll,
We're happier o'er our flowing bowl.

For liberty let patriots rave,
And ban the courtly crew,
Because, like them, they cannot have
The loaves and fishes too :
I care not who divides the coal,
So I but share a flowing bowl.

The son he wants old square-toes gone,
And miss is mad to wed ;
The doctor wants you to be sick,
The undertaker dead :
All have their wants, from pole to pole,
I want an ever-flowing bowl.

SONG LXVII.

IN the social amusements of life let me live,
Prove ev'ry delight, love and friendship can give,
Where easy good-nature gives converse a zest,
Where sense in the light robe of humour is drest ;
Where harmony, beauty, and reason combine,
Our souls to improve, and our senses refine.

At the festival board, where my Phœbe can share
The jest which her pureness unsullied may hear,
Unblushing enjoy, unrepining approve,
While Damon toasts freely to friendship and love ;
While harmony, beauty, and reason combine,
Our souls to improve, and our senses refine.

Time was meant for a blessing, not dealt as a curse,
The troubles of life are by pining made worse ;
The sullen recluse may disrelish my plan,
But I'll live, and I'll love, and I'll laugh while I can ;
While harmony, beauty, and reason combine,
Our souls to improve, and our senses refine.

SONG LXVIII.

LET the waiter bring clean glasses,
With a fresh supply of wine ;
For I see by all your faces,
In my wishes you will join.

It is not the charms of beauty,
Which I purpose to proclaim ;
We a while will leave that duty,
For a more prevailing theme.

To the health I'm now proposing,
Let's have one full glass at least ;
No one here can think't imposing—
'Tis the founder of the feast !

S O N G LXIX.

BY DR. GRANT.

CARE, thou canker of our joys,
Now thy tyrant reign is o'er ;
Fill the mystic bowl, my boys,
Join the bacchanalian roar.

Seize the villain, plunge him in,
See the hated miscreant dies :—
Mirth and all thy train come in,
Banish sorrow, tears, and sighs.

O'er our merry midnight bowls,
 O ! how happy shall we be ;
 Day was made for vulgar souls,
 Night, my boys, for you and me.

SONG LXX.

LET care be a stranger to each jovial soul
 Who Aristippus-like can his passions controul,
 Of wisest philosophers, wisest was he
 Who attentive to ease, let his mind still be free ;
 The prince, peer, or peasant, to him were the same,
 For pleas'd he was pleasing wherever he came ;
 But still turn'd his back on contention and strife,
 Resolving to live all the days of his life.

A friend to mankind, all mankind was his friend,
 And the peace of his mind was his ultimate end ;
 He found fault with none, if none found fault with him,
 If his friend had a humour, he humour'd his whim ;
 If wine was the word, why he bumper'd his glass ;
 If love was the topic, he toasted his lass ;
 But still, &c.

If councils disputed, if councils agreed,
 He found fault with neither, for this was his creed,
 That let them be guided by folly or sense,
 'Twou'd be *semper eadem* an hundred years hence ;
 He thought it unsocial to be malcontent,
 If the tide went with him, with the tide too he went ;
 But still, &c.

Then let us all follow Aristippus' rules,
 And deem his opponents both asses and mules ;
 Let those not contented to lead or to drive,
 By the bees of their sect be drove out of their hive ;
 Expell'd from the mansions of quiet and ease,
 May they never find out the blest art how to please ;
 While our friends and ourselves, not forgetting our
 wives,
 By these maxims may live all the days of our lives.

SONG LXXI.

*Written for a convivial Meeting, formed by a Party of
 select young Friends.*

YE free-hearted sons of good-humour and mirth !

Disciples of concord, that never can cloy !

O say, to what sage of convivial worth

Shall we tune the gay tribute of juvenile joy ?

Say, shall we not raise

The chorus of praise

To him who determin'd to live all his days ;

Who boasted the pleasure all others to please,

Renown'd Aristippus!—the patron of ease.

Like him let us banish that misanthrope Care,

May amity's pow'r to expel him combine ;

Or hence let Silenus the vagabond bear,

And fetter him down to the root of the vine :

There, there let him rot,

Unpitied his lot,

By the sons of festivity scorn'd and forgot :

Whilst we, here uniting our efforts to please,

May rival the patron of freedom and ease

That our vigils may long in good fellowship glide,
 Far hence be the orgies of riotous glee ;
 O'er the councils of mirth let discretion preside,
 And the impulse of nature wait reason's decree :
 Then harmony's pow'r
 Shall welcome the hour
 We duly devote to her favourite bow'r ;
 And still, as time ripens each effort to please,
 Sing praise to the patron of freedom and ease.

Fill, fill then each glass 'till it mantles with fire,
 'Tis the juice of the grape that stamps truth on the
 breast ;
 So here's to the health of the maid we admire—
 Was it drank e'en in nectar, 'twould give it a zest.
 Your glasses once more
 Uncharg'd :—as before,
 The rosy libations of friendship restore ;
 And thus while we mingle our efforts to please,
 Let's toast Aristippus—the patron of ease !





PART THE THIRD.

Miscellaneous Songs.

SONG I.

My mind to me a kingdom is ;
Such perfect joy therein I find,
As far exceeds all earthly bliss,
That God or nature hath assign'd :
Though much I want that most would have,
Yet still my mind forbids to crave.

Content I live, this is my stay ;
I seek no more than may suffice :
I press to bear no haughty sway ;
Look what I lack, my mind supplies.
Lo ! thus I triumph like a king,
Content with that my mind doth bring.

I see how plenty surfeits oft,
And hasty climbers soonest fall;
I see that such as sit aloft
Mishap doth threaten most of all:
These get with toil, and keep with fear;
Such cares my mind could never bear.

No princely pomp, nor wealthy store
No force to win a victory;
No wily wit to salve a sore,
41. No shape to win a lover's eye;
To none of these I yield as thrall;
For why? my mind despiseth all.

Some have too much, yet still they crave,
I little have, yet seek no more:
They are but poor, though much they have;
And I am rich with little store:
They poor, I rich; they beg, I give;
They lack, I lend; they pine, I live.

I laugh not at another's loss,
I grudge not at another's gain;
No worldly wave my mind can toss,
I brook that is another's bane:
I fear no foe, nor fawn on friend;
I loath not life, nor dread mine end.

My wealth is health and perfect ease;
My conscience clear my chief defence:
I never seek by bribes to please,
Nor by desert to give offence:
Thus do I live, thus will I die;
Would all did so as well as I.

I joy not in no earthly bliss ;
I weigh not Cræsus' wealth a straw ;
For care, I care not what it is ;
I fear not fortune's fatal law :
My mind is such as may not move
For beauty bright or force of love.

I wish but what I have at will ;
I wander not to seek for more ;
I like the plain, I climb no hill ;
In greatest storms I sit on shore,
And laugh at them that toil in vain
To get what must be lost again.

I kiss not where I wish to kill ;
I feign not love where most I hate ;
I break no sleep to win my will ;
I wait not at the mighty's gate ;
I scorn no poor, I fear no rich ;
I feel no want, nor have too much.

The court, ne cart, I like ne loath ;
Extremes are counted worst of all :
The golden mean betwixt them both,
Doth surest sit, and fears no fall ;
This is my choice, for why ? I find
No wealth is like a quiet mind.*

V. O.

* [In an early manuscript copy of this celebrated song, among Rawlinson's MSS. in the Bodleian library, Oxford, it is ascribed to Sir Edward Dyer, a poetical friend of Sir Philip Sidney. That manuscript contains the following stanza, neither printed here by Ritson, nor by Dr. Percy in his Reliques. (See vol. i. p. 309.)

SONG II.

BY THE COUNTESS OF WINCHELSEA.

WOULD we attain the happiest state,
 That is design'd us here ;
 No joy a rapture must create,
 No grief beget despair.

No injury fierce anger raise,
 No honour tempt to pride ;
 No vain desires of empty praise
 Must in the soul abide.

Some weigh their pleasure by their lust,
 Their wisdom by their rage of will ;
 Their treasure is their only trust,
 A cloaked craft their store of skill:
 But all the pleasure that I find,
 Is to maintain a quiet mind.

In Byrd's ' Psalmes, Sonets, and Songs of Sadness and Pietie,'
 1589, the second stanza was thus printed :

I press to bear no haughty sway,
 I wish no more than may suffice ;
 I do no more than well I may ;
 Look what I want, my mind supplies.
 Lo! thus I triumph like a king,
 My mind content with any thing.

The old copies contain many other variations from the reprints.]

No charms of youth or beauty move
The constant settled breast:
Who leaves a passage free to love,
Shall let in all the rest.

In such a heart soft peace will live,
Where none of these abound ;
The greatest blessing Heaven does give,
Or can on earth be found.

SONG III.

BY MR. W. BEDINGFIELD.

To hug yourself in perfect ease,
What would you wish for more than these?
A healthy, clean, paternal seat,
Well shaded from the summer's heat.

A little parlour stove, to hold
A constant fire from winter's cold,
Where you may sit, and think, and sing,
Far off from court, God bless the king !

Safe from the harpies of the law,
From party-rage, and great man's paw ;
Have choice few friends of your own taste ;
A wife agreeable and chaste.

An open, but yet cautious mind,
Where guilty cares no entrance find ;
Nor miser's fears, nor envy's spite,
To break the sabbath of the night.

Plain equipage, and temp'rate meals,
Few taylors', and no doctors' bills ;
Content to take, as Heaven shall please,
A longer or a shorter lease.

SONG IV.

BY MRS. PILKINGTON.

I ENVY not the proud their wealth,
Their equipage and state ;
Give me but innocence and health,
I ask not to be great.

I in this sweet retirement find
A joy unknown to kings ;
For sceptres to a virtuous mind
Seem vain and empty things.

Great Cincinnatus at his plough,
With brighter lustre shone
Than guilty Cæsar e'er could show,
Though seated on a throne.

Tumultuous days, and restless nights,
Ambition ever knows,
A stranger to the calm delights
Of study and repose.

Then free from envy, care, and strife,
Keep me, ye powers divine !
And pleas'd, when ye demand my life,
May I that life resign.

SONG V.

THE CHARACTER OF A HAPPY LIFE.

BY SIR HENRY WOTTON.

How happy is he born and taught,
That serveth not another's will ;
Whose armour is his honest thought,
And simple truth his utmost skill :

Whose passions not his masters are,
Whose soul is still prepar'd for death ;
Untied unto the world by care
Of public fame, or private breath :

Who envies none that chance doth raise,
Nor vice hath ever understood ;
How deepest wounds are given by praise,
Nor rules of state, but rules of good :

Who hath his life from rumours freed,
Whose conscience is his strong retreat ;
Whose state can neither flatterers feed,
Nor ruin make oppressors great :

Who God doth late and early pray,
More of his grace than gifts to lend :
And entertains the harmless day
With a religious book or friend.

This man is freed from servile hands,
Of hope to rise, or fear to fall :
Lord of himself, though not of lands ;
And having nothing, yet hath all.

SONG VI.

BY HILDEBRAND JACOB, ESQ.

I ENVY not the mighty great,
Those powerful rulers of the state,
Who settle nations as they please,
And govern at th' expence of ease.

Far happier the shepherd-swain,
Who daily drudges on the plain,
And nightly in some humble shed
On rushy pillows lays his head.

No curs'd ambition breaks his rest,
No factious wars divide his breast ;
His flock, his pipe, and artless fair,
Are all his hope, and all his care.

SONG VII.

BY THE REV. SAMUEL WESLEY.

WHAT man in his wits, had not rather be poor,
Than for lucre his freedom to give ?
Ever busy the means of his life to secure,
And so ever neglecting to live ?

Environ'd from morning to night in a crowd,
Not a moment unbent, or alone :
Constrain'd to be abject, though never so proud,
And at every one's call but his own :

Still repining and longing for quiet each hour,
Yet studiously flying it still ;
With the means of enjoying his wish in his pow'r,
But accurst with his wanting the will.

For a year must be past, or a day must be come,
Before he has leisure to rest :
He must add to his store this, or that pretty sum ;
And then will have time to be blest.

But his gains, more bewitching the more they increase,
Only swell the desire of his eye :
Such a wretch let mine enemy live, if he please ;
Let not even mine enemy die.

SONG VIII.

BY THE REV. THOMAS FITZGERALD.

No glory I covet, no riches I want,
Ambition is nothing to me ;
The one thing I beg of kind Heaven to grant,
Is a mind independent and free.

With passions unruffled, untainted with pride,
By reason my life let me square ;
The wants of my nature are cheaply supplied,
And the rest are but folly and care.

The blessings which Providence freely has lent,
I'll justly and gratefully prize ;
Whilst sweet meditation, and cheerful content,
Shall make me both healthful and wise.

In the pleasures the great man's possessions display,
Unenvied I'll challenge my part ;
For every fair object my eyes can survey,
Contributes to gladden my heart.

How vainly, through infinite trouble and strife,
The many their labours employ !
Since all that is truly delightful in life,
Is what all, if they please, may enjoy.

SONG IX.

SOME hoist up Fortune to the skies,
Others debase her to a bubble :
I nor her frowns nor favours prize,
Nor think the changeling worth my trouble.

If at my door she chance to light,
I civilly my guest receive :
The visit paid, I bid good night ;
Nor murmur when she takes her leave.

Though prosperous gales my canvas crowd,
Though smooth the waves, serene the sky,
I trust not calms ; they storms forebode,
And speak th' approaching tempest nigh.

Then, Virtue, to the helm repair,
Thou, Innocence, shalt guide the oar ;
Now rage, ye winds ! storms, rend the air !
My bark, thus man'd, shall gain the shore.

SONG X.

BY JAMES SHIRLEY.*

THE glories of our birth and state
Are shadows, not substantial things ;
There is no armour against fate ;
Death lays his icy hand on kings :
Sceptre and crown
Must tumble down,
And in the dust be equal made
With the poor crooked scythe and spade.

Some men with swords may reap the field,
And plant fresh laurels where they kill ;
But their strong nerves at last must yield,
They tame but one another still ;
Early or late
They stoop to fate,
And must give up their murm'ring breath,
When the pale captive creeps to death.

* These fine moral stanzas were originally intended for a solemn funeral song in 'The Contention of Ajax and Ulysses.' It is said to have been a favourite song with King Charles II. *Percy*, i. 270.

The laurel withers on your brow,
 Then boast no more your mighty deeds,
 Upon Death's purple altar now
 See where the victor-victim bleeds ;
 All heads must come
 To the cold tomb :
 Only the actions of the just
 Smell sweet, and blossom in the dust.*

SONG XI.

BY DR. DALTON.†

NOR on beds of fading flowers,
 Shedding soon their gaudy pride ;
 Nor with swains in syren-bowers
 Will true pleasure long reside.

On awful Virtue's hill sublime,
 Enthroned sits th' immortal fair ;
 Who wins her height must patient climb,
 The steps are peril, toil, and care.

So from the first did Jove ordain,
 Eternal bliss for transient pain.

* [Coincident with a passage in Psalm cxii. See new version.

‘ The sweet remembrance of the just

· Shall flourish, when he sleeps in dust.’]

† In the Masque of ‘ Comus.’—It seems to be imitated from a passage in the 17th book of ‘ Tasso’s Jerusalem.’

SONG XII.

(From Metastasio.)*

BY MR. HOOLE.

WHAT frenzy must his soul possess,
Whose hopes on evil deeds depend !
For though the wicked meet success,
Yet peace can ne'er their steps attend.

For ev'n in life's serenest state,
Shall Vice receive her secret sting ;
As Virtue, though depress'd by fate,
Herself her own reward shall bring.

SONG XIII.

BY THE REV. THOMAS WARTON.

To tinkling brooks, to twilight shades,
To desert prospects rough and rude,
With youthful rapture first I ran,
Enamour'd of sweet solitude.

On beauty next I wond'ring gaz'd,
Too soon my supple heart was caught :
An eye, a breast, a lip, a shape,
Was all I talk'd of, all I thought.

* In the opera of ' Hypsipile.'

Next, by the smiling Muses led,
 On Pindus' laurel'd top I dream,
 Talk with old bards, and listening hear
 The warbles of th' enchanting stream.

Then Harmony and Picture came,
 Twin-nymphs, my sense to entertain ;
 By turns my eye, my ear was caught,
 With Raphael's strokes and Handel's strain.

At last, such various pleasures prov'd
 All cloying, vain, unmanly found ;
 Sweet for a time as morning dew,
 Yet parents of some painful wound.

Humbly I ask'd great Wisdom's aid,
 To true delight to lead my feet ;
 When thus the goddess whispering said,—
 ' Virtue alone is bliss complete.'

SONG XIV.

BY DAVID GARRICK, ESQ. *

COME, come, my good shepherds, our flocks we must
 shear ;
 In your holiday suits, with your lasses appear :
 The happiest of folk are the guiltless and free,†
 And who are so guiltless, so happy as we ?

* Sung by a shepherdess, at the sheep-shearing in ' Florizel and Perdita ;' a farce taken from Shakspeare's ' Winter's Tale.'

† So the best copies. It is usually sung *guileless*, even at Drury-lane theatre. The alteration was probably made by the composer.

We harbour no passions, by luxury taught,
We practise no arts, with hypocrisy fraught ;
What we think in our hearts, you may read in our eyes ;
For knowing no falsehood, we need no disguise.

By mode and caprice are the city-dames led,
But we, as the children of nature are bred ;
By her hand alone, we are painted and dress'd ;
For the roses will bloom, when there's peace in the breast.

That giant Ambition we never can dread,
Our roofs are too low for so lofty a head ;
Content and sweet Cheerfulness open our door,
They smile with the simple, and feed with the poor.

When love has possess'd us, that love we reveal ;
Like the flocks that we feed are the passions we feel :
So harmless and simple we sport, and we play,
And leave to fine folks to deceive and betray.

SONG XV.

A COUNTRY LIFE.

BY MRS. KATHERINE PHILIPS.

(‘ *The matchless Orinda.*’ *)

How sacred and how innocent
A country life appears ;
How free from tumult, discontent,
From flattery or fears !

* [This title preceded a posthumous edition of her poems.]

This was the first and happiest life,
When man enjoy'd himself ;
Till pride exchanged peace for strife,
And happiness for pelf.

'Twas here the poets were inspir'd,
Here taught the multitude ;
The brave they here with honour fir'd,
And civiliz'd the rude.

That golden age did entertain
No passion but of love ;
The thoughts of ruling and of gain
Did ne'er their fancies move.

None then did envy neighbour's wealth,
Nor plot to wrong his bed :
Happy in friendship and in health,
On roots, not beasts, they fed.

They knew no law nor physic then,
Nature was all their wit :
And if there yet remain to men
Content, sure this is it.

What blessings doth this world afford
To tempt or bribe desire ?
Her courtship is all fire and sword ;
Who would not then retire ?

Then welcome, dearest solitude,
My great felicity ;
Though some are pleas'd to call thee rude,
Thou art not so, but we.

Them that do covet only rest,
A cottage will suffice :
It is not brave to be possest
Of earth, but to despise.

Opinion is the rate of things,
From hence our peace doth flow ;
I have a better fate than kings,
Because I think it so.

When all the stormy world doth roar,
How unconcern'd am I ?
I cannot fear to tumble lower,
Who never could be high.

Secure in these unenvied walls,
I think not on the state,
And pity no man's case that falls
From his ambitious height.

Silence and innocence are safe ;
A heart that's only true,
At all these little arts can laugh,
That do the world subdue.

While others revel it in state,
Here I'll contented sit,
And think I have as good a fate
As wealth and pomp admit.

Let some in courtship take delight,
And to th' Exchange resort ;
Then revel out a winter's night,
Not making love but sport.

These never knew a noble flame,
 'Tis lust, scorn, or design :
While vanity plays all their game,
 Let peace and honour mine.

When the inviting Spring appears,
 To Hyde-park let them go;
And, hasting thence, be full of fears
 To lose Spring-garden show.

Let others, nobler, seek to gain
 In knowledge happy fate;
Let others busy them in vain
 To study ways of state :

But I, resolved from within,
 Confirmed from without,
In privacy intend to spin
 My future minutes out.

And from this hermitage of mine
 I banish all wild toys,
And nothing that is not divine
 Shall dare to tempt my joys.

There are below but two things good,
 Friendship and honesty ;
And only those of all I would
 Ask for felicity.

In this retir'd and humble seat,
 Free from both war and strife,
I am not forc'd to make retreat,
 But choose to spend my life.

SONG XVI.

A MORAL THOUGHT.

BY DR. HAWKESWORTH.

THROUGH groves sequester'd, dark, and still,
Low vales, and mossy cells among,
In silent paths the careless rill,
Which languid murmurs, steals along.

Awhile it plays with circling sweep,
And lingering leaves its native plain ;
Then pours impetuous down the steep,
And mingles with the boundless main.

O let my years thus devious glide
Through silent scenes obscurely calm,
Nor wealth nor strife pollute the tide,
Nor honour's sanguinary palm.

When labour tires, and pleasure palls,
Still let the stream untroubled be,
As down the steep of age it falls,
And mingles with eternity.

SONG XVII.

TO IDLENESS.

BY MR. CHRISTOPHER SMART.

GODDESS of ease, leave Lethe's brink,
Obsequious to the Muse and me;
For once endure the pain to think,
Oh sweet Insensibility !

Sister of Peace and Indolence,
Bring, Muse, bring numbers soft and slow :
Elaborately void of sense,
And sweetly thoughtless let them flow.

Near to some cowslip-painted mead,
There let me dose out the dull hours ;
And under me let Flora spread
A sofa of the softest flowers.

Where, Philomel, your notes you breathe
Forth from behind the neighb'ring pine ;
While murmurs of the stream beneath
Still flow in unison with thine.

For thee, O Idleness ! the woes
Of life we patiently endure ;
Thou art the source whence labour flows,
We shun thee but to make thee sure.

For who'd sustain war's toil and waste,
Or who th' hoarse thund'ring of the sea.
But to be idle at the last,
And find a pleasing end in thee?

SONG XVIII.

BY HARRY CAREY.*

FROM the court to the cottage convey me away,
For I'm weary of grandeur, and what they call gay :
Where pride without measure,
And pomp without pleasure,
Make life in a circle of hurry decay.

* He entitles this ' Mrs. Stuart's Retirement.'

Far remote and retir'd from the noise of the town,
I'll exchange my brocade for a plain russet gown ;
 My friends shall be few,
 But well chosen and true,
And sweet recreation our evening shall crown.

With a rural repast, a rich banquet for me,
On a mossy green turf, near some shady old tree ;
 The river's clear brink,
 Shall afford me my drink,
And Temp'rance my friendly physician shall be.

Ever calm and serene, with contentment still blest,
Not too giddy with joy, or with sorrow deprest,
 I'll neither invoke,
 Or repine at Death's stroke,
But retire from the world as I would to my rest.

SONG XIX.

BY MR. OTWAY.*

PRINCES that rule, and empire sway,
 How transitory is their state !
Sorrows their glories do allay,
 And richest crowns have greatest weight.

The mighty monarch treason fears,
 Ambitious thoughts within him rave ;
His life all discontents and cares,
 And he at best is but a slave.

* In the tragedy of ' Alcibiades.'

Vainly we think with fond delight
To ease the burden of our cares ;
Each grief a second does invite,
And sorrows are each other's heirs.

For me, my honour I'll maintain,
Be gallant, generous, and brave ;
And when I quietude would gain,
At least I'll find it in the grave.

SONG XX.

THE DIRGE.

BY DR. HENRY KING, BP. OF CHICHESTER.

WHAT is th' existence of man's life ?
But open war, or slumber'd strife,
Where sickness to his sense presents
The combat of the elements ;
And never feels a perfect peace
Till Death's cold hand signs his release.

It is a storm, where the hot blood
Outvies in rage the boiling flood ;
And each loud passion of the mind
Is like a furious gust of wind,
Which beats his bark with many a wave,
Till he casts anchor in the grave.

It is a flower, which buds and grows,
And withers as the leaves disclose ;
Whose spring and fall faint seasons keep,
Like fits of waking before sleep ;
Then shrinks into that fatal mould,
Where its first being was enroll'd.

It is a dream, whose seeming truth
Is moralis'd in age and youth ;
Where all the comforts he can share,
As wand'ring as his fancies are ;
Till in a mist of dark decay
The dreamer vanish quite away.

It is a dial, which points out
The sun-set as it moves about ;
And shadows out in lines of night
The subtile stages of Time's flight,
Till all obscuring earth hath laid
The body in eternal shade.

It is a weary interlude,
Which doth short joys, long woes include :
The world the stage, the prologue tears,
The acts vain hope, and varied fears ;
The scene shuts up with loss of breath,
And leaves no epilogue—but Death.

SONG XXI.

BY MR. GEORGE LILLO.*

THE sweet and blushing rose
Soon withers and decays ;
Short are the joys life knows,
And few our happy days :
The fairest day must set in night ;
Summer in winter ends ;
So anguish still succeeds delight,
And grief on joy attends.

SONG XXII.

BY MR. ROBERT DODSLEY.

MAN's a poor deluded bubble,
Wand'ring in a mist of lies,
Seeing false, or seeing double ;
Who would trust to such weak eyes ?

Yet presuming on his senses,
On he goes, most wondrous wise :
Doubts of truth, believes pretences ;
Lost in error, lives and dies.

* In the opera of ' Sylvia, or the Country Burial ;' a piece occasioned by the success of Gay's ' Beggar's Opera.'

SONG XXIII.

THE BLIND BOY.

BY COLLEY CIBBER, ESQ.*

O SAY ! what is that thing call'd light,
Which I must ne'er enjoy ;
What are the blessings of the sight,
O tell your poor blind boy !

You talk of wond'rous things you see,
You say the sun shines bright ;
I feel him warm, but how can he
Or make it day or night.

My day or night myself I make,
Whene'er I sleep or play ;
And could I ever keep awake,
With me 'twere always day.

With heavy sighs I often hear
You mourn my hapless woe ;
But sure with patience I can bear
A loss I ne'er can know.

Then let not what I cannot have
My cheer of mind destroy ;
Whilst thus I sing, I am a king,
Although a poor blind boy.

* Written for, and set by the celebrated Mr. Stanley, late organist of St. Andrews, Holborn. See the music in vol. iii.

SONG XXIV.

BY MR. COFFEY.

WELCOME, welcome, brother debtor,
To this poor but merry place,
Where no bailiff, dun, nor setter,
Dares to show his frightful face :
But, kind sir, as you're a stranger,
Down your garnish you must lay,
Or your coat will be in danger ;
You must either strip or pay.

Ne'er repine at your confinement
From your children or your wife ;
Wisdom lies in true resignation,
Through the various scenes of life.
Scorn to show the least resentment,
Though beneath the frowns of fate ;
Knaves and beggars find contentment,
Fears and cares attend the great.

Though our creditors are spiteful,
And restrain our bodies here ;
Use will make a jail delightful,
Since there's nothing else to fear.
Every island's but a prison,
Strongly guarded by the sea :
Kings and princes, for that reason,
Prisoners are as well as we.

What was it made great Alexander
Weep at his unfriendly fate ?
'Twas because he could not wander
Beyond this world's strong prison-gate :
For the world is also bounded
By the heavens and stars above ;
Why should we then be confounded,
Since there's nothing free but love ?

SONG XXV.*

How pleasant a sailor's life passes,
Who roams o'er the watery main ;
No treasure he ever amasses,
But cheerfully spends all his gain.
We're strangers to party and faction,
To honour and honesty true,
And would not commit a base action
For power or profit in view.
Then why should we quarrel for riches,
Or any such glittering toys ?
A light heart, and a thin pair of breeches,
Go thorough the world, my brave boys.

The world is a beautiful garden,
Enrich'd with the blessings of life,
The toiler with plenty rewarding,
Which plenty too often breeds strife.

* In an old English opera, called ' Perseus and Andromeda.'
[The Biographia Dramatica records no performance with this title
earlier than the year 1728 ; a date that Ritson would hardly deno-
minate ' old.']

When terrible tempests assail us,
And mountainous billows affright ;
No grandeur or wealth can avail us,
But skilful industry steers right.

Then why should we quarrel for riches, &c.

The courtier's more subject to dangers,
Who rules at the helm of the state,
Than we, who to politics strangers,
Escape the snares laid for the great.
The various blessings of nature,
In various nations we try ;
No mortals than us can be greater,
Who merrily live till we die.

Then why should we quarrel for riches,
Or any such glittering toys ?
A light heart, and a thin pair of breeches,
Go thorough the world, my brave boys.

SONG XXVI.

BY MR. ROBERT DODSLEY.*

How happy a state does the miller possess !
Who would be no greater, nor fears to be less ;
On his mill and himself he depends for support,
Which is better than servilely cringing at court.

* In the entertainment of 'The King and Miller of Mansfield.'
This song was written—not by Mr. Dodsley, but—by a Mr. Charles
Highmore, at his request.

What though he all dusty and whiten'd does go,
The more he's bepowder'd, the more like a beau ;
A clown in this dress may be honester far
Than a courtier, who struts in his garter and star.

Though his hands are so daub'd they're not fit to be seen,
The hands of his betters are not very clean ;
A palm more polite may as dirtily deal ;
Gold, in handling, will stick to the fingers like meal.

What if, when a pudding for dinner he lacks,
He cribs, without scruple, from other men's sacks ;
In this of right noble examples he brags,
Who borrow as freely from other men's bags.

Or should he endeavour to heap an estate,
In this he would mimic the tools of the state ;
Whose aim is alone their own coffers to fill,
As all his concern's to bring grist to his mill.

He eats when he's hungry, he drinks when he's dry,
And down when he's weary contented does lie ;
Then rises up cheerful to work and to sing :
If so happy a miller, then who'd be a king ? *

* [The subject of this song, and of the dramatic entertainment from which it was taken, seems to be contained in the fifteenth of the Ancient Ballads reprinted in the present volume.]

SONG XXVII.

BY MR. ISAAC BICKERSTAFF.*

THE honest heart, whose thoughts are clear
From fraud, disguise, and guile,
Need neither Fortune's frowning fear,
Nor court the harlot's smile.

The greatness that would make us grave,
Is but an empty thing ;
What more than mirth would mortals have ?
The cheerful man's a king !

SONG XXVIII.

THE OLD MAN'S WISH.

BY DR. POPE.

IF I live to grow old, for I find I go down,
Let this be my fate :—in a country town,
May I have a warm house, with a stone at the gate,
And a cleanly young girl to rub my bald pate.
May I govern my passion with an absolute sway,
And grow wiser and better, as my strength wears away,
Without gout or stone, by a gentle decay.

Near a shady grove, and a murmuring brook,
With the ocean at distance, whereon I may look ;

* In the comic opera of 'Love in a Village.'

With a spacious plain, without hedge or stile,
And an easy pad-nag to ride out a mile.

May I govern, &c.

With Horace and Petrarch, and two or three more
Of the best wits that reign'd in the ages before ;
With roast mutton, rather than ven'son or teal,
And clean, though coarse linen, at every meal.

May I govern, &c.

With a pudding on Sundays, with stout humming liquor,
And remnants of Latin to welcome the vicar ;
With Monte Fiascone or Burgundy wine,
To drink the king's health as oft as I dine.

May I govern, &c.

With a courage undaunted may I face my last day,
And when I am dead may the better sort say,—
In the morning when sober, in the evening when mellow,
He's gone, and [has] left not behind him his fellow :

For he govern'd his passion with an absolute sway,
And grew wiser and better, as his strength wore away,
Without gout or stone, by a gentle decay.*

* The author republished this song, in his old age, with large additions, and a number of whimsical notes, and illustrations from the Roman, Italian, and German poets. None of his supplemental stanzas were thought properly adapted to the present publication ; but all the corrections and alterations he has made in the original verses have been carefully retained ; except only as to the last chorus, which does not, in his enlarged copy, differ from the first.

SONG XXIX.

TO WISDOM.

BY MRS. CARTER.*

The solitary bird of night
Through the thick shades now wings his flight,
And quits his time-shook tower ;
Where, shelter'd from the blaze of day,
In philosophic gloom he lay,
Beneath his ivy bower.

With joy I hear the solemn sound,
Which midnight-echoes waft around,
And sighing gales repeat :
Fav'rite of Pallas ! I attend,
And, faithful to thy summons, bend
At Wisdom's awful seat.

She loves the cool, the silent eve,
Where no false shows of life deceive,
Beneath the lunar ray :
Here Folly drops each vain disguise,
Nor sport her gaily-colour'd dyes,
As in the glare of day.

O Pallas ! queen of every art,
That glads the sense, or mends the heart,
Blest source of purer joys :

* [Prefixed to her English translation of Epictetus.]

In every form of beauty bright,
That captivates the mental sight
With pleasure and surprise.

To thy unspotted shrine I bow ;
Attend thy modest suppliant's vow,
That breathes no wild desires :
But taught, by thy unerring rules,
To shun the fruitless wish of fools,
To nobler views aspires.

Not Fortune's gem, Ambition's plume,
Nor Cytherea's fading bloom,
Be objects of my pray'r :
Let Av'rice, Vanity, and Pride,
Those envied glittering toys divide,
The dull rewards of care.

To me thy better gifts impart,
Each moral beauty of the heart,
By studious thoughts refin'd ;
For wealth, the smiles of glad content,
For power, its amplest, best extent,
An empire o'er the mind.

When Fortune drops her gay parade,
When Pleasure's transient roses fade,
And wither in the tomb ;
Unchang'd is thy immortal prize,
Thy ever-verdant laurels rise
In undecaying bloom.

By thee protected, I defy
The coxcomb's sneer, the stupid lie
Of ignorance and spite :
Alike condemn the leaden fool,
And all the pointed ridicule
Of undiscerning wit.

From envy, hurry, noise, and strife,
The dull impertinence of life,
In thy retreat I rest ;
Pursue thee to the peaceful groves
Where Plato's sacred spirit roves,
In all thy graces drest.

He bid Ilyssus' tuneful stream
Convey thy philosophic theme,
Of perfect, fair, and good ;
Attentive Athens caught the sound,
And all her listening sons around
In awful silence stood.

Reclaim'd, her wild licentious youth
Confess'd the potent voice of Truth,
And felt its just controul :
The Passions ceas'd their loud alarms,
And Virtue's soft persuasive charms
O'er all their senses stole.

Thy breath inspires the poet's song,
The patriot's free, unbiass'd tongue,
The hero's gen'rous strife ;

Thine are retirement's silent joys,
And all the sweet endearing ties
Of still, domestic life.

No more to fabled names confin'd,
To Thee ! Supreme, all-perfect Mind,
My thoughts direct their flight :
Wisdom's thy gift, and all her force
From Thee deriv'd, unchanging Source
Of intellectual light !*

O send her sure, her steady ray,
To regulate my doubtful way,
Through life's perplexing road :
The mists of error to controul,
And through its gloom direct my soul
To happiness and good !

Beneath her clear discerning eye,
The visionary shadows fly
Of Folly's painted show :
She sees, through ev'ry fair disguise,
That all, but Virtue's solid joys,
Is vanity and woe.†

* See the general epistle of St. James, i. 5. 17.

† [See Gentleman's Magazine, vol. xvii. p. 585, where this poem was first printed, and thence inserted by Richardson in his 'Clarissa.' The rev. Mr. Pennington, in his Life of Mrs. Carter, has printed an apologetical letter to her, written by the author of Clarissa on that occasion.]

SONG XXX.

ON FRIENDSHIP.

BY MRS. A. WILLIAMS.*

FRIENDSHIP, peculiar gift of Heaven,
The noble mind's delight and pride,
To men and angels only given,
To all the lower world denied.

While Love, unknown among the blest,
Parent of rage and hot desires,
The human, and the savage breast,
Inflames alike with equal fires.

With bright, but oft destructive gleam,
Alike o'er all his lightnings fly;
Thy lambent glories only beam
Around the fav'rites of the sky.

Thy gentle flows of guiltless joys
On fools and villains ne'er descend;
In vain for thee the monarch sighs,
And hugs a flatterer for a friend.

When Virtues kindred Virtues meet,
And sister-souls together join,
Thy pleasures, permanent as great,
Are all transporting, all divine.

* [Or rather by Dr. Johnson: being inserted by him in the Gentleman's Magazine for the year 1743, with some variations from the present copy.]

Oh ! shall thy flames then cease to glow,
When souls to happier climes remove ?
What rais'd our virtue here below,
Shall aid our happiness above.

SONG XXXI.

ON FRIENDSHIP.

THE world, my dear Myra, is full of deceit,
And friendship's a jewel we seldom can meet ;
How strange does it seem, that in searching around,
This source of content is so rare to be found ?

O, friendship ! thou balm, and rich sweet'ner of life ;
Kind parent of ease, and composer of strife ;
Without thee, alas ! what are riches and pow'r ?
But empty delusion, the joys of an hour !

How much to be priz'd and esteem'd is a friend,
On whom we may always with safety depend ?
Our joys, when extended, will always increase ;
And griefs, when divided, are hush'd into peace.

When fortune is smiling, what crowds will appear,
Their kindness to offer, and friendship sincere ;
Yet change but the prospect, and point out distress,
No longer to court you they eagerly press.

SONG XXXII.

BY SHAKSPEARE.*

BLOW, blow thou winter-wind,
 Thou art not so unkind
 As man's ingratitude :
 Thy tooth is not so keen,
 Because thou art not seen,
 Although thy breath be rude.
 Heigh ho ! sing, heigh ho ! unto the green holly ;
 Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly :
 Then, heigh ho, the holly !
 This life is most jolly.

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
 Thou dost not bite so nigh
 As benefits forgot :
 Though thou the waters warp,
 Thy sting is not so sharp
 As friend remember'd not.
 Heigh ho ! &c.

SONG XXXIII.

THE LIE.

BY FRANCIS DAVISON.†

Go soul, the body's guest,
 Upon a thankless errant ;

* In the comedy of 'As You like It.'

† See vol. i. p. 137. 'The Lie' is generally, though erroneously, supposed to have been written by sir Walter Raleigh, the night be-

Fear not to touch the best,
The truth shall be thy warrant :
Go, since I needs must die,
And give the world the lie.

Say to the court, it glows,
And shines like rotten-wood ;
Say to the church, it shows
What's good, and doth no good.
If church and court reply,
Then give them both the lie.

Tell potentates they live
Acting by others action,
Not lov'd unless they give,
Not strong, but by affection.
If potentates reply,
Give potentates the lie.

Tell men of high condition
That manage the estate,
Their purpose is ambition,
Their practice only hate :
And if they once reply,
Then give them all the lie.

fore his execution. This song is here printed from the second edition of Davison's poems, 1611, 12mo. Dr. Percy appears to have made use of a later, and, as it should seem, more accurate edition, in 1624, and by his copy (which, could his fidelity be relied on, would have been entirely followed) some palpable mistakes have been rectified. The passages corrected are left distinguished by 'commas.'

[Ritson, with all his labours after correctness, has committed two errors in this short note. The *second* edition of Davison's 'Poetical Rapsodie' was published in 1608, and the *last* in 1621. No impression appeared with the date of 1624.]

Tell them that brave it most,
They beg for more by spending,
Who in their greatest cost,
Like nothing but commending :
And if they make reply,
Then give them all the lie.

Tell zeal, it wants devotion ;
Tell love, it is but lust ;
Tell time, it 'is' but motion :
Tell flesh, it is but dust :
And wish them not reply,
For thou must give the lie.

Tell age, it daily wasteth ;
Tell honour, how it alters ;
Tell beauty, how she blasteth ;
Tell favour, how it falters ;
And, as they shall reply,
Give every one the lie.

Tell wit, how much it wrangles
In tickle points of niceness ;
Tell wisdom, she entangles
Herself in over-wiseness :
And, when they do reply,
Straight give them both the lie.

Tell physic of her boldness ;
Tell skill, it is 'pretension ;'
Tell charity of coldness ;
Tell law, it is contention :
And, as they do reply,
So give them still the lie.

Tell fortune of her blindness ;
Tell nature of decay ;
Tell friendship of unkindness ;
Tell justice of delay :
And, if they will reply,
Then give them all the lie.

Tell arts, they have no soundness,
But vary by esteeming ;
Tell schools, they want profoundness,
And stand on too much seeming ;
If arts and schools reply,
Give arts and schools the lie.

Tell faith, it's fled the city ;
Tell how the country erreth ;
Tell, manhood shakes ' off ' pity ;
Tell, virtue least ' preferreth ;'
And, if they do reply,
Spare not to give the lie.

So, when thou hast, as I
Commanded thee, done blabbing,
Because to give the lie
Deserves no less than stabbing,
Stab at thee he that will,
No stab ' the ' soul can kill.*

* [No signature was affixed to this poem, in those editions of Davison's poetical miscellany which were consulted by the present Editor ; who, in a correspondence with Dr. Percy, requested to know the origin of the report which assigned it to Raleigh, but did not receive a satisfactory solution.]

SONG XXXIV.

TIME'S ALTERATION.

WHEN this old cap was new,
'Tis since two hundred year,
No malice then we knew,
But all things plenty were :
All friendship now decays,
(Believe me, this is true)
Which was not in those days,
When this old cap was new.

The nobles of our land
Were much delighted then,
To have at their command
A crew of lusty men,
Which by their coats were known
Of tawny, red, or blue,
With crests on their sleeves shown,
When this old cap was new.

Now pride hath banish'd all,
Unto our land's reproach,
When he whose means is small,
Maintains both horse and coach :
Instead of an hundred men,
The coach allows but two ;
This was not thought on then,
When this old cap was new.

Good hospitality
Was cherish'd then of many ;

Now poor men starve and die,
And are not help'd by any :
For charity waxeth cold,
And love is found in few ;
This was not in time of old,
When this old cap was new.

Wherever you travell'd then,
You might meet on the way
Brave knights and gentlemen,
Clad in their country grey,
That courteous would appear,
And kindly welcome you ;
No puritans then were,
When this old cap was new.

Our ladies, in those days,
In civil habit went ;
Broad-cloth was then worth praise,
And gave the best content :
French fashions then were scorn'd,
Fond fangles then none knew ;
Then modesty women adorn'd,
When this old cap was new.

A man might then behold
At Christmas, in each hall,
Good fires to curb the cold,
And meat for great and small :
The neighbours were friendly bidden,
And all had welcome true ;
The poor from the gates were not chidden,
When this old cap was new.

Black jacks to every man
Were fill'd with wine and beer,
No pewter pot, nor can,
In those days did appear :
Good cheer in a nobleman's house
Was counted a seemly shew,
We wanted no brawn nor souse,
When this old cap was new.

We took not such delight
In cups of silver fine,
None under the degree of a knight
In plate drunk beer or wine :
Now each mechanical man
Hath a cupboard of plate for a shew,
Which was a rare thing then,
When this old cap was new.

Then bribery was unborn,
No simony men did use ;
Christians did usury scorn,
Devis'd among the Jews :
The lawyers to be feed,
At that time hardly knew ;
For man with man agreed,
When this old cap was new.

No captain then carous'd,
Nor spent poor soldiers pay,
They were not so abus'd
As they are at this day ;
Of seven days they make eight,
To keep them from their due ;

Poor soldiers had their right,
When this old cap was new.

Which made them forward still
To go, although not prest ;
And going with good will,
Their fortunes were the best.
Our English then, in fight,
Did foreign foes subdue ;
And forc'd them all to flight,
When this old cap was new.

God save our gracious King,
And send him long to live ;
Lord ! mischief on them bring,
That will not their alms give ;
But seek to rob the poor
Of that which is their due :
This was not in time of yore,
When this old cap was new.

O.

SONG XXXV.

THE VICAR OF BRAY.*

IN good King Charles's golden days
When loyalty no harm meant,
A zealous high-church man I was,
And so I got preferment :

* [In Berkshire. See the Worthies of that county by Fuller : according to whom, this vivacious vicar was alternately a papist and protestant under the reigns of Henry the eighth, Edward the sixth,

To teach my flock I never miss'd,
Kings are by God appointed,
And damn'd are those that do resist,
Or touch The Lord's Anointed.
And this is law I will maintain,
Until my dying day, sir,
That whatsoever king shall reign,
I'll be the vicar of Bray, sir.

When royal James obtain'd the crown,
And popery came in fashion,
The penal laws I hooted down,
And read the Declaration :
The church of Rome I found would fit
Full well my constitution ;
And had become a Jesuit,
But for the Revolution.
And this is law, &c.

When William was our King declar'd,
To ease the nation's grievance ;
With this new wind about I steer'd,
And swore to him allegiance :
Old principles I did revoke,
Set conscience at a distance ;
Passive obedience was a joke,
A jest was non-resistance.
And this is law, &c.

Queen Mary, and Queen Elizabeth. But as Captain Grose observes, this vicar has been modernized in the above song, and his versatility has been brought down to later times. The same story, he adds, is told of a Vicar of Bray near Brayhead in Ireland. See his *Local Proverbs*.]

When gracious Ann became our queen,
The church of England's glory,
Another face of things was seen,
And I became a tory :
Occasional conformists base,
I damn'd their moderation ;
And thought the church in danger was,
By such prevarication.
And this is law, &c.

When George in pudding-time came o'er,
And moderate men look'd big, sir,
I turn'd a cat-in-pan once more,
And so became a whig, sir ;
And thus preferment I procur'd
From our new faith's-defender ;
And almost ev'ry day abjur'd
The Pope and the Pretender.
And this is law, &c.

Th' illustrious house of Hanover,
And Protestant succession ;
To these I do allegiance swear—
While they can keep possession :
For in my faith and loyalty,
I never more will falter,
And George my lawful king shall be—
Until the times do alter.
And this is law I will maintain,
Until my dying day, sir,
That whatsoever king shall reign,
I'll be the vicar of Bray, sir.

SONG XXXVI.

THE STORM.

BY MR. GEORGE ALEXANDER STEVENS.

CEASE, rude Boreas, blust'ring railer !
List ye landsmen, all to me !
Messmates, hear a brother sailor
Sing the dangers of the sea :
From bounding billows, first in motion,
When the distant whirlwinds rise,
To the tempest-troubled ocean,
Where the seas contend with skies !

Hark ! the boatswain hoarsely bawling,
‘ By topsail-sheets, and haulyards stand ;
‘ Down top-gallants quick be hawling,
‘ Down your stay-sails, hand, boys, hand !
‘ Now it freshens, set the braces,
‘ The topsail-sheets now let go ;
‘ Luff, boys, luff ! don't make wry faces,
‘ Up your topsails nimbly clew.’

Now all you on down-beds sporting,
Fondly lock'd in Beauty's arms ;
Fresh enjoyments wanton courting,
Safe from all but love's alarms ;
Round us roars the tempest louder ;
‘ Think what fears our minds enthrall ;
Harder yet, it yet blows harder,
Now again the boatswain calls !

- ' The top-sail yards point to the wind, boys,
- ' See all clear to reef each course ;
- ' Let the fore-sheet go, don't mind, boys,
- ' Though the weather should be worse.
- ' Fore and aft the sprit-sail yard get,
- ' Reef the mizen, see all clear ;
- ' Hands up, each preventure brace set,
- ' Man the fore-yard ; cheer, lads, cheer !'

Now the dreadful thunder roaring,
 Peal on peal contending clash ;
On our heads fierce rain falls pouring,
 In our eyes blue lightnings flash.
One wide water all around us,
 All above us one black sky,
Different deaths at once surround us,
 Hark ! what means that dreadful cry ?

- ' The foremast's gone (cries every tongue out)
- ' O'er the lee, twelve feet 'bove deck ;
- ' A leak beneath the chest-tree's sprung out,
- ' Call all hands to clear the wreck.
- ' Quick the lanyards cut to pieces,
- ' Come, my hearts, be stout and bold ;
- ' Plumb the well—the leak increases,
- ' Four feet water in the hold.'

While o'er the ship wild waves are beating,
 We for wives or children mourn ;
Alas ! from hence there's no retreating,
 Alas ! to them there's no return.
Still the leak is gaining on us,
 Both chain-pumps are chok'd below.—

Heav'n have mercy here upon us !
 For only that can save us now.

' O'er the lee-beam is the land, boys,
 ' Let the guns o'erboard be thrown ;
 ' To the pump come ev'ry hand, boys,
 ' See ! our mizen-mast is gone.
 ' The leak we've found it cannot pour fast,
 ' We've lighten'd her a foot or more ;
 ' Up, and rig a jury foremast,
 ' She rights, she rights, boys, we're off shore.*

Now once more on joys we're thinking,
 Since kind Heav'n has sav'd our lives ;
 Come, the can, boys ! let's be drinking
 To our sweethearts, and our wives.
 Fill it up, about ship wheel it,
 Close to our lips a brimmer join ;
 Where's the tempest now, who feels it ?
 None—the danger's drown'd in wine.

SONG XXXVII.

NEPTUNE'S RAGING FURY:

OR, THE

GALLANT SEAMEN'S SUFFERINGS.*

You gentlemen of England,
 That live at home at ease,
 Ah ! little do you think upon
 The dangers of the seas :

* ' Being a relation of their perils and dangers, and of the extraordinary hazards they undergo in their noble adventures: together

Give ear unto the mariners,
And they will plainly show
All the cares, and the fears,
When the stormy winds do blow.

All you that will be seamen,
Must bear a valiant heart,
For when you come upon the seas
You must not think to start ;
Nor once to be faint-hearted,
In hail, rain, blow, or snow,
Nor to think for to shrink,
When the stormy winds do blow.

The bitter storms and tempests
Poor seamen do endure ;
Both day and night, with many a fright,
We seldom rest secure.
Our sleep it is disturbed
With visions strange to know,
And with dreams, on the streams,
When the stormy winds do blow.

In claps of roaring thunder,
Which darkness doth enforce,
We often find our ship to stray
Beyond our wonted course ;

‘ with their undaunted valour, and rare constancy in all their extremities : and the manner of their rejoycing on shore, at their return home.’ *Title.*

This is altered from an older ballad, written by Martin Parker ; an early printed copy of which, in black letter, under the title of ‘ Saylor for my money,’—‘ to the tune of the Joviall Cöbler,’—is in the Pepysian library, at Magdalen college, Cambridge.

Which causeth great distractions,
And sinks our hearts full low;
'Tis in vain to complain,
When the stormy winds do blow.

Sometimes in Neptune's bosom
Our ship is tost in waves,
And every man expecting
The sea to be their graves;
Then up aloft she mounteth,
And down again so low;
'Tis with waves, O with waves,
When the stormy winds do blow.

Then down again we fall to prayer,
With all our might and thought;
When refuge all doth fail us,
'Tis that must bear us out :
To God we call for succour,
For He it is we know,
That must aid us, and save us,
When the stormy winds do blow.

The lawyer and the usurer,
That sit in gowns of fur,
In closets warm can take no harm,
Abroad they need not stir;
When winter fierce with cold doth pierce,
And beats with hail and snow,
We are sure to endure,
When the stormy winds do blow.

We bring home costly merchandise,
And jewels of great price,

To serve our English gallantry
 With many a rare device ;
To please the English gallantry,
 Our pains we freely show,
For we toil, and [we] moil,
 When the stormy winds do blow.

We sometimes sail to the Indies
 To fetch home spices rare ;
Sometimes again to France and Spain,
 For wines beyond compare ;
Whilst gallants are carousing
 In taverns on a row,
Then we sweep o'er the deep,
 When the stormy winds do blow.

When tempests are blown over,
 And greatest fears are past,
In weather fair, and temperate air,
 We straight lie down to rest ;
But when the billows tumble,
 And waves do furious grow,
Then we rouse, up we rouse,
 When the stormy winds do blow.

If enemies oppose us,
 When England is at wars
With any foreign nations,
 We fear not wounds nor scars ;
Our roaring guns shall teach 'em
 Our valour for to know,
Whilst they reel in the keel,
 When the stormy winds do blow.

We are no cowardly shrinkers,
 But true Englishmen bred ;
 We'll play our parts, like valiant hearts,
 And never fly for dread ;
 We'll ply our business nimbly,
 Where'er we come or go,
 With our mates to the Streights,
 When the stormy winds do blow.

Then, courage ! all brave mariners,
 And never be dismay'd ;
 Whilst we have bold adventurers,
 We ne'er shall want a trade :
 Our merchants will employ us,
 To fetch them wealth, I know ;
 Then be bold, work for gold,
 When the stormy winds do blow.

When we return in safety,
 With wages for our pains,
 The tapster and the vintner*
 Will help to share our gains ;
 We'll call for liquor roundly,
 And pay before we go ;
 Then we'll roar on the shore,
 When the stormy winds do blow. O.

* [Thus morally amended in Mr. Plumptre's edition :

Our wives and friends and sweethearts
 Will help to share our gains ;
 Laid up for life securely,
 To Providence we'll show
 What we feel for our weal,
 When the stormy winds did blow.]

SONG XXXVIII.

BY DR. GOLDSMITH.*

THE wretch condemn'd with life to part,
Still, still on hope relies ;
And every pang that rends the heart,
Bids expectation rise.

Hope, like the glimmering taper's light,
Adorns and cheers the way ;
And still, as darker grows the night,
Emits a brighter ray.

SONG XXXIX.

BY THE SAME.

O MEMORY ! thou fond deceiver,
Still importunate and vain ;
To former joys recurring ever,
And turning all the past to pain,

Thou, like the world, th' opprest oppressing,
Thy smiles increase the wretch's woe !
And he who wants each other blessing,
In thee must ever find a foe.

* In the oratorio of the 'Captivity.'

SONG XL.*

GENTLY stir, and blow the fire,
Lay the mutton down to roast ;
Dress it quickly, I desire,
In the dripping put a toast,
That I hunger may remove ;
Mutton is the meat I love.

On the dresser see it lie,
Oh ! the charming white and red !
Finer meat ne'er met my eye,
On the sweetest grass it fed :
Let the jack go swiftly round,
Let me have it nicely brown'd.

On the table spread the cloth,
Let the knives be sharp and clean :
Pickles get and sallad both,
Let them each be fresh and green :
With small beer, good ale, and wine,
Oh ! ye gods, how I shall dine !

* A sort of parody on some verses by A. Bradley, beginning thus :

Gently strike the warbling lyre,
Chloe seems inclin'd to rest ;
Soothe her soul to soft desire,
Softest sounds will suit her best, &c.

SONG XLI.

THE POWER OF MUSIC.

(Imitated from the Spanish.)*

BY DR. LISLE.

WHEN Orpheus went down to the regions below,
Which men are forbidden to see,
He tun'd up his lyre, as old histories show,
To set his Euridice free.

All hell was astonish'd a person so wise
Should rashly endanger his life,
And venture so far—but how vast their surprise !
When they heard that he came for his wife.

To find out a punishment due to his fault,
Old Pluto long puzzled his brain ;
But hell had not torments sufficient he thought,
—So he gave him his wife back again.

But pity succeeding found place in his heart,
And pleas'd with his playing so well,
He took her again in reward of his art ;
Such merit had music in hell !

* [An answer to this has been written in the way of echo, and in defence of the fair-sex, whom the Spanish author treated with such libellous sarcasm.]

SONG XLII.

THE GOSSIPS.

Two gossips they merrily met,
At nine in the morning full soon ;
And they were resolv'd for a whet,
To keep their sweet voices in tune.
Away to the tavern they went ;
‘ Here Joan, I vow and protest,
‘ That I have a crown yet unspent,
‘ Come let's have a cup of the best.’

‘ And I have another, perhaps
‘ A piece of the very same sort ;
‘ Why should we sit thrumming of caps,
‘ Come, drawer, and fill us a quart !
‘ And let it be liquor of life,
‘ Canary, or sparkling wine !
‘ For I am a buxom young wife,
‘ And I love to go gallant and fine.’

The drawer, as blithe as a bird,
Came skipping with cap in his hand,
‘ Dear ladies, I give you my word,
‘ The best shall be at your command.’
A quart of canary he drew,
Joan fill'd up a glass and begun,
‘ Here gossip's a bumper to you :’—
‘ I'll pledge you, girl, were it a tun.’

‘ And, pray gossip, did’nt you hear
‘ The common report of the town ?
‘ A squire of five hundred a year
‘ Is married to Doll of the Crown :
‘ A draggle-tail’d slut, on my word,
‘ Her clothes hanging ragged and foul ;
‘ In troth he would fain have a bird,
‘ That would give a groat for an owl.

‘ And she had a sister last year,
‘ Whose name they call’d Galloping Peg ;
‘ She’d take up a straw with her ear,
‘ I warrant her right as my leg !
‘ A brewer he got her with child,
‘ But e’en let them brew as they bake ;
‘ I knew she was wanton and wild,
‘ But I’ll neither meddle nor make.’

‘ Nor I, gossip Joan, by my troth,
‘ Though nevertheless I’ve been told,
‘ She stole seven yards of broad cloth,
‘ A ring and a locket of gold ;
‘ A smock and a new pair of shoes ;
‘ A flourishing madam was she :—
‘ But Margery told me the news,
‘ And it ne’er shall go further for me.

‘ We were at a gossiping club,
‘ Where we had a chirruping cup,
‘ Of good humming liquor, strong bub !
‘ Your husband’s name there it was up,
‘ For bearing a powerful sway,
‘ All neighbours his valour have seen ;

- ‘ For he is a cuckold they say,—
‘ A constable, gossip, I mean.

‘ Dear gossip, a slip of the tongue,
‘ No harm was intended in mind :
‘ Chance words they will mingle among
‘ Our others, we commonly find.
‘ I hope you won’t take it amiss.’—
‘ No, no, that were folly in us ;
‘ And if we perhaps get a kiss,
‘ Pray what are our husbands the worse ?’

SONG XLIII.

OF AN OLD COURTIER AND A NEW.

WITH an old song made by an old ancient pate,
Of an old worshipful gentleman, who had a great estate,
Who kept an old house at a bountiful rate,
And an old porter to relieve the poor at his gate ;
Like an old courtier of the queen’s,
[And the queen’s old courtier.]

With an old lady, whose anger one good word assuages,
Who every quarter pays her old servants their wages,
Who never knew what belongs to coachmen, footmen,
and pages,
But kept twenty thrifty old fellows with blue coats and
badges ;
Like an old courtier, &c.

With an old study fill'd full of learned old books,
With an old reverend parson, you may judge him by his
looks,
With an old buttery-hatch, worn quite off the old hooks,
And an old kitchen, which maintains half a dozen old
cooks ;
Like an old, &c.

With an old hall, hung about with guns, pikes, and bows,
With old swords, and bucklers, which have borne many
shrewd blows,
And an old frizado coat, to cover his worship's trunk
hose,
And a cup of old sherry, to comfort his copper nose ;
Like an old, &c.

With an old fashion, when Christmas is come,
To call in his neighbours with bagpipe and drum,
And good cheer enough to furnish every old room,
And old liquor, able to make a cat speak, and a wise man
dumb ;
Like an old, &c.

With an old huntsman, a falconer, and a kennel of hounds,
Which never hunted, nor hawked, but in his own grounds,
Who, like an old wise man, kept himself within his own
bounds,
And when he died, gave every child a thousand old
pounds ;
Like an old, &c.

But to his eldest son his house and land he assign'd,
Charging him in his will to keep the same bountiful
mind,

To be good to his servants, and to his neighbours kind :
But in the ensuing ditty you shall hear how he was inclin'd ;

Like a young courtier of the king's,
[And the king's young courtier.]

LIKE a young gallant, newly come to his land,
Who keeps a brace of creatures at his own command,
And takes up a thousand pounds upon his own band,
And lieth drunk in a new tavern, till he can neither go
nor stand ;

Like a young, &c.

With a neat lady, that is fresh and fair,
Who never knew what belong'd to good housekeeping,
nor care,
But buys several fans to play with the wanton air,
And seventeen or eighteen dressings of other women's
hair ;

Like a young, &c.

With a new hall, built where the old one stood,
Wherein is burned neither coal nor wood,
And a new shovel-board table whereon never meat stood ;
Hung round with pictures, which doth the poor little good.

Like a young, &c.

With a new study, stuff'd full of pamphlets and plays,
With a new chaplain, that swears faster than he prays,
With a new buttery-hatch, that opens once in four or five
days,

With a new French cook, to devise kick-shaws and toys ;
For the young, &c.

With a new fashion, when Christmas is come on,
With a journey up to London we must be gone,
And leave nobody at home but our new porter John,
Who relieves the poor with a thump on the back with a
stone ;
Like a young, &c.

With a gentleman-usher, whose carriage is complete,
With a footman, a coachman, a page to carry the meat,
With a waiting-gentlewoman, whose dressing is very neat,
Who, when the master hath din'd, gives the servants
little meat,
Like a young, &c.

With a new honour, bought with his father's old gold,
That many of his father's old manors hath sold ;
And this is the occasion that most men do hold,
That good housekeeping is now a-days grown so cold.
Like a young courtier of the king's,
[And the king's young courtier.] O.

SONG XLIV.

BY SHAKSPEARE.*

WHEN daffodils begin to peer,—
With, hey ! the doxy over the dale !—
Why, then comes in the sweet o' the year ;
For the red blood reigns in the winter's pale.

* Sung by Autolycus, in the 'Winter's Tale.'

The white sheet bleaching on the hedge,—
 With, hey! the sweet birds; O, how they sing!—
 Doth set my pugging tooth on edge;
 For a quart of ale is a dish for a king!

The lark, that tirra-lirra chants,—
 With, hey! with, hey! the thrush and the jay,—
 Are summer songs for me and my aunts,
 As we lie tumbling in the hay.

SONG XLV.

SPRING.

BY THE SAME.*

WHEN daysies pied, and violets blue,
 And lady-smocks all silver-white,
 And cuckow-buds of yellow hue,
 Do paint the meadows with delight;
 The cuckow, then, on every tree,
 Mocks married men, for thus sings he,—
 Cuckow, cuckow;—O word of fear!
 Unpleasing to a married ear.

When shepherds pipe on oaten straws,
 And merry larks are ploughmen's clocks,
 When turtles tread, and rooks and daws,
 And maidens bleach their summer-smocks,

* In the comedy of 'Love's Labour Lost.'

The cuckow then, on every tree,
Mocks married men, for thus sings he,—
Cuckow, cuckow ;—O word of fear !
Unpleasing to a married ear.

SONG XLVI.

WINTER.

BY THE SAME.*

WHEN icicles hang by the wall,
And Dick the shepherd blows his nail,
And Tom bears logs into the hall,
And milk comes frozen home in pail,
When blood is nip'd, and ways be foul,
Then nightly sings the staring owl,
Tu-whit, to-whoo ;—a merry note !
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

When all aloud the wind doth blow,
And coughing drowns the parson's saw,
And birds sit brooding in the snow,
And Marian's nose looks red and raw ;
When roasted crabs hiss in the bowl,
Then nightly sings the staring owl,
Tu-whit, to-whoo ;—a merry note !
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

* In the comedy of 'Love's Labour lost.'

S O N G XLVII.

BY THE SAME.*

UNDER the green-wood tree,
Who loves to lie with me,
And tune his merry note
Unto the sweet bird's throat,
Come hither, come hither, come hither;
 Here shall he see
 No enemy,
But winter and rough weather.

Who doth ambition shun,
And loves to live i' the sun,
Seeking the food he eats,
And pleas'd with what he gets;
Come hither, come hither, come hither;
 Here shall he see
 No enemy,
But winter and rough weather.

SONG XLVIII.

T O M O F B E D L A M.

FORTH from my dark and dismal cell,
Or from the deep abyss of hell,
Mad Tom is come to view the world again,
To see if he can cure his distemper'd brain.

* In the comedy of 'As you like it.'

Fears and cares oppress my soul ;
Hark ! how the angry furies howl !
Pluto laughs, and Proserpine is glad,
To see poor naked Tom of Bedlam mad.

Through the world I wander night and day,
To find my straggling senses :
In an angry mood I found old Time,
With his pentateuch of tenses.

When me he spies,
Away he flies,
For time will stay for no man :
In vain with cries,
I rend the skies,
For pity is not common.

Cold and comfortless I lie :
Help, O help, or else I die !

Hark ! I hear Apollo's team,
The carman 'gins to whistle ;
Chaste Diana bends her bow,
And the boar begins to bristle.

Come, Vulcan, with tools and with tackles,
To knock off my troublesome shackles ;
Bid Charles make ready his wain,
To bring me my senses again.

Last night I heard the dog-star bark ;
Mars met Venus in the dark ;

Limping Vulcan het an iron bar,
And furiously ran at the god of War :

Mars with his weapon laid about,
Limping Vulcan had got the gout ;
His broad horns did so hang in his sight,
He could not see to aim his blows aright :

Mercury, the nimble post of heaven,
Stood still to see the quarrel ;
Gorrel-bellied Bacchus, giant-like,
Bestrid a strong-beer barrel :

To me he drank ;
I did him thank,
But I could get no cider :
He drank whole butts,
Till he burst his guts,
But mine were ne'er the wider.

Poor Tom is very dry ;
A little drink for charity !

Hark ! I hear Acteon's hounds ;
The huntsmen whoop and hollow ;
Ringwood, Rockwood, Jowler, Bowman,
All the chase doth follow.

The man in the moon drinks claret,
Eats powder'd beef, turnip, and carrot ;
But a cup of old Malaga sack
Will fire the bush at his back. O.

SONG XLIX.

CORYDON:—*A Pastoral.**To the Memory of William Shenstone, Esq.*

BY MR. JOHN CUNNINGHAM.

COME, shepherds, we'll follow the hearse,
We'll see our lov'd Corydon laid :
Though sorrow may blemish the verse,
Yet let a sad tribute be paid.
They call'd him the pride of the plain ;
In sooth, he was gentle and kind !
He mark'd in his elegant strain
The graces that glow'd in his mind.

On purpose he planted yon trees,
That birds in the covert might dwell ;
He cultur'd his thyme for the bees,
But never would rifle their cell.
Ye lambkins that play'd at his feet,
Go bleat—and your master bemoan ;
His music was artless and sweet,
His manners as mild as your own.

No verdure shall cover the vale,
No bloom on the blossoms appear ;
The sweets of the forest shall fail,
And winter discolour the year ;
No birds in our hedges shall sing,
(Our hedges so vocal before)
Since he that should welcome the spring,
Salutes the gay season no more.

His Phillis was fond of his praise,
And poets came round in a throng;
They listen'd—they envied his lays,
But which of them equal'd his song.
Ye shepherds, henceforward be mute,
For lost is the pastoral strain;
So give me my Corydon's flute,
And thus—let me break it in twain.

SONG L.

A D I R G E.

BY MR. D'URFEY.*

SLEEP, sleep, poor youth; sleep, sleep in peace,
Reliev'd from love, and mortal care;
Whilst we that pine in life's disease,
Uncertain blest, less happy are.

Couch'd in the dark and silent grave,
No ills of fate thou now canst fear;
In vain would tyrant power enslave,
Or scornful beauty be severe.

Wars that do fatal storms disperse,
Far from thy happy mansion keep;
Earthquakes that shake the universe,
Can't rock thee into sounder sleep.

* ' Sung in the first part of Don Quixote by a shepherd and shepherdess. Set by Mr. Eccles.'

With all the charms of peace possess,
Secure from life's tormentor, pain ;
Sleep, and indulge thyself with rest,
Nor dream thou e'er shalt rise again.

CHORUS.

Past is the fear of future doubt,
The sun is from the dial gone,
The sands are sunk, the glass is out,
The folly of the farce is done.

SONG LI.

BY COLLINS.*

How sleep the brave who sink to rest,
By all their country's wishes blest ?
When spring, with dewy fingers cold,
Returns to deck the hallow'd mold,
She then shall dress a sweeter sod
Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.

By fairy hands their knell is rung,
By forms unseen their dirge is sung ;
There Honour comes a pilgrim grey,
To bless the turf that wraps their clay ;
And Freedom shall a while repair
To dwell a weeping hermit there.

* Written in 1746.

SONG LII.

DIRGE IN CYMBELINE.

*Sung by Guiderius and Arviragus over Fidele, supposed to
be dead.*

BY THE SAME.

To fair Fidele's grassy tomb
Soft maids, and village-hinds shall bring
Each opening sweet of earliest bloom,
And rille all the breathing spring.

No wailing ghost shall dare appear
To vex with shrieks this quiet grove,
But shepherd-lads assemble here,
And melting virgins own their love.

No wither'd witch shall here be seen,
No goblins lead their nightly crew ;
The female fays shall haunt the green,
And dress thy grave with pearly dew !

The red-breast oft at evening hours
Shall kindly lend his little aid,
With hoary moss, and gather'd flowers,
To deck the ground where thou art laid.

When howling winds, and beating rain,
In tempests shake the sylvan cell ;
Or 'midst the chase on every plain,
The tender thought on thee shall dwell.

Each lonely scene shall thee restore,
For thee the tear be duly shed ;
Belov'd, till life can charm no more ;
And mourn'd, till Pity's self be dead.

SONG LIII.

BY DAVID GARRICK, ESQ.*

THOU soft flowing Avon, by thy silver stream,
Of things more than mortal, sweet Shakspeare would
dream ;

The fairies by moon-light dance round his green bed,
For hallow'd the turf is which pillow'd his head.

The love-stricken maiden, the soft-sighing swain,
Here rove without danger, and sigh without pain ;
The sweet bud of beauty no blight shall here dread,
For hallow'd the turf is which pillow'd his head.

Here youth shall be fam'd for their love, and their truth,
And cheerful old age feel the spirit of youth ;
For the raptures of fancy here poets shall tread,
For hallow'd the turf is that pillow'd his head.

Flow on, silver Avon, in song ever flow,
Be the swans on thy borders still whiter than snow !
Ever full be thy stream, like his fame may it spread !
And the turf ever hallow'd which pillow'd his head.

* In his ode upon dedicating a building, and erecting a statue, to Shakspeare, at Stratford-upon-Avon.

SONG LIV.

PRAYER FOR INDIFFERENCE.

BY MRS. GREVILLE.

OFT I've implor'd the gods in vain,
And pray'd till I've been weary :
For once I'll seek my wish to gain
Of Oberon the fairy.

Sweet airy being, wanton sprite,
Who liv'st in woods unseen ;
And oft by Cynthia's silver light
Trip'st gaily o'er the green.

If e'er thy pitying heart was mov'd
As ancient stories tell ;
And for th' Athenian maid who lov'd,
Thou sought'st a wond'rous spell. *

O ! deign once more t'exert thy power !
Haply some herb or tree,
Sovereign as juice from western flower, †
Conceals a balm for me.

I ask no kind return in love,
No tempting charm to please ;
Far from the heart such gifts remove,
That sighs for peace and ease !

* See Shakspeare's 'Midsummer-night's Dream.'

† Ibid.

Nor ease, nor peace, that heart can know,
That like the needle true,
Turns at the touch of joy or woe,
But, turning, trembles too.

Far as distress the soul can wound,
'Tis pain in each degree ;
'Tis bliss but to a certain bound—
Beyond—is agony !

Then take this treacherous sense of mine,
Which dooms me still to smart ;
Which pleasure can to pain refine,
To pain new pangs impart.

O ! haste to shed the sovereign balm,
My shatter'd nerves new string ;
And for my guest, serenely calm,
The nymph Indifference bring !

At her approach, see Hope, see Fear,
See Expectation fly !
And Disappointment in the rear,
That blasts the purpos'd joy.

The tears, which Pity taught to flow,
My eyes shall then disown ;
The heart, that throb'd at other's woe,
Shall then scarce feel its own.

The wounds, which now each moment bleed,
Each moment then shall close ;
And tranquil days shall still succeed
To nights of sweet repose.

O fairy-elf ! but grant me this,
This one kind comfort send !
And so may never-fading bliss
Thy flowery paths attend !

So may the glow-worm's glimmering light,
Thy tiny footsteps lead
To some new region of delight,
Unknown to mortal tread !

And be thy acorn-goblet fill'd
With heaven's ambrosial dew,
From sweetest, freshest flowers distill'd,
That shed fresh sweets for you.

And what of life remains for me,
I'll pass in sober ease ;
Half-pleas'd, contented will I be,
Content—but half to please.

SONG LV.

THE FAIRIES.

COME follow, follow me,
Ye fairy-elves that be,
Light tripping o'er the green ;
Come follow Mab your queen :
Hand in hand we'll dance around,
For this place is fairy ground.

When mortals are at rest,
And snoring in their nest ;

Unheard and unespied,
Through key-holes we do glide ;
Over tables, stools, and shelves,
We trip it with our fairy-elves.

And if the house be foul,
With platter, dish, or bowl,
Up stairs we nimbly creep,
And find the sluts asleep ;
Then we pinch their arms and thighs ;
None us hears, and none us spies.

But if the house be swept,
And from uncleanness kept,
We praise the household maid,
And duly she is paid ;
Every night before we go,
We drop a tester in her shoe.

Then o'er a mushroom's head
Our table-cloth we spread ;
A grain of rye or wheat,
The diet that we eat ;
Pearly drops of dew we drink,
In acorn-cups fill'd to the brink.

The brains of nightingales,
With unctious fat of snails,
Between two cockles stew'd,
Is meat that's eas'ly chew'd ;
Tails of worms and marrow of mice,
Do make a dish that's wond'rous nice.

The grasshopper, gnat, and fly,
 Serve for our minstrelsy ;
 Grace said, we dance awhile,
 And so the time beguile :
 And if the moon doth hide her head,
 The glow-worm lights us home to bed.

O'er tops of dewy grass
 So nimbly we do pass,
 The young and tender stalk
 Ne'er bends where we do walk ;
 Yet in the morning may be seen
 Where we the night before have been. O.

SONG LVI.

*Imitated from the Midsummer-Night's Dream of Shakspeare.
 Act II. Scene V.*

Lo ! here, beneath this hallow'd shade,
 Within a cowslip's blossom deep,
 The lovely queen of elves is laid,
 May nought disturb her balmy sleep !

Let not the snake, or baleful toad
 Approach the silent mansion near,
 Or newt profane the sweet abode,
 Or owl repeat her orgies here !

Nor snail or worm shall hither come,
 With noxious filth her bow'r to stain ;
 Hence be the beetle's sullen hum,
 And spider's disembowel'd train.

The love-lorn nightingale alone
Shall through Titania's harbour stray,
To soothe her sleep with melting moan,
And lull her with his sweetest lay.

SONG LVII.

THE MAD MERRY PRANKS OF ROBIN GOOD-FELLOW.*

FROM Oberon, in fairy-land,
The king of ghosts and shadows there,
Mad Robin I, at his command,
Am sent to view the night-sports here ;
What revel route
Is kept about,

* Dr. Percy has, among his old ballads, given this excellent song, with his usual correctness, from 'an ancient black letter copy in the British Museum.' After it was printed off, (as he acquaints us in a note) he saw an ancient black letter copy containing some variations, and intitled, 'The merry pranks of Robin-Good-fellow. To the tune of Dulcina, &c.' 'To this copy (says he) were prefixed two wooden cuts of Robin Good-fellow, which seem to represent the dresses in which this whimsical character was formerly exhibited on the stage.' To gratify the curious, he has caused these figures to be very neatly engraved. And his numerous readers seem to have given implicit credit to every thing he has been pleased to tell them. For their better information, however, it may not be impertinent to let them into a few secrets.

1. The ancient black letter copy of this ballad in the Museum, whence the learned and ingenious editor expressly declares he printed it, has the identical figures and title which he pretends to have afterwards discovered.

In every corner where I go,
I will o'ersee,
And merry be,
And make good sport, with ho, ho, ho !

More swift than lightning can I fly
About this airy welkin soon,
And, in a minute's space, descry
Each thing that's done below the moon.
There's not a hag,
Nor ghost shall wag,
Nor cry, ' goblin !' where I do go ;
But Robin I
Their feats will spy,
And fear them home, with ho, ho, ho !

If any wanderers I meet,
That from their night-sport do trudge home ;
With counterfeiting voice I greet,
And cause them on with me to roam,
Through woods, through lakes,
Through bogs, through brakes,
O'er bush and briar, with them I go ;
I call upon
Them to come on,
And wend me laughing, ho, ho, ho !

2. Neither of the said figures has the slightest connection either with the whimsical character personated in the song, or with stage representation: both of them having been originally designed for, and the identical blocks made use of in ' Bulwer's Artificial Changeling,' (p. 460 & 472): the first being intended for one of the black and white gallants of Sealebay, adorned with the moon, stars, &c. the other for a hairy savage.

Sometimes I meet them like a man,
Sometimes, an ox ; sometimes, a hound ;
And to a horse I turn me can,
To trip and trot about them round ;
But if, to ride,
My back they stride,
More swift than wind away I go ;
O'er hedge and lands,
Through pools and ponds
I whirry, laughing, ho, ho, ho !

When lads and lasses merry be,
With possets and with junkets fine,
Unseen of all the company,
I eat their cates, and sip their wine ;
And, to make sport,
I f—t and snort,
And out the candles I do blow ;
The maids I kiss ;
They shriek—‘ Who’s this ?’
I answer nought, but ho, ho, ho !

Yet, now and then, the maids to please,
I card, at midnight, up their wool ;
And, while they sleep, snort, f—t, and fease,
With wheel to thread their flax I pull ;
I grind at mill
Their malt up still,
I dress their hemp, I spin their tow ;
If any wake,
And would me take,
I wend me laughing, ho, ho, ho !

When house or hearth doth sluttish lie,
I pinch the maidens black and blue ;
And from the bed the bed-clothes I
Pull off, and lay them nak'd to view ;
'Twixt sleep and wake,
I do them take,
And on the key-cold floor them throw ;
If out they cry,
Then forth I fly,
And loudly laugh I, ho, ho, ho !

When any need to borrow aught,
We lend them what they do require ;
And for the use demand we nought ;
Our own is all we do desire :
If to repay
They do delay,
Abroad amongst them then I go ;
And night by night
I them affright,
With pinching, dreams, and ho, ho, ho !

When lazy queans have nought to do,
But study how to cog and lie,
To make debate and mischief too
'Twixt one another secretly,
I mark their gloze,
And it disclose
To them that they have wronged so ;
When I have done,
I get me gone,
And leave them scolding, ho, ho, ho !

When men do traps and engines set
 In loop-holes, where the vermin creep,
 Who from their folds and houses fet *
 Their ducks and geese, and lambs and sheep,
 I spy the gin,
 And enter in,
 And seem a vermin taken so ;
 But when they there
 Approach me near,
 I leap out laughing, ho, ho, ho !

By wells and gills, in meadows green,
 We nightly dance our hey-day guise ; †
 And to our fairy king and queen
 We chant our moonlight minstrelsies :

* *i. e.* fetch.

When straunge adventure did from Britaine *fett*.

Faerie Queene, III. i. 8.

The leacher that had staide
 Impatient of his flame
 And beastly heat, to *fet* the wench
 Himselfe in person came.

Turbervile's Tragical Tales, 1587. Hist. 8.

And I will go *fet* hyther a company
 That ye shall here them syng as swetly
 As they were ' angelles' clere.

O. Play of The iii. *Elements*, sig. E. iii.

That did the freers from us *fet*.

Ballad of Luther, &c. Reliques, ii. 117.

It is more generally used for *fetch*ed.

† *i. e.* Heydegues, country dances : as in Drayton's *Poly-olbion*,
 Song 25.

' Dance many a merry round, and many a *hydeggy*.'

When larks 'gin sing
 Away we fling,
 And babes new-born steal as we go,
 An elf in bed
 We leave instead,
 And wend us laughing, ho, ho, ho !

From hag-bred Merlin's time have I
 Thus nightly revel'd to and fro ;
 And, for my pranks, men call me by
 The name of Robin Good-fellow :
 Fiends, ghosts, and sprites,
 That haunt the nights,
 The hags and goblins do me know ;
 And belldames old
 My feats have told :
 So *Vale, Vale* ; ho, ho, ho ! O.

SONG LVIII.

THE GRASSHOPPER.

(*From Anacreon.*)

BY ABRAHAM COWLEY, ESQ.

HAPPY insect ! what can be,
 In happiness, compar'd to thee ?
 Fed with nourishment divine,
 The dewy morning's gentle wine.
 Nature waits upon thee still,
 And thy verdant cup does fill ;

'Tis fill'd wherever thou dost tread,
Nature's self's thy Ganymede.
Thou dost drink, and dance, and sing ;
Happier than the happiest king !
All the fields, which thou dost see,
All the plants, belong to thee ;
All that summer hours produce,
Fertile made with early juice.
Man for thee does sow and plough ;
Farmer he, and landlord thou !
Thou dost innocently 'joy ;
Nor does thy luxury destroy ;
The shepherd gladly heareth thee,
More harmonious than he.
Thee country hinds with gladness hear,
Prophet of the ripen'd year !
Thee Phœbus loves, and does inspire ;
Phœbus is himself thy sire.
To thee, of all things upon earth,
Life is no longer than thy mirth.
Happy insect ! happy thou
Dost neither age nor winter know :
But, when thou'st drunk, and danc'd, and sung
Thy fill, the flowery leaves among,
(Voluptuous, and wise withal,
Epicurean animal !)
Sated with thy summer-feast,
Thou retir'st to endless rest.

SONG LIX.

THE HUNTING OF THE HARE.

SONGS of shepherds, in rustical roundelays,
Form'd in fancy, and whistled on reeds,
Sung to solace young nymphs upon holidays,
Are too unworthy for wonderful deeds.
Sottish Silenus
To Phœbus, the genius,
Was sent by dame Venus, a song to prepare,
In phrase nicely coin'd,
And verse quite refin'd,
How the states divine hunted the hare.

Stars quite tir'd with pastimes Olympical,
Stars and planets which beautiful shone,
Could no longer endure that men only shall
Swim in pleasures, and they but look on ;
Round about horned
Lucina they swarmed,
And her informed how minded they were,
Each god and goddess,
To take human bodies,
As lords and ladies, to follow the hare.

Chaste Diana applauded the motion,
While pale Proserpina sat in her place,
To light the welkin, and govern the ocean,
While she conducted her nephews in chase :
By her example,
Their father to trample,

The earth old and ample, they soon leave the air;
Neptune the water,
And wine Liber Pater,
And Mars the slaughter, to follow the hare.

Light god Cupid was mounted on Pegasus,
Borrow'd of the Muses with kisses and pray'rs ;
Strong Alcides, upon cloudy Caucasus,
Mounts a centaur, which proudly him bears ;
Postilion of the sky,
Light-heel'd Mercury
Made his courser fly, fleet as the air ;
While tuneful Apollo
The kennel did follow,
And hoop and halloo, boys, after the hare.

Drown'd Narcissus from his metamorphosis,
Rous'd by Echo, new manhood did take ;
Snoring Somnus upstart'd from Cimmeris,
Before for a thousand years he did not wake ;
There was club-footed
Mulciber boot'd,
And Pan promoted on Corydon's mare ;
Proud Pallas pouted,
Loud Æolus shouted,
And Momus flouted, yet follow'd the hare.

Hymen ushers the lady Astræa,
The jest took hold of Latona the cold ;
Ceres the brown, with bright Cytherea ;
Thetis the wanton, Bellona the bold ;
Shame-fac'd Aurora,
With witty Pandora,

And Maia with Flora did company bear ;
 But Juno was stated
 Too high, to be mated,
 Although she hated not hunting the hare.

Three brown bowls to th' Olympical rector,
 The Troy-born boy presents on his knee ;
 Jove to Phœbus carouses in nectar,
 And Phœbus to Hermes, and Hermes to me :
 Wherewith infused,
 I piped and mused,
 In language unused, their sports to declare :
 Till the house of Jove
 Like the spheres did move :—
 Health to those that love hunting the hare ! O.

SONG LX.

THE IRISH HUNT.

Tune, *Sheela na guiragh*.

HARK ! hark ! jolly sportsmen, awhile to my tale,
 To pay your attention I'm sure it can't fail :
 'Tis of lads, and of horses, and dogs that ne'er tire,
 O'er stone walls and hedges, through dale, bog, and briar :
 A pack of such hounds, and a set of such men
 'Tis a shrewd chance if ever you meet with again ;
 Had Nimrod, the mightiest of hunters, been there,
 'Fore gad he'd have shook like an aspen, for fear.

In seventeen hundred, and forty and four,
 The fifth of December, I think 'twas no more,

At five in the morning, by most of the clocks,
We rode from Kilruddery in search of a fox ;
The Laughlinstown landlord, the bold Owen Bray,
And squire Adair sure was with us that day ;
Joe Debbil, Hal Preston, that huntsman so stout,
Dick Holmes, a few others, and so we set out.

We cast off our hounds for an hour or more,
When Wanton set up a most tuneable roar ;
' Hark to Wanton !' cried Joe, and the rest were not
slack,

For Wanton's no trifier esteem'd in the pack ;
Old Bonny and Collier came readily in,
And every hound join'd in the musical din ;
Had Diana been there, she'd been pleas'd to the life,
And one of the lads got a goddess to wife.

Ten minutes past nine was the time of the day,
When Reynard broke cover, and this was his play :
As strong from Killegar as though he could fear none,
Away he brush'd round by the house of Kilternan ;
To Carrickmines thence, and to Cherrywood then,
Steep Shankhill he climb'd, and to Ballyman-glen ;
Bray-common he cross'd, leap'd lord Anglesey's wall,
And seem'd to say, ' Little I value you all.'

He ran Bushes-grove, up to Carberry-Burns,
Joe Debbil, Hal Preston, kept leading by turns :
The earth it was open, but he was so stout,
Though he might have got in, yet he chose to keep
out :

To Malpas' high hills was the way then he flew ;
At Dalkeystone-common we had him in view ;

He drove on, by Bullock, through Shrubglanagery,
And so on to Mountown, where Laury grew weary.

Through Rochestown wood like an arrow he pass'd,
And came to the steep hills of Dalkey at last ;
There gallantly plung'd himself into the sea,
And said in his heart, ' Sure none dare follow me :'
But soon, to his cost, he perceiv'd that no bounds,
Could stop the pursuit of such staunch mettled hounds ;
His policy here did not serve him a rush,
Five couple of tartars were hard at his brush.

To recover the shore then again was his drift,
But, ere he could reach to the top of the clift,
He found both of speed and of cunning a lack,
Being way-laid and kill'd by the rest of the pack.
At his death there were present the lads I have sung,
Save Laury, who, riding a garron, was flung.
Thus ended, at length, a most delicate chase,
That held us five hours and ten minutes space.

We return'd to Kilruddery's plentiful board,
Where dwells Hospitality, Truth, and my lord ;
We talk'd o'er the chase, and we toasted the health
Of the man that ne'er varied for places or wealth.
Owen Bray balk'd a leap ; says Hal Preston, 'twas odd ;
'Twas shameful, cries Jack, by the great living God :'
Says Preston, ' I halloo'd, get on, though you fall ;
' Or I'll leap over you, your blind gelding and all.'

Each glass was adapted to freedom and sport,
For party-affairs we consign'd to the court :
Thus we finish'd the rest of the day, and the night,
In gay flowing bumpers and social delight ;

Then, till the next meeting, bid farewell each brother,
For some they went one way, and some went another :
As Phœbus befriended our earlier roam,
So Luna took care in conducting us home.

SONG LXI.

THE THIEF AND CORDELIER.

BY MATTHEW PRIOR, ESQ.

Tune, '*King John and the Abbot of Canterbury.*'

Who has e'er been at Paris must needs know the *Grève*,
The fatal retreat of th' unfortunate brave ;
Where honour and justice most oddly contribute
To ease heroes' pains, by a halter and gibbet.

Derry down, down, hey derry down.

There Death breaks the shackles which force had put on,
And the hangman completes what the judge had begun ;
There the squire of the pad, and the knight of the post,
Find their pains no more balk'd, and their hopes no more
cross'd.

Derry down, &c.

Great claims are there made, and great secrets are known ;
And the king, and the law, and the thief has his own :
But my hearers cry out, what a deuce dost thou ail ?
Put off thy reflections, and give us thy tale.

Derry down, &c.

'Twas there, then, in civil respect to harsh laws,
 And for want of false witness to back a bad cause,
 A Norman, though late, was oblig'd to appear ;
 And who to assist but a grave Cordelier !

Derry down, &c.

The squire, whose good grace was to open the scene,
 Seem'd not in great haste that the show should begin ;
 Now fitted the halter, now travers'd the cart ;
 And often took leave, but was loth to depart.

Derry down, &c.

' What frightens you thus, my goodson ? (says the priest ;)
 ' You murder'd, are sorry, and have been confess'd.'
 ' O father ! my sorrow will scarce save my bacon ;
 ' For 'twas not that I murder'd, but that I was taken.'

Derry down, &c.

' Pough ! prithee ne'er trouble thy head with such
 fancies ;
 ' Rely on the aid you shall have from Saint Francis :
 ' If the money you promis'd be brought to the chest,
 ' You have only to die ; let the church do the rest.

Derry down, &c.

' And what will folks say, if they see you afraid ?
 ' It reflects upon me, as I knew not my trade :
 ' Courage, friend ! to-day is your period of sorrow,
 ' And things will go better, believe me, to-morrow.'

Derry down, &c.

' To-morrow ! (our hero replied in a fright)
 ' He that's hang'd before noon, ought to think of to-
 night.'

‘ Tell your beads, (quoth the priest) and be fairly truss’d
up ;

‘ For you surely to-night shall in Paradise sup.’
Derry down, &c.

‘ Alas ! (quoth the squire) howe’er sumptuous the
treat,

‘ Parbleu ! I shall have little stomach to eat :

‘ I should therefore esteem it great favour and grace,

‘ Would you be so kind as to go in my place.’

Derry down, &c.

‘ That I would, (quoth the father) and thank you to
boot ;

‘ But our actions, you know, with our duty must suit :

‘ The feast I propos’d to you, I cannot taste ;

‘ For this night, by our order, is mark’d for a fast.’

Derry down, &c.

Then, turning about to the hangman, he said,

‘ Dispatch me, I prithee, this troublesome blade :

‘ For thy cord and my cord both equally tie ;

‘ And we live by the gold for which other men die.’

Derry down, down, hey derry down.

SONG LXII.

IN Tyburn-road a man there liv’d

A just and honest life ;

And there he might have lived still,

If so had pleas’d his wife.

But she, to vicious ways inclin'd,
A life most wicked led ;
With tailors, and with tinkers too,
She oft defil'd his bed.

Full twice a day to church he went,
And so devout would be,
Sure never was a saint on earth,
If that no saint was he.

This vex'd his wife unto the heart ;
She was of wrath so full,
That, finding no hole in his coat,
She pick'd one in his scull.

But then her heart 'gan to relent,
And griev'd she was full sore ;
That, quarter to him for to give,
She cut him into four.

All in the dark and dead of night
These quarters she convey'd,
And in a ditch, at Marybone,
His marrowbones she laid.

His head; at Westminster, she threw
All in the Thames so wide ;
Says she, my dear, the wind sets fair,
And you may have the tide.

But Heav'n, whose pow'r no limit knows,
On earth, or in the main ;
Soon caus'd this head for to be thrown
Upon the land again.

This head being found, the justices
Their heads together laid ;
And all agreed, there must have been
Some body to this head.

But, since no body could be found,
High mounted on a shelf
They e'en set up this head to be
A witness for itself.

Next, that it no self-murder was,
The case itself explains ;
For no man could cut off his head,
And throw it in the Thames.

Ere many days had gone and pass'd,
The deed, at length, was known ;
And Kath'rine she confess'd, at last,
The fact to be her own.

God prosper long our noble king,
Our lives and safeties all ;
And grant that we may take advice
By Kath'rine Hayes's fall. *

* She was burned alive for this murder, 9th May, 1726. The ballad will scarcely be thought void of merit : but it is to be hoped that its author is the only one who ever attempted to be witty on so shocking a subject.

SONG LXIII.

HOSIER'S GHOST.

BY MR. GLOVER. *

Tune—*'Come and listen to my ditty.'*

As near Porto-Bello lying
On the gently-swelling flood,
At midnight, with streamers flying,
Our triumphant navy rode ;
There while Vernon sate all-glorious
From the Spaniards' late defeat,
And his crews, with shouts victorious,
Drank success to England's fleet ;

On a sudden, shrilly sounding,
Hideous yells and shrieks were heard ;
Then, each heart with fear confounding,
A sad troop of ghosts appear'd ;
All in dreary hammocks shrouded,
Which for winding-sheets they wore,
And, with looks by sorrow clouded,
Frowning on that hostile shore.

* These elegant stanzas were written (chiefly, perhaps, with a design to incense the public against the mal-administration of Sir Robert Walpole) on the taking of Porto-Bello from the Spaniards, by admiral Vernon, in 1739. The circumstances attending the death of admiral Hosier, which happened in those parts, 1726, are recorded in history nearly in the same manner as they are represented in the song.

On them gleam'd the moon's wan lustre,
 When the shade of Hosier brave
 His pale bands was seen to muster,
 Rising from their wat'ry grave :
 O'er the glimmering wave he hied him,
 Where the Burford rear'd her sail,
 With three thousand ghosts beside him,
 And in groans did Vernon hail.

' Heed, oh ! heed our fatal story ;
 ' I am Hosier's injur'd ghost ;
 ' You who now have purchas'd glory
 ' At this place where I was lost,
 ' Though in Porto-Bello's ruin
 ' You now triumph, free from fears,
 ' When you think on my undoing,
 ' You will mix your joys with tears.

' See these mournful spectres, sweeping
 ' Ghastly o'er this hated wave,
 ' Whose wan cheeks are stain'd with weeping ;
 ' These were English captains brave :
 ' Mark those numbers, pale and horrid,
 ' Who were once my sailors bold ;
 ' Lo ! each hangs his drooping forehead,
 ' While his dismal tale is told.

' I, by twenty sail attended,
 ' Did this Spanish town affright,
 ' Nothing then its wealth defended,
 ' But my orders, not to fight :
 ' Oh ! that in this rolling ocean
 ' I had cast them with disdain,

‘ And obey’d my heart’s warm motion
‘ To have quell’d the pride of Spain.

‘ For resistance I could fear none,
‘ But with twenty ships had done
‘ What thou, brave and happy Vernon,
‘ Hast atchiev’d with six alone.

‘ Then the Bastimentos never
‘ Had our foul dishonour seen,
‘ Nor the sea the sad receiver
‘ Of this gallant train had been.

‘ Thus, like thee, proud Spain dismaying,
‘ And her galleons leading home,
‘ Though, condemn’d for disobeying,
‘ I had met a traitor’s doom ;
‘ To have fall’n, my country crying,
‘ He has play’d an English part,
‘ Had been better far than dying
‘ Of a griev’d and broken heart.

‘ Unrepining at thy glory,
‘ Thy successful arms we hail ;
‘ But remember our sad story,
‘ And let Hosier’s wrongs prevail.
‘ Sent in this foul clime to languish,
‘ Think what thousands fell in vain,
‘ Wasted with disease and anguish,
‘ Not in glorious battle slain.

‘ Hence with all my train attending
‘ From their oozy tombs below,

‘ Through the hoary foam ascending,
 ‘ Here I feed my constant woe :
 ‘ Here the Bastimentos viewing,
 ‘ We recall our shameful doom,
 ‘ And, our plaintive cries renewing,
 ‘ Wander through the midnight gloom.

‘ O’er these waves, for ever mourning,
 ‘ Shall we roam, depriv’d of rest,
 ‘ If, to Britain’s shores returning,
 ‘ You neglect my just request :
 ‘ After this proud foe subduing,
 ‘ When your patriot friends you see,
 ‘ Think on vengeance for my ruin,
 ‘ And for England—sham’d in me.’

SONG LXIV.

CAPTAIN DEATH.*

THE muse and the hero together are fir’d,
 The same noble views have their bosoms inspir’d ;
 As freedom they love, and for glory contend,
 The muse o’er the hero still mourns as a friend :
 And here let the muse her poor tribute bequeath
 To one British hero,—’tis brave captain Death !

His ship was the Terrible,—dreadful to see !
 His crew were as brave, and as gallant as he ;

* Written, as it is said, by one of his surviving crew.

Two hundred, or more, was their good complement,
And sure braver fellows to sea never went :
Each man was determin'd to spend his last breath
In fighting for Britain, and brave captain Death.

A prize they had taken diminish'd their force,
And soon the good prize-ship was lost in her course :
The French privateer* and the Terrible met ;—
The battle begun,—all with horror beset :
No heart was dismay'd,—each as bold as Macbeth ;—
They fought for Old England, and brave captain Death.

Fire, thunder, balls, bullets, were seen, heard, and felt ;
A sight that the heart of Bellona would melt !
The shrouds were all torn, and the decks fill'd with
blood,
And scores of dead bodies were thrown in the flood :—
The flood, from the days of old Noah and Seth,
Ne'er saw such a man as our brave captain Death.

At last the dread bullet came wing'd with his fate,
Our brave captain drop'd,—and soon after his mate ;—
Each officer fell, and a carnage was seen,
That soon died the waves to a crimson from green :
And Neptune rose up, and he took off his wreath,
And gave it a Triton—to crown captain Death.

Thus fell the strong Terrible, bravely and bold ;
But sixteen survivors the tale can unfold ;

* Called '*the Vengeance*.'—The strange circumstance mentioned by some writers of one of the Terrible's lieutenants being named *Devil*, the surgeon *Ghost*, and of her having been fitted out at *Execution-dock*, seems entirely void of foundation.

The French were the victors,—though much to their
cost,—

For many brave French were with Englishmen lost :
And thus says old Time, ‘ from good queen Elizabeth,
I ne’er saw the fellow of brave captain Death.’

SONG LXV.

THE SEA-FIGHT IN MDCXCII.*

THURSDAY in the morn, the ides of May,
Recorded for ever the famous ninety-two,
Brave Russel did discern, by dawn of day,
The lofty sails of France advancing now :

* The great naval victory, intended to be celebrated by this excellent old song, was determined, after a running action of several days, off Cape La Hogue, on the coast of Normandy, the 22d of May, 1692, in favour of the English and Dutch combined fleets, consisting of 99 sail of the line, under the command of admiral Russel, afterwards earl of Orford, over a French squadron of about half that number, commanded by the chevalier Tourville, whose ship, *Le Soleil Royal*, carried upwards of a hundred guns, and was esteemed the finest vessel in Europe. This last fleet was fitted out for the purpose of restoring King James the Second to his dominions; and that prince, together with the duke of Berwick, and several great officers, both of his own court and of the court of France, and even Tourville his self, beheld the final destruction of the French ships from an eminence on the shore. It is now certain, that Russel had engaged to favour the scheme of his old Master’s restoration, on condition that the French took care to avoid him; but Tourville’s impetuosity and rashness rendered the whole measure abortive: And the distressed and ill-fated monarch retired, in a fit of despondency, to mourn his misfortunes, and recover his peace of mind, amid the solitary gloom of La Trappe. See a very elegant and particular account of this famous sea-fight in Sir John Dalrymple’s Memoirs,

All hands aloft, aloft, let English valour shine,
Let fly a culverin, the signal of the line ;
Let every hand supply his gun ;
Follow me,
And you'll see
That the battle will be soon begun.

Tourville on the main triumphant roll'd,
To meet the gallant Russel in combat on the deep ;
He led the noble train of heroes bold,
To sink the English admiral at his feet.
Now every valiant mind to victory doth aspire,
The bloody fight's begun, the sea itself on fire ;
And mighty Fate stood looking on ;
Whilst a flood,
All of blood,
Fill'd the scupper-holes of the Royal Sun.

Sulphur, smoke and fire, disturbing the air,
With thunder and wonder affright the Gallic shore ;
Their regulated bands stood trembling near,
To see the lofty streamers now no more.
At six o'clock the Red the smiling victors led,
To give a second blow, the fatal overthrow ;
Now Death and Horror equal reign ;
Now they cry,
Run or die,
British colours ride the vanquish'd main :

vol. i. p. 503, and Mr. Macpherson's History, vol. ii. p. 11. [A successful parody on this naval song was adapted to the triumph obtained by admirals Rodney and Hood, over the French fleet under De Grasse, when he was taken in the *Ville de Paris*, on the 12th of April, 1782.]

See they fly amaz'd through rocks and sands,
One danger they grasp at, to shun the greater fate ;
In vain they cry for aid to weeping lands ;
The nymphs and sea-gods mourn their lost estate.
For evermore adieu, thou Royal dazzling Sun,
From thy untimely end thy master's fate begun :
Enough, thou mighty god of War !
Now we sing,
Bless the king,
Let us drink to every English tar.

SONG LXVI.

BY MRS. BARBAULD.

THROUGH many a land and clime a ranger,
With toilsome steps I've led my way,
A lonely unprotected stranger,
To all the stranger's ills a prey.

While steering thus my course precarious,
My fortune still has been to find
Men's hearts and dispositions various,
But gentle woman ever kind.

Alive to ev'ry tender feeling,
To deeds of mercy always prone,
The wounds of pain and sorrow healing
With soft Compassion's sweetest tone.

No proud delay, no dark suspicion
Stints the free bounty of their heart,
They turn not from the sad petition,
But cheerful aid at once impart.

Form'd in benevolence of nature,
Obliging, modest, gay and mild,
Woman's the same endearing creature,
In courtly town and savage wild.

When parch'd with thirst, by hunger wasted,
Nor friendly hand refreshment gave,
How sweet the coarsest food has tasted,
What cordial in the simple wave.

Her courteous looks, her words caressing,
Shed comfort on the fainting soul,
Woman's the stranger's general blessing,
From sultry India to the Pole.

SONG LXVII.*

A NEGRO SONG.

BY GEORGIANA, DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE.

The loud wind roar'd, the rain fell fast,
The white man yielded to the blast.
He sat him down beneath a tree,
For weary, sad, and faint was he :

* Taken from Mr. Mungo Park's Travels in Africa.

And, ah ! no wife, or mother's care,
For him the milk or corn prepare.

CHORUS.

The white man shall our pity share :
Alas ! no wife or mother's care
For him the milk or corn prepare.

The storm is o'er, the tempest past,
And Mercy's voice has hush'd the blast.
The wind is heard in whispers low ;
The white man far away must go :
But ever in his heart will bear
Remembrance of the negro's care.

CHORUS.

Go, white man, go : but with thee bear
The negro's wish, the negro's pray'r,
Remembrance of the negro's care.

SONG LXVIII.

WOMAN.

WOMAN, dear woman, in whose name
Wife, sister, mother meet ;
Thine is the heart by earliest claim,
And thine it's latest beat.
In thee the angel-virtues shine,
An angel-form to thee is giv'n :
Then be an angel's office thine,
And lead the soul to Heav'n.

From thee we draw our infant strength,
 Thou art our childhood's friend ;
 And when the man unfolds at length,
 On thee his hopes depend :
 For round the heart thy pow'r has spun
 A thousand dear mysterious ties :
 Then take the heart thy charms have won,
 And nurse it for the skies.

SONG LXIX.

MORNING AND EVENING.

BY MISS JOANNA BAILLIE.*

SAY, sweet carol ! who are they
 Who cheerly greet the rising day ?
 Little birds in leafy bow'r ;
 Swallows twitt'ring on the tow'r ;
 Larks upon the light air borne ;
 Hunters rous'd with shrilly horn ;
 The woodman whistling on his way ;
 The new-wak'd child at early play,
 Who barefoot prints the dewy green,
 Winking to the sunny sheen ;
 And the meek maid who binds her yellow hair,
 And blithely doth her daily task prepare.

Say, sweet carol ! who are they
 Who welcome in the evening gray ?

* From this distinguished lady's tragedy of 'Ethwald,' which she has ingeniously adapted to the æra of the Saxon heptarchy.

The housewife trim, and merry lout,
Who sit the blazing fire about :
The sage a-conning o'er his book ;
The tired wight in rushy nook,
Who, half a-sleep, but faintly hears
The gossip's tale hum in his ears ;
The loosen'd steed in grassy stall ;
The thanies feasting in the hall ;
But most of all the maid of cheerful soul
Who fills her peaceful warrior's flowing bowl.

SONG LXX.

BY SCOTT OF AMWELL.

I HATE that drum's discordant sound,
Parading round and round and round,
To thoughtless youth it pleasure yields,
And lures from cities and from fields,
To sell their liberty for charms
Of tawdry lace and glittering arms ;
And when Ambition's voice commands,
To march, and fight, and fall, in foreign lands.

I hate that drum's discordant sound,
Parading round and round and round,
To me it talks of ravag'd plains,
And burning towns, and ruin'd swains,
And mangled limbs and dying groans,
And widows' tears, and orphans' moans,
And all that Misery's hand bestows,
To fill the catalogue of human woes.

SONG LXXI.*

BY MR. BICKERSTAFF.

WHAT are outward forms and shows,
To an honest heart compar'd ?
Oft the rustic, wanting those,
Has the nobler portion shar'd.

Oft we see the homely flower
Bearing, at the hedge's side,
Virtues of more sovereign power
Than the garden's gayest pride.

SONG LXXII.

TO-MORROW: OR, THE PROSPECT OF HOPE.

BY COLLINS.

IN the downhill of life, when I find I'm declining,
May my lot no less fortunate be,
Than a snug elbow-chair can afford for reclining,
And a cot that o'erlooks the wide sea ;
With an ambling pad-poney to pace o'er the lawn,
While I carol away idle sorrow,
And blithe as the lark that each day hails the dawn,
Look forward with hope for to-morrow.

* In the comic opera of the 'Maid of the Mill.'

With a porch at my door, both for shelter and shade too,
As the sun-shine or rain may prevail ;
And a small spot of ground for the use of the spade too,
With a barn for the use of the flail.
A cow for my dairy, a dog for my game,
And a purse when a friend wants to borrow ;
I'll envy no nabob his riches or fame,
Nor what honours await him to-morrow.

From the bleak northern blast may my cot be completely
Secur'd, by a neighbouring hill,
And at night may repose steal upon me more sweetly,
By the sound of a murmuring rill :
And while peace and plenty I find at my board,
With a heart free from sickness and sorrow,
With my friends may I share what to-day may afford,
And let them spread the table to-morrow.

And when I, at last, must throw off this frail covering,
Which I've worn for three-score years and ten,
On the brink of the grave I'll not seek to keep hovering,
Nor my thread wish to spin o'er again :
But my face in the glass I'll serenely survey,
And with smiles count each wrinkle and furrow,
As this old worn-out stuff which is thread-bare to-day,
May become everlasting to-morrow.*

* [This song is here inserted from vol. i. of Mr. Plumptre's collection: but the author I apprehend was not the Collins of high poetical celebrity, nor can I offer any biographical report of him. It is possible, however, he may have been the person who some years ago formed a motley entertainment of music and recitation, entitled 'Collins's Evening Brush.']

SONG LXXIII.

THE BRITISH FISHERMAN.

(Imitated from Horace, lib. iii. od. 29.)

BY DR. WATTS.*

LET Spain's proud traders, when the mast
Bends groaning to the stormy blast,
Run to their beads with wretched plaints,
And vow and bargain with their saints,
Lest Turkish silks or Tyrian wares
Sink in the drowning ship,
Or the rich dust Peru prepares
Defraud their long projecting cares,
And add new treasures to the greedy deep.

My little skiff, that skims the shores,
With half a sail, and two short oars,
Provides me food in gentler waves :
But if they gape in wat'ry graves,
I trust th' Eternal Pow'r, whose hand
Has swell'd the storm so high,
To waft my boat and me to land,
Or give some angel swift command
To bear the drowning sailor to the sky.

* [Several of this Christian poet's songs for children, have been most happily set to music by Mr. T. F. Walmisley, and published.]

SONG LXXIV.

A COTTAGE AND CONTENT.

BY THE REV. JAMES PLUMPTRE.

With any so happy, in this happy nation,
I would not change place, if to change I were free ;
Whate'er be their talents, of what occupation,
If poor, or if rich, high or low their degree.
Though slender my fortune, of rank I'm not speaking,
I have that which a bounteous Heaven hath sent ;
For other, or better, I am not for seeking,
I live in a cottage, I'm blest with content.

What though I have cares, which, my mind oft oppressing,
Have pain'd me, at times, since the day of my birth ;
Yet, to lighten my sorrow, I've many a blessing,
And the man without care doth not live on this earth.
Are others more learned ? e'en knowledge brings sorrow,
My talents are such as kind Heaven hath sent ;
My wisdom's sufficient this lesson to borrow—
A cottage is ample, enjoy'd with content.

At peace with all round me, I've many acquaintance,
One friend I enjoy, and perhaps I've but one ;
But those who are blest with a greater abundance,
More needing a friend, ah ! perhaps, may have none.
My wife was no beauty, nor yet was an heiress,
For better for worse, I receiv'd her as sent ;
Though homely her person, to me she's the fairest,
And the dower that she brought to our cot was content.

Our children are many, all sizes and ages,
Ten in number, like steps round our table they rise,
They are healthy and good, and my fond mind presages
If learning they miss, they at least may be wise.
Of all that I've seen, for none other I'd change them,
So well am I pleas'd with my blessings thus sent,
No joys of the world from our love can estrange them,
For the lesson they learn in our cot is content.

To see them all settled and blest, if permitted,
'Tis surely my wish, Heaven grant me my life ;
Yet my eldest by age and by temper is fitted
To father my babes, and to husband my wife.
But as all in this world, for the best is ordained,
Good or ill, life or death, all by Heaven are sent,
O may it be said, that I never complained,
To live or to die, I'm for either content.

SONG LXXV.

MELODY.

BY HENRY KIRKE WHITE.

Yes, once more that dying strain,
Anna, touch thy lute for me ;
Sweet, when Pity's tones complain,
Doubly sweet is Melody.

While the Virtues thus inweave
Mildly soft the thrilling song ;
Winter's long and lonesome eve
Glides unfelt, unseen, along.

Thus, when life hath stol'n away,
And the wintry night is near ;
Thus shall Virtue's friendly ray,
Age's closing evening cheer.

SONG LXXVI.*

BY JAMES THOMSON, ESQ.

If those who live in shepherd's bower
Press not the rich and stately bed ;
The new-mown hay and breathing flower
A softer couch beneath them spread.

If those who sit at shepherd's board,
Soothe not their taste by wanton art ;
They take what nature's gifts afford,
And take it with a cheerful heart.

If those who drain the shepherd's bowl,
No high and sparkling wines can boast ;
With wholesome cups they cheer the soul,
And crown them with the village-toast.

If those who join in shepherd's sport,
Gay dancing on the daisied ground,
Have not the splendour of a court ;
Yet love adorns the merry round.

* In the masque of ' Alfred.'

SONG LXXVII.*

BY MR. ISAAC BICKERSTAFF.

'Tis not wealth, it is not birth,
Can value to the soul convey ;
Minds possess superior worth,
Which chance nor gives, nor takes away.

Like the sun true merit shows ;
By nature warm, by nature bright ;
With inbred flames he nobly glows,
Nor needs the aid of borrow'd light.

SONG LXXVIII.

BY S. T. COLERIDGE, ESQ.

TELL me, on what holy ground
May domestic Peace be found ?
Halcyon-daughter of the skies !
Far on fearful wing she flies
From the tyrant's scepter'd state,
From the rebel's noisy hate.

In a cottag'd vale she dwells,
List'ning to the Sabbath-bells,
While all around her steps are seen
Spotless Honour's meeker mien.

* In the comic opera of 'Love in a Village.'

Love, the sire of pleasing fears,
Sorrow, smiling through her tears ;
And, mindful of the past employ,
Memory, bosom-spring of joy !

SONG LXXIX.

BY WILLIAM COWPER, ESQ.

THE rose had been wash'd, just wash'd by a shower,
Which Mary to Anna convey'd ;
The plentiful moisture encumber'd the flower,
And weigh'd down its beautiful head.

The cups were all fill'd, and the leaves were all wet,
And it seem'd, to a fanciful view,
To weep for the buds it had left with regret
On the flourishing bush where it grew.

I hastily seiz'd it, unfit as it was
For a nosegay, so dripping and drown'd ;
And swinging it rudely, too rudely, alas !
I snap'd it ; it fell to the ground.

And such, I exclaim'd, is the pitiless part
Some act by the delicate mind,
Regardless of winning, and breaking a heart
Already to sorrow resign'd.

This elegant rose, had I shaken it less,
Might have bloom'd with its owner awhile ;
And the tear that is wip'd with a tender address,
May be follow'd perhaps by a smile.

SONG LXXX.

A SHAKE BY THE HAND.

BY THE REV. JAMES PLUMPTRE.

WHEN my hand thus I proffer, your own O deny not,
Nor offer it cold, nor a finger extend ;
It freezes my blood when I find a man shy on't,
'Tis delightful when shook with the warmth of a friend.
For the hand of the heart is the index, declaring
If well or if ill, how its master will stand ;
I heed not the tongue, of its friendship that's
swearing,
I judge of a friend by the shake of his hand.

Yet 'tis not with 'each new-hatch'd comrade,' I'd shake
me,
Be mine the tried friend, whose warm heart shall
expand,
Who in wealth or in sorrow will never forsake me,
And the truth of whose heart I shall feel in his hand.
For the hand, &c.

Oh ! I hate for to see it abus'd at election,
In a canvas of votes from each holder of land ;
The purpose when gain'd, you shall meet with rejection,
Seven years it will be ere again you've his hand.
For the hand, &c.

Then for friends, and friends only, this token reserving,
For them be it ever at will to command ;

But let each be thy friend, who at all is deserving,
And give him thy heart with a shake of the hand.
For the hand of the heart is the index, declaring
If well or if ill, how its master will stand :
I heed not the tongue, of its friendship that's
swearing,
I judge of a friend by the shake of his hand.

SONG LXXXI.

DEATH OR LIBERTY.

WHILE happy in my native land,
I boast my country's charter ;
I'll never basely lend my hand,
Her liberties to barter.
The noble mind is not at all
By poverty degraded ;
'Tis guilt alone can make us fall :
And well I am persuaded,
Each free-born Briton's song should be,
Or give me death or liberty.

Though small the power which Fortune grants,
And few the gifts she sends us ;
The lordly hireling often wants
That freedom which defends us.
By law secur'd from lawless strife,
Our house is our castellum ;
Thus bless'd with all that's dear in life,
For lucre shall we sell 'em ?
No :—every Briton's song shall be,
Or give me death or liberty.

SONG LXXXII.

BY THOMAS CAMPBELL, ESQ.*

Ye mariners of England,
That guard our native seas,
Whose flag has brav'd, a thousand years,
The battle and the breeze :
Your glorious standard raise again,
To match another foe ;
And sweep through the deep,
While the stormy tempests blow :—
While the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy tempests blow !

The spirits of your fathers
Shall start from ev'ry wave :
For the deck it was their field of fame,
And ocean was their grave !
Where Blake, the boast of freedom, fell,
Your manly hearts shall glow,
As ye sweep through the deep,
When the stormy tempests blow :—
While the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy tempests blow !

Britannia needs no bulwark,
No towers along the steep ;

* [Author of 'The Pleasures of Hope,' 'Gertrude of Wyoming,' and other deservedly celebrated productions. The present fine alteration of Song xxxvii. (see p. 146.) is well deemed by Dr. Aikin 'the most poetical specimen of a naval song that our language affords.'

Her march is o'er the mountain-waves,
Her home is on the deep :
With thunders from her native oak
She quells the floods below,
As they roar on the shore,
When the stormy tempests blow :—
When the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy tempests blow !

The meteor-flag of England
Must yet terrific burn,
Till Danger's troubled night depart,
And the star of Peace return :
Then, then, ye ocean-warriors !
Our song and feast shall flow
To the fame of your name,
When the tempests cease to blow :—
When the fiery fight is heard no more,
And the tempests cease to blow !

SONG LXXXIII.

ON THE LOSS OF THE ROYAL GEORGE.

BY WILLIAM COWPER, ESQ.

TOLL for the brave !
The brave, that are no more !
All sunk beneath the wave,
Fast by their native shore.

Eight hundred of the brave,
Whose courage well was tried,
Had made the vessel heel,
And laid her on her side.

A land-breeze shook the shrouds,
And she was overset ;
Down went the Royal George,
With all her crew complete.

Toll for the brave !
Brave Kempenfelt is gone ;
His last sea-fight is fought ;
His work of glory done.

It was not in the battle ;
No tempest gave the shock ;
She sprang no fatal leak ;
She ran upon no rock.

His sword was in its sheath ;
His fingers held the pen,
When Kempenfelt went down,
With twice four hundred men.

Weigh the vessel up,
Once dreaded by our foes !
And mingle with our cup
The tear that England owes.

Her timbers yet are sound,
And she may float again,
Full charg'd with England's thunder,
And plough the distant main.

But Kempenfelt is gone,
His victories are o'er ;
And he, and his eight hundred,
Shall plough the wave no more.

SONG LXXXIV.

ON THE DEATH OF LORD NELSON.

(Adapted from the preceding.)

BY M. C. PARK.

TOLL for the brave !
The brave, that are no more !
Who fought a matchless fight,
Near Trafalgar's fam'd shore.
There noble Nelson fell :
His country's boast and pride !
Yet grief exults to tell—
In Glory's arms he died.

Toll for the brave !
For gallant Nelson's gone !
His last sea-fight is fought,
His work of conquest done.
One deadly-fated ball
His dauntless bosom tore ;
Yet glorious did he fall,
Amid the battle's roar.

Toll for the brave !
 Once dreaded by their foes ;
 And drop on Nelson's grave
 The tear that England owes :
 That tear will grace his urn
 Beyond what pomp can give ;
 For long as Britons mourn,
 Shall Nelson's memory live !

SONG LXXXV.

BY JAMES MONTGOMERY, ESQ.*

O FOR the death of those
 Who for their country die,
 Sink on her bosom to repose,
 And triumph where they lie !

How beautiful in death
 The warrior's corse appears,
 Embalm'd by fond affection's breath,
 And bathed in woman's tears !

Their loveliest native earth
 Enshrines the fallen brave :
 In the dear land that gave them birth
 They find their tranquil grave.

* * * *

* [From an 'Ode to the Volunteers of Great Britain,' by this truly pathetic, patriotic, and energetic poet : printed in his works.]

O gently close the eye,
 That lov'd to look on you :
 O seal the lip, whose earliest sigh,
 Whose latest breath was true.

With knots of sweetest flow'rs
 Their winding-sheet perfume ;
 And wash their wounds with true love show'rs,
 And dress them for the tomb.
 O for the death of those, &c.

SONG LXXXVI.

A FAIRY SONG.

BY SHAKSPEARE.

YE spotted snakes, with double tongue,
 Thorny hedge-hogs, be not seen ;
 Newts and blind-worms, do no wrong,
 Come not near our fairy-queen.
 Philomel, with melody,
 Sing in our sweet lullaby,
 Lulla, lulla, lullaby :
 Never harm, nor spell nor charm,
 Come our lovely lady nigh,
 So good night, with lullaby ;
 Lulla, lulla, lullaby.

Weaving spiders, come not here,
 Hence, ye long-leg'd spinners, hence :
 Beetles black, approach not near,
 Worm, nor snail, do no offence.
 Philomel, with melody, &c.

SONG LXXXVII.

BY MRS. RADCLIFFE.

IN the sightless air I dwell,
On the sloping sun-beams play,
Delve the cavern's inmost cell,
Where never yet did day-light stay ;
Dive beneath the green sea waves,
And sport amid the briny deep ;
Skim every shore that Neptune laves,
From Lapland's plain to India's steep :

And listen to celestial sounds
That swell the air, unheard of men,
As I watch my nightly rounds
O'er woody steep and silent glen :
Then when the breeze has sunk away,
And ocean scarce is heard to lave,
For me the sea-nymphs softly play
Their dulcet shells beneath the wave,

In thrilling sounds that murmur woe,
And pausing silence makes more dread ;
In music breathing from below,
Sad solemn sounds that wake the dead.
Unseen I move, unknown am fear'd,
And fancy's wildest dreams I weave ;
And oft by bards my voice is heard
To die along the gales of eve.

SONG LXXXVIII.

BY THE SAME.

Down, down, a thousand fathom deep,
Among the sounding seas I go,
Play round the foot of every steep,
Whose cliffs above the ocean grow.
In coral bowers I love to lie,
And hear the surges roll above,
And through the waters view on high
The proud ship's sail, and gay clouds move.

And oft at midnight's stillest hour,
When summer-seas the vessel lave,
I love to prove my charming power,
While floating on the moon-light wave:
And when deep sleep the crew has bound,
And the sad lover musing leans
O'er the ship's side, I breathe around,
Such strains as speak no mortal means.

Sometimes a single note I swell,
That softly sweet at distance dies ;
Then wake the magic of my shell,
When choral voices round me rise :
The trembling youth, charm'd by my strain,
Calls up the crew, who silent bend
O'er the high deck, but list in vain,
My song is hush'd, my wonders end.

SONG LXXXIX.

Nor blazing gems, nor silken sheen,
Bespeak the wearer's heart serene ;
Nor purple robe, nor tissued vest,
Proclaim the calm unruffled breast.
The crimson mantle, and the jewell'd crown,
Fair peace forsakes, well pleas'd to own
The shepherd's simple garb and russet gown.
Sweet Peace forsakes the crowded street,
And shelters in the calm retreat ;
With solitude the charmer dwells,
'Midst rural meads, and flowery dells
She shuns the costly feast, and rare,
Contented with the shepherd's fare ;
She scorns the roofs where nobles dwell,
And seeks the rustic's humbler cell ;
She slights the miser's glittering hoard,
The joys of wine, and plenteous board :
Fair Virtue's livery she wears,
And all the joys of life are her's.

SONG XC.

LIFE's like a ship, in constant motion,
Sometimes high, and sometimes low ;
Where every one must brave the ocean,
Whatsoever wind may blow :
If unassail'd by squall or show'r,
Wafted by the gentle gales ;
Let's not lose the fav'ring hour,
While success attends the sails.

Or if the wayward winds should bluster,
Let us not give way to fear ;
But let us all our patience muster,
And learn from Reason how to steer :
Let judgment keep you ever steady,
'Tis a ballast never fails ;
Should dangers rise, be ever ready
To manage well the swelling sails.

Trust not too much your own opinion,
While your vessel's under way ;
Let good example bear dominion,
That's a compass will not stray :
When thund'ring tempests make you shudder,
Or Boreas on the surface rails ;
Let good Discretion guide the rudder,
And Providence attend the sails.

Then, when you're safe from danger, riding
In some welcome port or bay ;
Hope be the anchor you confide in,
And Care awhile enslumber'd lay :
Or when each can's with liquor flowing,
And good fellowship prevails ;
Let each true heart, with rapture glowing,
Drink ' success unto our sails.' *

* [This excellent nautical song is taken from the poetry of various glees, &c. performed at the society of Harmonists, and printed for presentation to the members only, in the year 1798, at the expence of Mr. George Fryer. Its ingenious author is not named.]

SONG XCI.

As now the shades of eve imbrown
The scene where pensive poets rove ;
From care remote, from envy's frown,
The joys of inward calm I prove.
What holy strains around me swell,
No wildly rude tumultuous sound ;
They fix the soul in magic spell,
Soft let me tread this favour'd ground.
Sweet is the gale that breathes the spring,
Sweet through the vale yon winding stream,
Sweet are the notes love's warblers sing,
But sweeter, friendship's solemn theme.

SONG XCII.

As o'er the varied meads I stray,
Or trace through winding woods my way,
While opening flowers their sweets exhale,
And odours breathe in every gale :
Where sage contentment builds her seat,
And peace attends the calm retreat ;
My soul responsive hails the scene,
Attun'd to joy and peace within.
But musing on the liberal Hand
That scatters blessings o'er the land ;
That gives for man, with power divine,
The earth to teem, the sun to shine ;
My grateful heart with rapture burns,
And pleasure to devotion turns.

SONG XCIII.

THE RED CROSS KNIGHT.

‘ Blow, warder, blow thy sounding horn,
‘ And thy banner wave on high ;
‘ For the Christians have fought in the holy land,
‘ And have won the victory.’

Loud the warder blew his horn,
And his banner wav’d on high ;
Let the mass be sung, and the bells be rung,
And the feast eat merrily.

The warder look’d from the tower on high,
As far as he could see,—

‘ I see a bold knight, and by his red cross,
‘ He comes from the east country.’

Then loud the warder blew his horn,
And call’d till he was hoarse,

‘ I see a bold knight, and on his shield bright
‘ He beareth a flaming cross.’

Then down the lord of the castle came,

The red cross knight to meet,
And when the red cross knight he espied,
Right loving did him greet.

‘ Thou’rt welcome here, dear red cross knight,
‘ For thy fame’s well known to me,

‘ And the mass shall be sung, and the bells shall be
rung,

‘ And we’ll feast right merrily.’

‘ Oh, I am come from the holy land,
‘ Where Saints did live and die ;
‘ Behold the device I bear on my shield,
‘ The red cross knight am I :
‘ And we have fought, in the holy land,
‘ And we’ve won the victory,
‘ For with valiant might, did the Christians fight,
‘ And made the proud pagans fly.’

‘ Thou’rt welcome here, dear red cross knight,
‘ Come lay thy armour by ;
‘ And for the tidings thou dost bring,
‘ We’ll feast us merrily.
‘ For all in my castle shall rejoice,
‘ That we’ve won the victory ;
‘ And the mass shall be sung, and the bells shall be rung,
‘ And the feast eat merrily.

SONG XCIV.

BY R. B. SHERIDAN, ESQ.

WHEN ’tis night, and the mid-watch is come,
And chilling mists hang o’er the dark’ned main :
Then sailors think of their far-distant home,
And of those friends they ne’er may see again ;
But when the fight’s begun,
Each serving at his gun,
Should any thought of them come o’er your mind :
Think only should the day be won,
How ’twill cheer,
Their hearts to hear,
That their old companion he was one.

Or, my lad, if you a mistress kind
Have left on shore, some pretty girl and true,
Who many a night doth listen to the wind,
And sighs, to think how it may fare with you :
 O when the fight's begun,
 You serving at your gun,
Should any thought of her come o'er your mind :
 Think only should the day be won,
 How 'twill cheer,
 Her heart to hear
That her own true sailor he was one.

SONG XCV.

WHEN Britain, on her sea-girt shore,
Her ancient druids first address ;
‘ What aid (she cried) shall I implore ?
 ‘ What best defence, by numbers prest ?’—
‘ Though hostile nations round thee rise,
 (The mystic oracles replied)
‘ And view thine Isle with envious eyes,
 ‘ Their threats defy, their rage deride ;
‘ Nor fear invasion from those adverse Gauls,
‘ Britain's best bulwarks are—her wooden walls.

‘ Thine oaks descending to the main,
 ‘ With floating force shall stem the tides,
‘ Asserting Britain's liquid reign,
 ‘ Where'er thy thund'ring navy rides.

‘ Nor less to peaceful arts inclin’d,
‘ Where commerce opens all her stores,
‘ In social bands shall league mankind,
‘ And join the sea-divided shores :
‘ Spread then thy sails where naval glory calls,
‘ Britain’s best bulwarks are—her wooden walls.’

Hail, happy Isle ! what though thy vales
No vine-empurpled tribute yield,
Nor fan’d with odour-breathing gales,
Nor crops spontaneous glad the field ;
Yet liberty rewards the toil
Of industry, to labour prone,
Who jocund ploughs the grateful soil,
And reaps the harvest she has sown :
While other realms tyrannic sway enthral,
Britain’s best bulwarks are—her wooden walls.





PART THE FOURTH.

Ancient Ballads.

BALLAD I

LORD THOMAS AND FAIR ELEANOR.

LORD Thomas he was a bold forestèr,
And a chaser of the king's deer ;
Fair Eleanor was a fine womàn,
And Lord Thomas he lov'd her dear.

' Come riddle my riddle, dear mother, (he said,)
' And riddle us both as one ;
' Whether I shall marry with fair Eleanòr,
' And let the brown girl alone ?'

‘ The brown girl she has got houses and lands,
‘ Fair Eleanor she has got none ;
‘ Therefore I charge thee, on my blessing,
‘ To bring me the brown girl home.’

And as it befel on a high holiday,
As many did more beside,
Lord Thomas he went to fair Eleanòr,
That should have been his bride.

But when he came to fair Eleanor’s bower,
He knocked there at the ring,
But who was so ready as fair Eleanòr,
To let lord Thomas within.

‘ What news, what news, lord Thomas ? (she said,)
‘ What news hast thou brought unto me ?
‘ I am come to bid thee to my wedding,
‘ And that is bad news for thee.’

‘ O God forbid, lord Thomas, (she said,)
‘ That such a thing should be done ;
‘ I thought to have been thy bride my own self,
‘ And you to have been the bridegroom.’

‘ Come riddle my riddle, dear mother, (she said,)
‘ And riddle it all in one ;
‘ Whether I shall go to lord Thomas’s wedding,
‘ Or whether I shall tarry at home ?’

‘ There’s many that are your friends, daughter,
‘ And many that are your foe ;
‘ Therefore I charge you, on my blessing,
‘ To lord Thomas’s wedding don’t go.’

‘ There’s many that are my friends, mother,
 ‘ If a thousand more were my foe,
 ‘ Betide my life, or betide my death,
 ‘ To lord Thomas’s wedding I’ll go.’

She clothed herself in gallant attire,
 And her merry men all in green ;
 And as they rid through every town,
 They took her to have been a queen.

But when she came to lord Thomas’s gate,
 She knocked there at the ring ;
 But who was so ready as lord Thomàs,
 To let fair Eleanor in.

‘ Is this your bride ? (fair Ellen she said,)
 ‘ Methinks she looks wonderous brown ;
 ‘ You might have had as fair a womàn,
 ‘ As ever trod on the ground.’

‘ Despise her not, fair Ellen, (he said,)
 ‘ Despise her not unto me ;
 ‘ For better I love thy little-fingèr,
 ‘ Than all her whole body.’

This brown bride had a little penknife,
 That was both long and sharp,
 And betwixt the short ribs and the long,
 She prick’d fair Eleanor to the heart.

‘ Oh ! Christ now save thee ; (lord Thomas, he said,
 ‘ Methinks thou look’st wonderous wan ;
 ‘ Thou wast us’d for to look with as fresh a colòur,
 ‘ As ever the sun shin’d on.’

‘ Oh! art thou blind, lord Thomas? (she said,)
‘ Or can’st thou not very well see?
‘ Oh! dost thou not see my own heart’s blood
‘ Runs trickling down my knee?’

Lord Thomas he had a sword by his side;
As he walk’d about the hall,
He cut off his bride’s head from her shouldèrs,
And he threw it against the wall.

He set the hilt against the ground,
And the point against his heart;
There was never three lovers that ever met,
More sooner they did depart.

BALLAD II.

FAIR MARGARET AND SWEET WILLIAM.

As it fell out upon a day,
Two lovers they sat on a hill;
They sat together a long summer’s day,
And could not talk their fill.

‘ I see no harm by you, Margarèt,
‘ And you see none by me;
‘ Before to-morrow at eight o’clock
‘ A rich wedding you shall see.’

Fair Margaret sate in her bower-window,
A combing of her hair;
There she espied sweet William and his bride,
As they were a riding near.

Down she laid her ivory comb,
 And up she bound her hair ;
 She went away first from the bower,
 But never more came there.

When day was gone, and night was come,
 And all men fast asleep,
 Then came the spirit of fair Margarèt,
 And stood at William's bed feet.

' God give you joy, you true lovèrs,
 ' In bride-bed fast asleep ;
 ' Lo ! I am going to my grass-green grave,
 ' And I am in my winding sheet.'

When day was come, and night was gone,
 And all men wak'd from sleep,
 Sweet William to his lady said,
 ' My dear, I've cause to weep :

' I dream'd a dream, my dear lady,
 ' Such dreams are never good ;
 ' I dream'd my bower was full of red swine,
 ' And my bride-bed full of blood.'

' Such dreams, such dreams, my honour'd sir,
 ' They never do prove good ;
 ' To dream thy bower was full of swine,
 ' And thy bride-bed full of blood.'

He called his merry men all,
 By one, by two, and by three,
 Saying, ' I'll away to fair Margaret's bower,
 ' By the leave of my lady.'

And when he came to fair Margaret's bower,
He knocked at the ring ;
So ready were her seven brethrèn,
To let sweet William in.

Then he turn'd up the covering-sheet,
' Pray let me see the dead ;
' Methinks she looks both pale and wan,
' She has lost her cherry red.

' I'll do more for thee, Margarèt,
' Than any of thy kin ;
' For I will kiss thy pale wan lips,
' Though a smile I cannot win.'

With that bespoke the seven brethrèn,
Making most piteous moan,
' You may go kiss your jolly brown dame,
' And let our sister alone.'

' If I do kiss my jolly brown dame,
' I do but what is right ;
' For I made no vow to your sister dear,
' By day, nor yet by night.

' Pray tell me, then, how much you'll deal
' Of white bread and your wine :
' So much as is dealt at her funeral to-day,
' To-morrow shall be dealt at mine.'

Fair Margaret died to-day, to-day,
Sweet William he died the morrow :
Fair Margaret died for pure true love,
Sweet William he died for sorrow.

Margaret was buried in the lower chancèl,
 And William in the higher ;
 Out of her breast there sprang a rose,
 And out of his a brier.

They grew as high as the church-top,
 Till they could grow no higher ;
 And there they grew in a true lover's knot,
 Which made all the people admire.

Then came the clerk of the parish,
 As you this truth shall hear,
 And by misfortune cut them down,
 Or they had now been there.

BALLAD III.

BATEMAN'S TRAGEDY.*

You dainty dames so finely fram'd
 Of beauty's chiefest mold,
 And you that trip it up and down,
 Like lambs in Cupid's fold,
 Here is a lesson to be learn'd ;
 A lesson in my mind,
 For such as will prove false in love,
 And bear a faithless mind.

* The full title of the old copy is, 'A Godly Warning to all
 ' Maidens, by the Example of God's Judgment shewed on Jerman's
 ' Wife of Clifton, in the county of Nottingham ; who, lying in child-
 ' bed, was born away, and never heard of after.' A tragedy, en-

Not far from Nottingham, of late,
In Clifton, as I hear,
There dwelt a fair and comely dame,
For beauty without peer ;
Her cheeks were like the crimson-rose ;
Yet, as you may perceive,
The fairest face, the falsest heart,
And soonest will deceive.

This gallant dame she was belov'd
Of many in that place ;
And many sought, in marriage-bed,
Her body to embrace :
At last a proper handsome youth,
Young Bateman call'd by name,
In hopes to make a married wife,
Unto this maiden came.

Such love and liking there was found,
That he, from all the rest,
Had stol'n away the maiden's heart,
And she did love him best :
Then plighted promise secretly
Did pass between them two,
That nothing could, but death itself,
This true love's knot undo.

He brake a piece of gold in twain,
One half to her he gave ;

titled 'The Vow-breaker,' written by one William Sampson, and printed in 1639, is founded on this ballad ; and quotes two or three verses from it, as 'a lamentable new ditty.'

‘ The other, as a pledge, (quoth he,)
 ‘ Dear heart, myself will have.’
 ‘ If I do break my vow, (quoth she,)
 ‘ While I remain alive,
 ‘ May never thing I take in hand
 ‘ Be seen at all to thrive.’

This passed on for two months space,
 And then this maid began
 To settle love and liking too
 Upon another man :
 One Jerman; who a widower was,
 Her husband needs must be,
 Because he was of greater wealth,
 And better in degree.

Her vows and promise, lately made
 To Bateman, she denied ;
 And in despite of him and his,
 She utterly defied.
 ‘ Well then, (quoth he,) if it be so,
 ‘ That you will me forsake,
 ‘ And, like a false and forsworn wretch,
 ‘ Another husband take :

‘ Thou shalt not live one quiet hour,
 ‘ For surely I will have
 ‘ Thee, either now alive, or dead,
 ‘ When I am laid in grave :
 ‘ Thy faithless mind thou shalt repent ;
 ‘ Therefore be well assur’d,
 ‘ When, for thy sake, thou hear’st report
 ‘ What torments I endur’d.’

But mark how Bateman died for love,
And finish'd up his life,
That very day she married was,
And made old Jerman's wife ;
For with a strangling cord, God wot,
Great moan was made therefore ;
He hang'd himself, in desperate sort,
Before the bride's own door.

Whereat such sorrow pierc'd her heart,
And troubled sore her mind,
That she could never, after that,
One day of comfort find ;
And wheresoever she did go,
Her fancy did surmise,
Young Bateman's pale and ghastly ghost
Appear'd before her eyes.

When she in bed at night did lie,
Betwixt her husband's arms,
In hope thereby to sleep and rest
In safety, without harms ;
Great cries, and grievous groans she heard,
A voice that sometimes said,
' O thou art she that I must have,
' And will not be denied.'

But she, being big with child,
Was, for the infant's sake,
Preserved from the spirit's power,
No vengeance could it take :
The babe unborn did safely keep,
As God appointed so,

His mother's body from the fiend,
That sought her overthrow.

But being of her burden eas'd,
And safely brought to bed,
Her care and grief began anew,
And farther sorrow bred :
And of her friends she did intreat,
Desiring them to stay ;
' Out of the bed, (quoth she) this night,
' I shall be borne away.

' Here comes the spirit of my love,
' With pale and ghastly face,
' Who till he bear me hence away,
' Will not depart this place ;
' Alive or dead, I am his by right,
' And he will surely have,
' In spite of me and all the world,
' What I by promise gave.

' O watch with me this night, I pray ;
' And see you do not sleep ;
' No longer than you be awake
' My body can you keep.'
All promised to do their best ;
Yet nothing could suffice
In middle of the night to keep
Sad slumber from their eyes.

So being all full fast asleep,
To them unknown which way,

The child-bed-woman, that woeful night,
From thence was borne away;
And to what place no creature knew,
Nor to this day can tell;
As strange a thing as ever yet
In any age befel.

You maidens that desire to love,
And would good husbands choose,
To him that you do vow to love,
By no means do refuse:
For God, that hears all secret oaths,
Will dreadful vengeance take
On such, that of a wilful vow
Do slender reckoning make.

BALLAD IV.

THE WANDERING PRINCE OF TROY.

WHEN Troy-town [had] for ten years wars,
Withstood the Greeks in manful wise,
Then did their foes encrease so fast,
That to resist none could suffice:
Waste lie those walls that were so good,
And corn now grows where Troy-town stood.

Æneas, wandering prince of Troy,
When he for land long time had sought,
At length, arrived with great joy,
To mighty Carthage walls was brought;

Where Dido queen, with sumptuous feast,
Did entertain this wandering guest.

And, as in hall at meat they sat,
The queen, desirous news to hear,
' Of thy unhappy ten years' wars,
' Declare to me, thou Trojan dear !
' The heavy hap, and chance so bad,
' Which thou, poor wandering prince, hast had.'

And then, anon, this comely knight,
With words demure, as he could well,
Of his unhappy ten years' wars
So true a tale began to tell,
With words so sweet, and sighs so deep,
That oft he made them all to weep.

And then a thousand sighs he fet,*
And every sigh brought tears amain ;
That where he sat the place was wet,
As he had seen those wars again ;
So that the queen, with ruth therefore,
Said, ' worthy prince, enough ; no more.'

The darksome night apace grew on,
And twinkling stars in skies were spread ;
And he his doleful tale had told,
And every one was laid in bed ;
Where they full sweetly took their rest,
Save only Dido's boiling breast.

This silly woman never slept ;
But in her chamber, all alone,

* Fetch'd. See p. 179, supra.

As one unhappy, always wept,
And to the walls she made her moan;
That she should still desire in vain
The thing that she could not obtain.

And thus in grief she spent the night,
Till twinkling stars from sky were fled,
And Phœbus, with his glittering beams,
Through misty clouds appeared red;
Then tidings came to her anon,
That all the Trojan ships were gone.

And then the queen, with bloody knife,
Did arm her heart as hard as stone,
Yet, somewhat loth to lose her life,
In woeful wise she made her moan;
And, rolling on her careful bed,
With sighs and sobs, these words she said :

‘ O wretched Dido, queen ! (quoeth she),
‘ I see thy end approaching near ;
‘ For he is gone away from thee,
‘ Whom thou didst love, and held so dear :
‘ Is he then gone, and passed by ?
‘ O heart ! prepare thyself to die.

‘ Though Reason would, thou shouldst forbear,
‘ And stay thy hand from bloody stroke ;
‘ Yet, Fancy says thou shouldst not fear,
‘ Who fethereth thee in Cupid’s yoke.
‘ Come death, (quoeth she) resolve my smart :’—
And, with these words, she pierc’d her heart.

When Death had pierc'd the tender heart
 Of Dido, Carthaginian queen ;
 And bloody knife did end the smart,
 Which she sustain'd in woeful teen ;
 Æneas being ship'd and gone,
 Whose flattery caused all her moan :

Her funeral most costly made,
 And all things furnish'd mournfully ;
 Her body fine in mould was laid,
 Where it consumed speedily :
 Her sister's tears her tomb bestrew'd ;
 Her subjects' grief their kindness shew'd.

Then was Æneas in an isle,
 In Grecia, where he liv'd long space,
 Whereas her sister, in short while,
 Writ to him to his vile disgrace ;
 In phrase of letters to her mind,
 She told him plain he was unkind.

' False-hearted wretch, (quoth she) thou art ;
 ' And treacherously thou hast betray'd
 ' Unto thy lure a gentle heart,
 ' Which unto thee such welcome made ;
 ' My sister dear, and Carthage' joy,
 ' Whose folly wrought her dire annoy.

' Yet, on her death-bed when she lay,
 ' She pray'd for thy prosperity,
 ' Beseeching Heaven, that every day
 ' Might breed thy great felicity :

- ' Thus, by thy means, I lost a friend ;
- ' Heaven send thee such untimely end !'

When he these lines, full fraught with gall,
 Perused had, and weigh'd them right,
 His lofty courage then did fall,
 And straight appeared in his sight
 Queen Dido's ghost, both grim and pale ;
 Which made this gallant soldier quail.

- ' Æneas ! (quoth this grisly ghost),
- ' My whole delight while I did live,
- ' Thee of all men I loved most ;
- ' My fancy and my will did give :
- ' For entertainment I thee gave,
- ' Unthankfully thou dig'st my grave.

- ' Therefore, prepare thy fleeting soul
- ' To wander with me in the air ;
- ' Where deadly grief shall make it howl,
- ' Because of me thou took'st no care :
- ' Delay no time, thy glass is run,
- ' Thy day is pass'd, thy death is come !'

- ' O stay a while, thou lovely sprite ;
- ' Be not so hasty to convey
- ' My soul into eternal night,
- ' Where it shall ne'er behold bright day.
- ' O do not frown,—thy angry look
- ' Hath made my breath my life forsook.

- ' But, woe to me ! it is in vain,
- ' And bootless is my dismal cry ;

' Time will not be recall'd again,
 ' Nor thou surcease before I die :
 ' O let me live, to make amends
 ' Unto some of thy dearest friends.

' But, seeing thou obdurate art,
 ' And wilt no pity to me show ;
 ' Because from thee I did depart,
 ' And left unpaid what I did owe ;
 ' I must content myself to take
 ' What lot thou wilt with me partake.'

And like one being in a trance,
 A multitude of ugly fiends
 About this woeful prince did dance,
 No help he had of any friends ;
 His body then they took away,
 And no man knew his dying day.

BALLAD V.

THE SPANISH LADY'S LOVE.

WILL you hear a Spanish lady,
 How she woo'd an English man ?
 Garments gay as rich as may be,
 Deck'd with jewels, had she on :
 Of a comely countenance and grace was she,
 Both by birth and parentage of high degree.

As his prisoner there he kept her,
 In his hands her life did lie ;
 Cupid's bands did tie them faster,
 By the liking of an eye.

In his courteous company was all her joy,
To favour him in any thing she was not coy.

But at last there came commandment
For to set all ladies free,
With their jewels still adorned,
None to do them injury.

O, (then said this lady gay) 'full woe is me !
' O let me still sustain this kind captivity !

' Gallant captain, show some pity
' To a lady in distress ;
' Leave me not within this city,
' For to die in heaviness :
' Thou hast set, this present day, my body free,
' But my heart in prison still remains with thee.'

' How should'st thou, fair lady, love me,
' Whom thou know'st thy country's foe ;
' Thy fair words make me suspect thee ;
' Serpents lie where flowers grow.'—
' All the harm I wish on thee, most courteous knight,
' God grant upon my head the same may fully light.

' Blessed be the time and season,
' That thou came on Spanish ground ;
' If you may our foes be termed,
' Gentle foes we have you found :
' With our city, you have won our hearts each one,
' Then to your country bear away that is your own.'—

' Rest you still, most gallant lady ;
' Rest you still and weep no more ;

‘ Of fair flowers you have plenty,
‘ Spain doth yield you wonderous store.’
‘ Spaniards fraught with jealousy we oft do find,
‘ But Englishmen throughout the world are counted kind.

‘ Leave me not unto a Spaniard,
‘ Thou alone enjoy’st my heart ;
‘ I am lovely, young, and tender,
‘ Love is likewise my desert :
‘ Still to serve thee day and night my mind is prest ;
‘ The wife of every Englishman is counted bless’d.’

‘ It would be a shame, fair lady,
‘ For to bear a woman hence ;
‘ English soldiers never carry
‘ Any such without offence.’—
‘ I will quickly change myself, if it be so,
‘ And like a page will follow thee, where’er thou go.’

‘ I have neither gold nor silver
‘ To maintain thee in this case ;
‘ And to travel is great charges,
‘ As you know in every place.’—
‘ My chains and jewels every one shall be thy own,
‘ And eketen thousand pounds in gold that lies unknown.’

‘ On the seas are many dangers,
‘ Many storms do there arise,
‘ Which will be to ladies dreadful,
‘ And force tears from watery eyes.’—
‘ Well in troth I shall endure extremity,
‘ For I could find in heart to lose my life for thee.’

‘ Courteous lady, leave this folly,
‘ Here comes all that breeds the strife ;
‘ I in England have already
‘ A sweet woman to my wife ;
‘ I will not falsify my vow for gold nor gain,
‘ Nor yet for all the fairest dames that live in Spain.’

‘ O how happy is that woman
‘ That enjoys so true a friend !
‘ Many happy days God send her ;
‘ And of my suit I’ll make an end :
‘ On my knees I pardon crave for my offence,
‘ Which love and true affection did first commence.

‘ Commend me to that gallant lady,
‘ Bear to her this chain of gold,
‘ With these bracelets for a token ;
‘ Grieving that I was so bold :
‘ All my jewels, in like sort, take thou with thee ;
‘ For they are fitting for thy wife, but not for me.

‘ I will spend my days in prayer,
‘ Love and all her laws defy ;
‘ In a nunnery I will shroud me,
‘ Far from any company :
‘ But, ere my prayers have an end, be sure of this,
‘ To pray for thee and for thy love I will not miss.

‘ Thus farewell, most gallant captain !
‘ Farewel to my heart’s content !
‘ Count not Spanish ladies wanton,
‘ Though to thee my mind was bent :

‘ Joy and true prosperity go still with thee !’—
 ‘ The like fall unto thy share, most fair lady !’

BALLAD VI.

THE LADY'S FALL.

MARK well my heavy doleful tale,
 You loyal lovers all ;
 And heedfully bear in your breast
 A gallant lady's fall.
 Long was she woo'd, ere she was won
 To taste a wedded life,
 But folly wrought her overthrow,
 Before she was a wife.

Too soon, alas ! she gave consent
 To yield unto his will ;
 Though he protested to be true,
 And faithful to her still.
 She felt her body alter'd quite,
 Her bright hue waxed pale,
 Her fair red cheeks turn'd colour white,
 Her strength began to fail.

So that, with many a sorrowful sigh,
 This beauteous maiden mild,
 With grievous heart, perceiv'd herself
 To have conceiv'd with child.
 She kept it from her father's sight,
 As close as close might be,

And so put on her silken gown,
None might her swelling see.

Unto her lover, secretly,
Her grief she did bewray,
And, walking with him hand in hand,
These words to him did say ;
' Behold, (said she) a maid's distress,
' By love reduc'd to woe ;
' Behold I go with child by thee,
' But none thereof doth know.

' The little babe springs in my womb,
' To hear the father's voice ;
' Let it not be a bastard call'd,
' Sith I made thee my choice :
' Come, come, my love, perform thy vow,
' And wed me out of hand ;
' O leave me not in this extreme,
' In grief always to stand !

' Think on thy former promise made,
' Thy vows and oaths each one ;
' Remember with what bitter tears
' To me thou mad'st thy moan.
' Convey me to some secret place,
' And marry me with speed ;
' Or with thy rapier end my life,
' Ere further shame proceed.'

' Alas ! my dearest love, (quoth he)
' My greatest joy on earth,

‘ Which way can I convey thee hence,
 ‘ Without a sudden death ?
 ‘ Thy friends they be of high degree,
 ‘ And I of mean estate ;
 ‘ Full hard it is to get thee forth
 ‘ Out of thy father’s gate.’

‘ Oh ! do not fear to save my fame,
 ‘ For if thou taken be,
 ‘ Myself will step between the swords,
 ‘ And take the harm on me :
 ‘ So shall I scape dishonour quite ;
 ‘ And if I should be slain,
 ‘ What could they say, but that true love,
 ‘ Had wrought a lady’s bane ?

‘ And fear not any further harm ;
 ‘ Myself will so devise,
 ‘ That I will ride away with thee,
 ‘ Unseen of mortal eyes :
 ‘ Disguised like some petty page,
 ‘ I’ll meet thee in the dark ;
 ‘ And all alone I’ll come to thee,
 ‘ Hard by my father’s park.’

‘ And there (quoth he) I’ll meet thee,
 ‘ If God so lend me life,
 ‘ And this day month, without all fail,
 ‘ I will make thee my wife.’

Then, with a sweet and loving kiss,
 They parted presently,
 And at their parting, brinish tears
 Stood in each other’s eye.

At length the wish'd-for day was come,
On which this beauteous maid,
With lovely eyes and strange attire,
For her true lover stay'd :
When any person she espied
Come riding o'er the plain,
She thought it was her own true love,
But all her hopes were vain.

Then did she weep and sore bewail
Her most unhappy state ;
Then did she speak these woeful words,
When succourless she sate :
' O false, forsworn, and faithless wretch,
' Disloyal to thy love ;
' Hast thou forgot thy promise made,
' And wilt thou perjur'd prove ?

' And hast thou now forsaken me,
' In this my great distress,
' To end my days in open shame,
' Which thou might'st well redress ?
' Woe worth the time I did believe
' That flattering tongue of thine ;
' Would God that I had never seen
' The tears of thy false eyne !'

And thus, with many a sorrowful sigh,
Homewards she went again ;
No rest came in her watery eyes,
She felt such bitter pain.
In travail strong she fell that night,
With many a bitter throe ;

What woeful pangs she then did feel,
Doth each good woman know.

She called up her waiting-maid,
That lay at her bed's feet,
Who, musing at her mistress' woe,
Did straight begin to weep :—
' Weep not (said she) but shut the door,
' And windows round about ;
' Let none bewail my wretched state,
' But keep all persons out.'

' O mistress, call your mother dear,
' Of women you have need,
' And of some skilful midwife's help,
' That better you may speed.'—
' Call not my mother, for thy life,
' Nor call the women here ;
' The midwife's help comes all too late,
' My death I do not fear.'

With that the babe sprang in her womb,
No creature being nigh ;
And with a sigh, which brake her heart,
This gallant dame did die.
This living little infant young,
The mother being dead,
Resign'd his new received breath
To him that had him made.

Next morning came her lover true,
Affrighted at this news ;
And he for sorrow slew himself,
Whom each one did accuse.

The mother with the new-born babe
 Were both laid in one grave :
 Their parents overcome with woe,
 No joy of them could have.

Take heed, you dainty damsels all,
 Of flattering words beware ;
 And of the honour of your names
 Have you a special care.
 Too true, alas ! this story is,
 As many one can tell :
 By others harms learn to be wise,
 And you shall do full well.

BALLAD VII.

LITTLE MUSGRAVE AND LADY BARNARD.*

As it fell one holiday,
 As many be in the year,
 When young men and maids together did go
 Their masses and matins to hear,

* Here printed from a copy preserved in Dryden's " Collection of Miscellaneous Poems : " the identical authority, without doubt, which the learned and ingenious editor, or rather author, of the ' Reliques of Ancient English Poetry,' has there followed; though, from the affected parade of the antiquary, ever studious to conceal the real, if modern, sources of information, it is pretended to be given (with the assistance of his folio MS.) from an old printed copy in the British Museum. ' In the Pepys collection,' says he, ' is an imitation of the old song, ' in a different measure, by a more modern pen, with many alterations, but evidently for the worse.' Would any person suspect that

Little Musgràve came to the church-door,
 The priest he was at mass ;
 But he had more mind of the fair women,
 Than he had of our lady's grace.

The one of them was clad in green,
 The other was clad in pall ;
 And then came in my Lord Barnard's wife,
 The fairest among them all.

She cast an eye on little Musgràve,
 As bright as the summer sun :
 O then bethought this little Musgràve,
 ' This lady's heart I have won.'

Quoth she, ' I have lov'd thee, little Musgràve,
 ' Full long and many a day :'
 ' So have I loved you, lady fair,
 ' Yet word I never durst say.'

' I have a bower at Bucklesford-Bury,
 ' Full daintily bedight ;
 ' If thou will wend thither, my little Musgràve,
 ' Thou'st lig in my arms all night.'

the copies in the Museum (for there are two) were no more than much later impressions of this very imitation? but it is even so. The criticism is notwithstanding just. And had the reverend gentleman actually consulted his authority, it is scarcely probable he would have referred to it. The several old pieces preserved in the above miscellany, appear to have been printed with fidelity, at least ; and it may be remembered, that few black letter copies, now extant, are more ancient than Mr. Dryden's own memory. [The Roxburghe collection of ballads, and others preserved in the society of Antiquaries, completely refute this strange, ill-grounded assertion of Ritson.]

Quoth he, ' I thank ye, lady fair,
' This kindness you show to me ;
' And whether it be to my weal or woe,
' This night will I lig with thee.'

All this was heard by a little tiny page,
By his lady's coach as he ran :
Quoth he, ' though I am my lady's page,
' Yet I am my Lord Barnard's man.

' My Lord Barnard shall know of this,
' Although I lose a limb :'
And ever whereas the bridges were broke,
He laid him down to swim.

' Asleep or awake, thou Lord Barnard,
' As thou art a man of life,
' For little Musgrave is at Bucklesford-Bury,
' A-bed with thine own wedded wife.'

' If this be true, thou little tiny page,
' This thing thou tell'st to me ;
' Then all the land in Bucklesford-Bury,
' I freely give to thee.

' But if't be a lie, thou little tiny page,
' This thing thou tell'st to me ;
' On the highest tree in Bucklesford-Bury,
' Then hanged thou shalt be.'

He called up his merry men all,
' Come saddle me my steed ;
' This night must I go to Bucklesford-Bury ;
' For I never had greater need.'

And some of them whistled, and some of them sung,
 And some these words did say,
 And ever when as the Lord Barnard's horn blew,
 ' Away, thou little Musgràve, away.'

' Methinks I hear the throstle-cock,
 ' Methinks I hear the jay,
 ' Methinks I hear my Lord Barnard's horn ;
 ' And I would I were away.'

' Lie still, lie still, thou little Musgràve,
 ' And huggle me from the cold ;
 ' 'Tis nothing but a shepherd's boy,
 ' A driving his sheep to fold.

' Is not thy hawk upon the perch ?
 ' Thy steed eats oats and hay ?
 ' And thy fair lady in thine arms ;
 ' And would'st thou be away !'

With that my Lord Barnard came to the door,
 And lighted upon a stone ;
 He plucked out three silver keys,
 And open'd the doors each one.

He lifted up the coverlet,
 He lifted up the sheet ;
 ' How now, how now, thou little Musgràve,
 ' Dost find my lady so sweet ?'

' I find her sweet, (quoth little Musgràve,)
 ' The more 'tis to my pain ;
 ' I would gladly give thee three hundred pounds
 ' That I were on yonder plain.'

‘ Arise, arise, thou little Musgrave,
‘ And put thy clothes on ;
‘ It shall never be said in my country,
‘ That I killed a naked man.

‘ I have two swords in one scabbard,
‘ Full dear they cost my purse ;
‘ And thou shalt have the best of them,
‘ And I will have the worse.’

The first stroke that little Musgrave struck,
He hurt lord Barnard sore ;
The next stroke that lord Barnard struck,
Little Musgrave ne’er struck more.

With that bespake the lady fair,
In bed where as she lay,
‘ Although th’ art dead, thou little Musgrave,
‘ Yet I for thee will pray :

‘ And wish well to thy soul will I,
‘ So long as I have life ;
‘ So will not I do for thee, Barnard,
‘ Though I am thy wedded wife.’

He cut her paps from off her breasts ;
Great pity it was to see,
Some drops of this fair lady’s heart-blood
Ran trickling down her knee.

‘ Woe worth you, woe worth, my merry men all,
‘ You never were born for my good ;

- ‘ Why did you not offer to stay my hand,
‘ When you ‘saw’ me wax so wood ?

‘ For I have slain the bravest sir knight,
‘ That ever rode on a steed ;
‘ So have I done the fairest lady,
‘ That ever did woman’s deed.

‘ A grave, a grave, (lord Barnard cried,)
‘ To put these lovers in ;
‘ But lay my lady o’ th’ upper hand,
‘ For she came o’ th’ better kin.’

BALLAD VIII.

FAIR ROSAMOND.

WHEN as king Henry rul’d this land,
The second of that name,
Besides the queen, he dearly lov’d
A fair and comely dame :
Most peerless was her beauty found,
Her favour, and her face ;
A sweeter creature in this world
Did never prince embrace.

Her crisped locks like threads of gold
Appear’d to each man’s sight ;
Her sparkling eyes, like orient pearls,
Did cast a heavenly light :

The blood within her crystal cheeks
Did such a colour drive,
As if the lily and the rose
For mastership did strive.

Yea Rosamond, fair Rosamond,
Her name was called so ;
To whom dame Eleanor, our queen,
Was known a deadly foe.
The king therefore, for her defence
Against the furious queen,
At Woodstock builded such a bower,
The like was never seen.

Most curiously that bower was built,
Of stone and timber strong,
One hundred and fifty doors
Did to this bower belong ;
And they so cunningly contriv'd
With turnings round about,
That none, but with a clew of thread,
Could enter in or out.

And, for his love and lady's sake,
That was so fair and bright,
The keeping of this bower he gave
Unto a valiant knight.
But Fortune, that doth often frown
Where she before did smile,
The king's delight, the lady's joy,
Full soon she did beguile.

For why, the king's ungracious son,
 Whom he did high advance,
 Against his father raised wars,
 Within the realm of France.
 But yet before our comely king
 The English land forsook,
 Of Rosamond, his lady fair,
 His farewell thus he took :

‘ My Rosamond, my only Rose,
 ‘ That pleasest best mine eye,
 ‘ The fairest flower in all the world
 ‘ To feed my fantasy ;
 ‘ The flower of my affected heart,
 ‘ Whose sweetness doth excell :
 ‘ My royal Rose, a thousand times
 ‘ I bid thee now farewell !

‘ For I must leave my fairest flower,
 ‘ My sweetest Rose, a space ;
 ‘ And cross the seas to famous France,
 ‘ Proud rebels to abase.
 ‘ But yet, my Rose, be sure thou shalt
 ‘ My coming shortly see ;
 ‘ And in my heart, when hence I am,
 ‘ I’ll bear my Rose with me.’

When Rosamond, that lady bright,
 Did hear the king say so,
 The sorrow of her grieved heart
 Her outward looks did show ;
 And from her clear and crystal eyes
 Tears gushed out apace,

Which, like the silver-pearled dew,
Ran down her comely face.

Her lips, erst like the coral red,
Did wax both wan and pale,
And, for the sorrow she conceiv'd,
Her vital spirits did fail ;
And falling down all in a swoon,
Before king Henry's face,
Full oft he in his princely arms
Her body did embrace :

And twenty times, with watery eyes,
He kiss'd her tender cheek,
Until he had reviv'd again
Her senses mild and meek.
' Why grieves my Rose, my sweetest Rose ?'
The king did often say :—
' Because, (quoth she) to bloody wars
' My lord must pass away.

' But since your grace, on foreign coasts,
' Among your foes unkind,
' Must go to hazard life and limb,
' Why should I stay behind ?
' Nay, rather, let me, like a page,
' Your sword and target bear ;
' That on my breast the blows may light,
' That should offend you there.

' Or let me, in your royal tent,
' Prepare your bed at night ;
' And with sweet baths refresh your grace,
' At your return from fight.

- ‘ So I your presence may enjoy,
 - ‘ No toil I will refuse ;
 - ‘ But wanting you, my life is death ;
 - ‘ Which doth true love abuse.’

 - ‘ Content thyself, my dearest love ;
 - ‘ Thy rest at home shall be ;
 - ‘ In England’s sweet and pleasant soil ;
 - ‘ For travel fits not thee.
 - ‘ Fair ladies brook not bloody wars ;
 - ‘ Sweet peace their pleasures breed ;
 - ‘ The nourisher of hearts content,
 - ‘ Which fancy first did feed.

 - ‘ My Rose shall rest in Woodstock-bower,
 - ‘ With music’s sweet delight ;
 - ‘ Whilst I, among the piercing pikes,
 - ‘ Against my foes do fight.
 - ‘ My Rose in robes of pearl and gold,
 - ‘ With diamonds richly dight,
 - ‘ Shall dance the galliards of my love,
 - ‘ While I my foes do smite.

 - ‘ And you, sir Thomas, whom I trust
 - ‘ To be my love’s defence,
 - ‘ Be careful of my gallant Rose,
 - ‘ When I am parted hence.’
- And therewithal he fetch’d a sigh,
 As though his heart would break ;
 And Rosamond, for very grief,
 Not one plain word could speak.

And at their parting well they might
In heart be grieved sore ;
After that day fair Rosamond
The king did see no more.
For when his grace had pass'd the seas,
And into France was gone,
Queen Eleanor, with envious heart,
To Woodstock came anon.

And forth she calls this trusty knight,
Who kept this curious bower ;
Who, with his clew of twined thread,
Came from this famous flower.
And when that they had wounded him,
The queen this thread did get,
And went where lady Rosamond
Was like an angel set.

But when the queen with stedfast eye
Beheld her heavenly face,
She was amazed in her mind
At her exceeding grace :
' Cast off from thee these robes, (she said,)'
' That rich and costly be ;'
' And drink thou up this deadly draught,
' Which I have brought to thee.'

'Then presently upon her knees
Sweet Rosamond did fall ;
And pardon of the queen she crav'd
For her offences all :

‘ Take pity on my youthful years,
 ‘ Fair Rosamond did cry ;
 ‘ And let me not with poison strong
 ‘ Enforced be to die.

‘ I will renounce my sinful life,
 ‘ And in some cloister bide ;
 ‘ Or else be banish’d, if you please,
 ‘ To range the world so wide.
 ‘ And for the fault which I have done,
 ‘ Though I was forc’d thereto,
 ‘ Preserve my life, and punish me
 ‘ As you think good to do.’

And, with these words, her lily hands
 She wrung full often there ;
 And down along her lovely face
 Proceeded many a tear.
 But nothing could this furious queen
 Therewith appeased be ;
 The cup of deadly poison strong,
 As she sat on her knee,

She gave this comely dame to drink ;
 Who took it in her hand,
 And from her bended knee arose,
 And on her feet did stand :
 And casting up her eyes to heaven,
 She did for mercy call ;
 And drinking up the poison strong,
 Her life she lost withall.

And when that death through every limb
Had show'd its greatest spite,
Her chiefest foes did plain confess,
She was a glorious wight.
Her body then they did entomb,
When life was fled away,
At Woodstock, near to Oxford town,
As may be seen this day.

BALLAD IX

THE LAMENTATION OF JANE SHORE.

If Rosamond, that was so fair,
Had cause her sorrows to declare,
Then let Jane Shore with sorrow sing,
That was beloved of a king.
Then wanton wives in time amend,
For love and beauty will have end.

In maiden years my beauty bright
Was loved dear of lord and knight;
But yet the love that they requir'd,
It was not as my friends desir'd.

My parents they, for thirst of gain,
A husband for me did obtain;
And I, their pleasure to fulfil,
Was forc'd to wed against my will.

To Mathew Shore I was a wife,
Till lust brought ruin to my life ;
And then my life I lewdly spent,
Which makes my soul for to lament.

In Lombard-street I once did dwell,
As London yet can witness well ;
Where many gallants did behold
My beauty in a shop of gold.

I spread my plumes as wantons do,
Some sweet and secret friend to woo,
Because my love I did not find
Agreeing to my wanton mind.

At last my name in court did ring,
Into the ears of England's king,
Who came and lik'd, and love requir'd ;
But I made coy what he desir'd.

Yet mistress Blague, a neighbour near,
Whose friendship I esteemed dear,
Did say, it was a gallant thing
To be beloved of a king.

By her persuasions I was led
For to defile my marriage-bed,
And wrong my wedded husband Shore,
Whom I had lov'd ten years before.

In heart and mind I did rejoice,
That I had made so sweet a choice ;
And therefore did my state resign,
To be king Edward's concubine.

From city then to court I went,
To reap the pleasures of content ;
And had the joys that love could bring,
And knew the secrets of a king.

When I was thus advanc'd on high,
Commanding Edward with mine eye,
For mistress Blague I, in short space,
Obtain'd a living from his grace.

No friend I had but, in short time,
I made unto promotion climb ;
But yet, for all this costly pride,
My husband could not me abide.

His bed, though wronged by a king,
His heart with grief did deadly sting ;
From England then he goes away,
To end his life beyond the sea.

He could not live to see his name
Impaired by my wanton shame ;
Although a prince of peerless might
Did reap the pleasure of his right.

Long time I lived in the court,
With lords and ladies of great sort ;
And when I smil'd all men were glad,
But when I mourn'd my prince grew sad.

But yet an honest mind I bore
To helpless people that were poor ;
I still redress'd the orphans cry,
And sav'd their lives condemn'd to die.

I still had ruth on widows' tears,
I succour'd babes of tender years ;
And never look'd for other gain
But love and thanks for all my pain.

At last my royal king did die,
And then my days of woe grew nigh ;
When crook-back Richard got the crown,
King Edward's friends were soon put down.

I then was punish'd for my sin,
That I so long had lived in ;
Yea, every one that was his friend,
This tyrant brought to shameful end.

Then for my lewd and wanton life,
That made a strumpet of a wife,
I penance did in Lombard-street,
In shameful manner in a sheet :

Where many thousands did me view,
Who late in court my credit knew ;
Which made the tears run down my face,
To think upon my foul disgrace.

Not thus content, they took from me
My goods, my livings, and my fee ;
And charg'd that none should me relieve,
Nor any succour to me give.

Then unto mistress Blague I went,
To whom my jewels I had sent ;
In hope thereby to ease my want,
When riches fail'd, and love grew scant.

But she denied to me the same,
When in my need for them I came ;
To recompense my former love,
Out of her doors she did me shove.

So love did vanish with my state,
Which now my soul repents too late ;
Therefore, example take by me,
For friendship parts in poverty.

But yet one friend, among the rest,
Whom I before had seen distress'd,
And sav'd his life, condemn'd to die,
Did give me food to succour me :

For which, by law, it was decreed,
That he was hanged for that deed ;
His death did grieve me so much more,
Than had I died myself therefore.

Then those to whom I had done good,
Durst not restore me any food ;
Whereby in vain I beg'd all day,
And still in streets by night I lay.

My gowns, beset with pearl and gold,
Were turn'd to simple garments old ;
My chains and gems and golden rings,
To filthy rags and loathsome things.

Thus was I scorn'd of maid and wife,
For leading such a wicked life ;
Both sucking babes, and children small,
Did make their pastime at my fall.

I could not get one bit of bread,
Whereby my hunger might be fed :
Nor drink, but such as channels yield,
Or stinking ditches in the field.

Thus, weary of my life, at length,
I yielded up my vital strength,
Within a ditch of loathsome scent,
Where carrion-dogs do much frequent.

The which now since my dying day,
Is Shore-ditch call'd*, as writers say ;
Which is a witness of my sin,
For being concubine to a king.

You wanton wives, that fall to lust,
Be you assur'd that God is just ;
Whoredom shall not escape his hand,
Nor pride unpunish'd in this land.

If God to me such shame did bring,
That yielded only to a king,
How shall they 'scape that daily run
To practise sin with every man.

You husbands, match not but for love,
Lest some disliking after prove ;

* In this particular, at least, either Mrs. Shore, or the writer who furnished her with the information, is under a small mistake : Shore-ditch having existed, by that very name, for some hundreds of years before she was born ; being part of, or near to, the great common *shore* (sewer) or drain of the city.

Women, be warn'd when you are wives,
 What plagues are due to sinful lives :
 Then, maids and wives, in time amend,
 For love and beauty will have end.

BALLAD X.

TRUE LOVE REQUESTED :

OR,

THE BAILIFF'S DAUGHTER OF ISLINGTON.*

THERE was a youth, and a well-beloved youth,
 And he was a squire's son :
 He lov'd the bailiff's daughter dear,
 That liv'd in Islington.

She was coy, and she would not believe
 That he did love her so ;
 No, nor at any time she would
 Any countenance to him show.

But when his friends did understand
 His fond and foolish mind,
 They sent him up to fair London,
 An apprentice for to bind.

And when he had been seven long years,
 His love he had not seen :
 ' Many a tear have I shed for her sake,
 ' When she little thought of me.'

* Islington in Norfolk is probably the place here meant. PERCY.

All the maids of Islington
 Went forth to sport and play,
 All but the bailiff's daughter dear;
 She secretly stole away.

She put off her gown of grey,
 And put on her puggish attire ;
 She's up to fair London gone,
 Her true love to require.

As she went along the road,
 The weather being hot and dry,
 There was she aware of her true love,
 At length came riding by.

She step'd to him as red as any rose,
 Catching hold of his bridle-ring :
 ' Pray you, kind sir, give me one penny,
 ' To ease my weary limb.'

' I prithee, sweet-heart, can'st thou tell me,
 ' Where that thou wast born ?'—
 ' At Islington, kind sir, (said she)
 ' Where I have had many a scorn.'

' I prithee, sweet-heart, can'st thou tell me,
 ' Whether thou dost know
 ' The bailiff's daughter of Islington ?'
 ' She's dead, sir, long ago.'

' Then will I sell my goodly steed,
 ' My saddle and my bow ;
 ' I will into some far country,
 ' Where no man doth me know.'

- ‘ O stay, O stay, thou goodly youth,
 ‘ She’s alive, she is not dead ;
 ‘ Here she standeth by thy side,
 ‘ And is ready to be thy bride.’
- ‘ O farewell grief, and welcome joy,
 ‘ Ten thousand times and more ;
 ‘ For now I have seen mine own true love,
 ‘ That I thought I should have seen no more !’

BALLAD XI.

THE KING OF FRANCE’S DAUGHTER.*

IN the days of old,
 When fair France did flourish,
 Stories plainly told,
 Lovers felt annoy :
 The king a daughter had,
 Beauteous, fair, and lovely,
 Which made her father glad,
 She was his only joy.

* The full title in the old copies, is ‘ An excellent ballad of a prince of England’s courtship to the king of France’s daughter, and how the prince was disasterously slain, and how the aforesaid princess was afterwards married to a forrester.’ The story of this ballad seems to be taken from an incident in the domestic history of Charles the Bald, king of France. His daughter Judith was betrothed to Ethelwulph, king of England ; but before the marriage was consummated, Ethelwulph died, and she returned to France ; whence she was carried off by Baldwyn, Forester of Flanders ; who after many crosses and difficulties, at length obtained the king’s con-

A prince from England came,
 Whose deeds did merit fame ;
 He woo'd her long, and lo ! at last,
 Look what he did require,
 She granted his desire ;
 Their hearts in one were linked fast.
 Which when her father proved,
 Lord, how he was moved,
 And tormented in his mind !
 He sought for to prevent them,
 And to discontent them ;
 Fortune crossed lovers kind.

When these princes twain
 Were thus barr'd of pleasure,
 Through the king's disdain,
 Which their joys withstood ;
 The lady lock'd up close
 Her jewels and her treasure,
 Having no remorse,
 Of state and royal blood :
 In homely poor array,
 She went from court away,
 To meet her love and heart's delight ;
 Who in a forest great
 Had taken up his seat,
 To wait her coming in the night :
 But lo ! what sudden danger
 To this princely stranger

sent to their marriage, and was made Earl of Flanders. This happened about A. D. 863.—See Rapin, Henault, and the French Historians. *Percy.*

Chanced as he sat alone ;
By outlaws he was robbed,
And with a poniard stabbed,
Uttering many a dying groan.

The princess armed by him,
And by true desire,
Wandering all that night,
Without dread at all ;
Still unknown she pass'd,
In her strange attire,
Coming at the last,
Within echo's call,
' You fair woods, (quoth she)
' Honoured may you be,
' Harbouring my heart's delight :
' Which doth encompass here,
' My joy and only dear,
' My trusty friend and comely knight.
' Sweet, I come unto thee,
' Sweet, I come to woo thee,
' That thou may'st not angry be ;
' For my long delaying,
' And thy courteous staying,
' Amends for all I'll make to thee.'

Passing thus alone
Through the silent forest,
Many a grievous groan
Sounded in her ear ;
Where she heard a man
To lament the sorest
Chance, that ever came ;

Forc'd by deadly strife,
 ' Farewell, my dear, (quoth he)
 ' Whom I shall never see,
 ' For why, my life is at an end ;
 ' For thy sweet sake I die,
 ' Through villains' cruelty,
 ' To show I am a faithful friend :
 ' Here lie I a-bleeding,
 ' While my thoughts are feeding
 ' On the rarest beauty found ;
 ' O hard hap that may be,
 ' Little knows my lady,
 ' My heart's blood lies on the ground.'

With that he gave a groan,
 That did break asunder
 All the tender strings
 Of his gentle heart :
 She who knew his voice,
 At his tale did wonder ;
 All her former joys
 Did to grief convert :
 Straight she ran to see,
 Who this man should be,
 That so like her love did speak ;
 And found, when as she came,
 Her lovely lord lay slain,
 Smear'd in blood, which life did break :
 Which when she espied,
 Lord, how sore she cried !
 Her sorrows could not counted be ;
 Her eyes like fountains running,
 While she cried out, ' My darling,
 ' Would God that I had died for thee !'

His pale lips, alas !
 Twenty times she kissed,
 And his face did wash
 With her brinish tears ;
 Every bleeding wound,
 Her fair face bedewed,
 Wiping off the blood
 With her golden hair :
 ‘ Speak, my love, (quoth she)
 ‘ Speak, dear prince, to me,
 ‘ One sweet word of comfort give ;
 ‘ Lift up thy fair eyes,
 ‘ Listen to my cries,
 ‘ Think in what great grief I live.’
 All in vain she sued,
 All in vain she wooed,
 The prince’s life was fled and gone ;
 There stood she still mourning,
 Till the sun’s returning,
 And bright day was coming on.

In this great distress,
 Quoth this royal lady,
 ‘ Who can now express,
 ‘ What will become of me ?
 ‘ To my father’s court
 ‘ Never will I wander,
 ‘ But some service seek,
 ‘ Where I may placed be.’
 Whilst she thus made her moan,
 Weeping all alone,
 In this deep and deadly fear,
 A forester, all in green,
 Most comely to be seen,

Ranging the wood, did find her there,
Round beset with sorrow ;
‘ Maid, (quoth he) good morrow,
‘ What hard hap hath brought you here ?’—
‘ Harder hap did never,
‘ Chance to a maiden ever,
‘ Here lies slain my brother dear.’

‘ Where might I be plac’d ?
‘ Gentle forester, tell me ;
‘ Where might I procure
‘ A service in my need ?
‘ Pains I will not spare,
‘ But will do my duty ;
‘ Ease me of my care,
‘ Help my extreme need.’
The forester, all amazed,
On her beauty gazed,
Till his heart was set on fire ;
‘ If, fair maid, (quoth he)
‘ You will go with me,
‘ You shall have your heart’s desire.’

He brought her to his mother,
And above all other
He set forth this maiden’s praise ;
Long was his heart inflamed,
At length her love he gained,
So fortune did his glory raise.

Thus unknown he match’d
With the king’s fair daughter ;
Children seven he had
Ere she to him was known ;

But when he understood

She was a royal princess,

By this means at last

He showed forth her fame ;

He cloth'd his children then,

Not like to other men,

In party-colours strange to see,

The right side cloth of gold,

The left side to behold

Of woollen cloth still framed he :

Men thereat did wonder,

Golden fame did thunder

This strange deed in every place :

The king of France came thither,

Being pleasant weather,

In the woods the hart to chase.

The children there did stand,

As their mother willed,

Where the royal king

Must of force come by ;

Their mother richly clad

In fair crimson velvet ;

Their father all in grey,

Most comely to the eye.

When this famous king,

Noting every thing,

Did ask how he durst be so bold

To let his wife to wear,

And deck his children there,

In costly robes of pearl and gold.

The forester bold replied,

And the cause descried,

And to the king he thus did say,
 ' Well may they, by their mother,
 ' Wear rich clothes with other,
 ' Being by birth a princess gay.'

The king, upon these words,
 Most heedfully beheld them,
 Till a crimson blush

His conceit did cross :
 ' The more I look (quoth he)
 ' Upon thy wife and children,
 ' The more I call to mind
 ' My daughter whom I lost.'

' I am that child (quoth she,
 Falling on her knee,)
 ' Pardon me, my sovereign liege.'

The king perceiving this,
 His daughter dear did kiss,
 Till joyful tears did stop his speech :

With his train he turned,
 And with her sojourned ;

Straight he dub'd her husband knight ;
 He made him earl of Flanders,
 One of his chief commanders ;

Thus was their sorrow put to flight.

BALLAD XII.

THE FAMOUS FLOWER OF SERVING-MEN :

OR,

THE LADY TURN'D SERVING-MAN.

You beauteous ladies, great and small,
I write unto you one and all ;
Whereby that you may understand
What I have suffer'd in this land.

I was by birth a lady fair,
My father's chief and only heir ;
But when my good old father died,
Then I was made a young knight's bride.

And then my love built me a bower,
Bedeck'd with many a fragrant flower ;
A braver bower you ne'er did see,
Than my true love did build for me.

But there came thieves late in the night,
They robb'd my bower, and slew my knight ;
And after that my knight was slain,
I could no longer there remain.

My servant, all from me did fly,
In th' midst of my extremity,
And left me by myself alone,
With a heart more cold than any stone.

Yet, though my heart was full of care,
Heaven would not suffer me to despair,
Wherefore in haste I chang'd my name
From fair Elise to Sweet William.

And therewithall I cut my hair,
And dress'd myself in man's attire,
My doublet, hose, and beaver hat,
And a golden band about my neck.

With a silver rapier by my side,
So like a gallant I did ride ;
The thing that I delighted on,
It was to be a serving-man.

Thus in my sumptuous man's array,
I bravely rode along the way ;
And at the last it chanced so,
That I to the king's court did go.

Then to the king I bow'd full low,
My love and duty for to show ;
And so much favour I did crave,
That I a serving-man's place might have.

' Stand up, brave youth, (the king replied,)
' Thy service shall not be denied ;
' But tell me first what thou can'st do,
' Thou shalt be fitted thereunto.

' Wilt thou be usher of my hall,
' To wait upon my nobles all ?
' Or wilt thou be tapster of my wine,
' To wait on me when I do dine ?

‘ Or wilt thou be my chamberlain,
‘ To make my bed both soft and fine ?
‘ Or wilt thou be one of my guard ?
‘ And I will give thee thy reward.’

Sweet William, with a smiling face,
Said to the king, ‘ If’t please your grace,
‘ To show such favour unto me,
‘ Your chamberlain I fain would be.’

The king then did the nobles call,
To ask the counsel of them all ;
Who gave consent Sweet William he,
The king’s own chamberlain should be.

Now mark what strange thing came to pass,
As the king one day a hunting was,
With all his lords and noble train,
Sweet William did at home remain.

Sweet William had no company then
With him at home but an old man ;
And when he saw the house was clear,
He took a lute which he had there :

Upon the lute Sweet William play’d,
And to the same he sung and said,
With a sweet and noble voice,
Which made the old man to rejoice :

‘ My father was as brave a lord
‘ As ever Europe did afford,
‘ My mother was a lady bright,
‘ My husband was a valiant knight :

‘ And I myself, a lady gay,
 ‘ Bedeck’d with gorgeous rich array ;
 ‘ The bravest lady in the land
 ‘ Had not more pleasure at command.

‘ I had my music every day,
 ‘ Harmonious lessons for to play ;
 ‘ I had my virgins fair and free,
 ‘ Continually to wait on me.

‘ But now, alas ! my husband’s dead,
 ‘ And all my friends are from me fled ;
 ‘ My former joys are past and gone,
 ‘ For I am now a serving-man.’

At last the king from hunting came,
 And presently upon the same,
 He called for this good old man,
 And thus to speak the king began :

‘ What news, what news, old man ? (quoeth he ;)
 ‘ What news hast thou to tell to me ?’
 ‘ Brave news, the old man he did say,
 ‘ Sweet William is a lady gay.’

‘ If this be true thou tell’st to me
 ‘ I’ll make thee a lord of high degree ;
 ‘ But if thy words do prove a lie,
 ‘ Thou shall be hang’d up presently.’

But when the king the truth had found,
 His joys did more and more abound :
 According as the old man did say,
 Sweet William was a lady gay.

ANCIENT BALLADS.

Therefore the king, without delay,
Put on her glorious rich array ;
And upon her head a crown of gold,
Which was most famous to behold.

And then, for fear of further strife,
He took Sweet William for his wife :
The like before was never seen,
A serving-man to be a queen.

BALLAD XIII.

THE CHILDREN IN THE WOOD:

OR,

THE NORFOLK GENTLEMAN'S LAST WILL AND
TESTAMENT.

Now ponder well, you parents dear,
The words which I shall write ;
A doleful story you shall hear,
In time brought forth to light :
A gentleman of good account
In Norfolk liv'd of late,
Whose wealth and riches did surmount
Most men of his estate.

Sore sick he was, and like to die,
No help that he could have ;
His wife by him as sick did lie,
And both possess'd one grave.

No love between these two was lost,
Each was to other kind ;
In love they liv'd, in love they died,
And left two babes behind :

The one a fine and pretty boy,
Not passing three years old ;
The other a girl, more young than he,
And made in beauty's mould.
The father left his little son,
As plainly doth appear,
When he to perfect age should come,
Three hundred pounds a year ;

And to his little daughter Jane
Five hundred pounds in gold,
To be paid down on marriage-day,
Which might not be controul'd :
But if the children chance to die
Ere they to age should come,
Their uncle should possess their wealth ;
For so the will did run.

' Now, brother, (said the dying man)
' Look to my children dear ;
' Be good unto my boy and girl,
' No friends else I have here :
' To God and you I do commend
' My children night and day ;
' But little while, be sure, we have
' Within this world to stay.

- ‘ You must be father and mother both,
‘ And uncle, all in one ;
‘ God knows what will become of them,
‘ When I am dead and gone.’

With that bespake their mother dear,

- ‘ O brother kind, (quoth she)
‘ You are the man must bring our babes
‘ To wealth or misery.

- ‘ And if you keep them carefully,
‘ Then God will you reward ;
‘ If otherwise you seem to deal,
‘ God will your deeds regard.’

With lips as cold as any stone,

She kiss’d her children small :

- ‘ God bless you both, my children dear !’
With that the tears did fall.

These speeches then their brother spoke
To this sick couple there :

- ‘ The keeping of your children dear,
‘ Sweet sister, do not fear ;
‘ God never prosper me nor mine,
‘ Nor aught else that I have,
‘ If I do wrong your children dear,
‘ When you are laid in the grave !’

Their parents being dead and gone,

The children home he takes,

And brings them home unto his house,
And much of them he makes.

He had not kept these pretty babes
 A twelvemonth and a day,
 But, for their wealth, he did devise
 To make them both away.

He bargain'd with two ruffians rude,
 Which were of furious mood,
 That they should take the children young,
 And slay them in a wood.
 He told his wife, and all he had,
 He did the children send
 To be brought up in fair London,
 With one that was his friend.

Away then went these pretty babes,
 Rejoicing at that tide,
 Rejoicing with a merry mind,
 They should on cock-horse ride.
 They prate and prattle pleasantly,
 As they rode on the way,
 To those that should their butchers be,
 And work their lives decay.

So that the pretty speech they had,
 Made murderers' hearts relent ;
 And they that undertook the deed
 Full sore they did repent.
 Yet one of them, more hard of heart,
 Did vow to do his charge ;
 Because the wretch that hired him
 Had paid him very large.

The other would not agree thereto,
So here they fell at strife ;
With one another they did fight,
About the children's life :
And he that was of mildest mood,
Did slay the other there,
Within an unfrequented wood ;
While babes did quake for fear.

He took the children by the hand,
When tears stood in their eye,
And bade them come and go with him,
And look they did not cry :
And two long miles he led them on,
While they for food complain ;
' Stay here, (quoth he) I'll bring you bread,
' When I do come again.'

These pretty babes, with hand in hand,
Went wandering up and down ;
But never more they saw the man,
Approaching from the town :
Their pretty lips, with black-berries,
Were all besmear'd and died ;
And, when they saw the darksome night,
They sate them down and cried.

Thus wandered these two pretty babes,
Till death did end their grief ;
In one another's arms they died,
As babes wanting relief :
No burial these pretty babes
Of any man receives,

Till Robin-red-breast, painfully, -
Did cover them with leaves.

And now the heavy wrath of God
Upon their uncle fell ;
Yea, fearful fiends did haunt his house,
His conscience felt an hell :
His barns were fir'd, his goods consum'd,
His lands were barren made ;
His cattle died within the field,
And nothing with him stay'd.

And in the voyage to Portugal,
Two of his sons did die ;
And, to conclude, himself was brought
To extreme misery :
He pawn'd and mortgag'd all his land,
Ere seven years came about ;
And now at length this wicked act
Did by this means come out :

The fellow that did take in hand
These children for to kill,
Was for a robbery judg'd to die,
As was God's blessed will ;
Who did confess the very truth,
The which is here express'd :
Their uncle died while he, for debt,
In prison long did rest.

All you that be executors made,
And overseers eke,

Of children that be fatherless,
And infants mild and meek ;
Take you example by this thing,
And yield to each his right,
Lest God, with such like misery,
Your wicked minds requite.

BALLAD XIV.

GEORGE BARNWEL.

ALL youths of fair England,
That dwell both far and near,
Regard my story that I tell,
And to my song give ear.

A London lad I was,
A merchant's prentice bound,
My name George Barnwel, that did spend
My master many a pound.

Take heed of harlots then,
And their enticing trains ;
For by that means I have been brought
To hang alive in chains.

As I, upon a day,
Was walking through the street,
About my master's business,
I did a wanton meet.

A gallant dainty dame,
 And sumptuous in attire,
 With smiling looks she greeted me,
 And did my name require.

Which when I had declar'd,
 She gave me then a kiss ;
 And said, if I would come to her,
 I should have more than this.

' In faith, my boy, (quoth she)
 ' Such news I can you tell,
 ' As shall rejoice your very heart,
 ' Then come where I do dwell.'

' Fair mistress, (then said I,)
 ' If I the place may know,
 ' This evening I will be with you,
 ' For I abroad must go,

' To gather moneys in,
 ' That is my master's due :
 ' And, ere that I do home return,
 ' I'll come and visit you.'

' Good Barnwel, (then quoth she)
 ' Do thou to Shoreditch come,
 ' And ask for mistress Milwood there,
 ' Next door unto the Gun.

' And trust me on my truth,
 ' If thou keep touch with me,
 ' For thy friend's sake, and as my own heart,
 ' Thou shalt right welcome be.'

Thus parted we in peace,
And home I passed right ;
Then went abroad and gathered in,
By six o'clock at night,

An hundred pound and one :
With bag under my arm
I went to mistress Milwood's house,
And thought on little harm ;

And knocking at the door,
Straightway herself came down,
Rustling in most brave attire,
Her hood and silken gown.

Who, through her beauty bright,
So gloriously did shine,
That she amaz'd my dazzling eyes,
She seemed so divine.

She took me by the hand,
And with a modest grace,
' Welcome, sweet Barnwel, (then quoth she,)
' Unto this homely place.

' Welcome ten thousand times,
' More welcome than my brother ;
' And better welcome, I protest
' Than any one or other.

' And seeing I have thee found
' As good as thy word to be,
' A homely supper, ere thou part,
' Thou shalt take here with me.'

‘ O pardon me, (quoth I,)
 ‘ Fair mistress, I you pray ;
 ‘ For why, out of my master’s house
 ‘ So long I dare not stay ?’

‘ Alas ; good sir, (she said,)
 ‘ Are you so strictly tied,
 ‘ You may not with your dearest friend
 ‘ One hour or two abide ?

‘ Faith, then the case is hard ;
 ‘ If it be so, (quoth she ;)
 ‘ I would I were a prentice bound,
 ‘ To live in house with thee.

‘ Therefore, my sweetest George,
 ‘ List well what I do say,
 ‘ And do not blame a woman much
 ‘ Her fancy to bewray :

‘ Let not affection’s force
 ‘ Be counted lewd desire ;
 ‘ Nor think it not immodesty,
 ‘ I should thy love require.’

With that she turn’d aside,
 And with a blushing red,
 A mournful motion she bewray’d
 By holding down her head.

A handkerchief she had,
 All wrought with silk and gold :
 Which she, to stay her trickling tears,
 Against her eyes did hold.

This thing unto my sight
Was wond'rous rare and strange ;
And in my mind and inward thought
It wrought a sudden change :

That I so hardy was
To take her by the hand ;
Saying, ' Sweet mistress, why do you
' So sad and heavy stand ?'

' Call me no mistress now,
' But Sarah, thy true friend,
' Thy servant Sarah, honouring thee
' Until her life doth end.

' If thou would'st here alledge,
' Thou art in years a boy ;
' So was Adonis, yet was he
' Fair Venus' love and joy.'

Thus I, that ne'er before
Of woman found such grace ;
And seeing now so fair a dame
Give me a kind embrace.

I sup'd with her that night,
With joys that did abound ;
And for the same paid presently
In money twice three pound.

An hundred kisses then
For my farewell she gave ;
Saying, ' Sweet Barnwel, when shall I
' Again thy company have ?

‘ O stay not too long, my dear ;
 ‘ Sweet George, have me in mind.’
 Her words bewitch’d my childishness,
 She uttered them so kind :

So that I made a vow,
 Next Sunday, without fail,
 With my sweet Sarah once again
 To tell some pleasant tale.

When she heard me say so,
 The tears fell from her ‘ eye ;’ *
 ‘ O George, (quoth she) if thou dost fail,
 ‘ Thy Sarah sure will die.’

Though long, yet lo ! at last,
 The ‘pointed day was come,
 That I must with my Sarah meet :
 Having a mighty sum

Of money in my hand,
 Unto her house went I ;
 Whereas my love upon her bed
 In saddest sort did lie.

‘ What ails my heart’s delight,
 ‘ My Sarah dear ? (quoth I) ;
 ‘ Let not my love lament and grieve,
 ‘ Nor sighing, pine, and die.’

‘ But tell to me, my dearest friend,
 ‘ What may thy woes amend ;

* Eyes, O. CC.

‘ And thou shalt seek no means of help,
‘ Though forty pound I spend.’

With that she turn’d her head,
And sickly thus did say,
‘ Oh, my sweet George, my grief is great,
‘ Ten pounds I have to pay

‘ Unto a cruel wretch ;
‘ And God he knows, (quoth she)
‘ I have it not.’—‘ Tush, rise, (quoth he)
‘ And take it here of me.

‘ Ten pounds, nor ten times ten,
‘ Shall make my love decay.’
Then from his bag into her lap,
He cast ten pound straightway.

All blithe and pleasant then,
To banqueting they go ;
She proffered him to lie with her,
And said it should be so.

And after that same time,
I gave her store of coin ;
Yea, sometimes fifty pound at once,
All which I did purloin.

And thus I did pass on ;
Until my master then
Did call to have his reckoning in
Cast up among his men.

The which when as I heard
 I knew not what to say :
 For well I knew that I was out
 Two hundred pounds that day.

Then from my master straight
 I ran in secret sort ;
 And unto Sarah Milwood then
 My state I did report.

But how she us'd this youth,
 In this his extreme need,
 The which did her necessity
 So oft with money feed ;

The second part, behold,
 Shall tell it forth at large ;
 And shall a strumpet's wily ways,
 With all her tricks discharge.

THE SECOND PART.

Young Barnwel here comes unto thee,
 ' Sweet Sarah, my delight,
 ' I am undone except thou stand
 ' My faithful friend this night:

' Our master to command accounts
 ' Hath just occasion found ;
 ' And I am found behind the hand
 ' Almost two hundred pound:

‘ And therefore, knowing not at all

‘ What answer for to make ;

‘ And his displeasure to escape,

‘ My way to thee I take ;

‘ Hoping in this extremity

‘ Thou wilt my succour be ;

‘ That for a time I may remain

‘ In safety here with thee.’

With that she knit and bent her brows,

And looking all aquoy,*

Quoth she, ‘ What should I have to do

‘ With any ’prentice boy ?

‘ And seeing you have purloin’d and got

‘ Your master’s goods away,

‘ The case is bad, and therefore here

‘ I mean thou shalt not stay.’

‘ Why sweetheart, thou knowest, (he said)

‘ That all which I did get,

‘ I gave it, and did spend it all

‘ Upon thee every whit.

‘ Thou knowest I loved thee so well,

‘ Thou couldst not ask the thing,

‘ But that I did, incontinent,

‘ The same unto thee bring.’

* [Coy, shy, says Dr. Percy. See Glossary to Reliques, vol. iii.]

Quoth she, ' thou art a paltry jack,

' To charge me in this sort ;

' Being a woman of credit good,

' And known of good report :

' And therefore this I tell thee flat,

' Be packing with good speed ;

' I do defy thee from my heart,

' And scorn thy filthy deed.'

' Is this the love and friendship, which

' Thou did'st to me profess ? *

' Is this the great affection which

' You seemed to express ?

' Now fye on all deceitful shows,

' The best is I may speed

' To get a lodging any where,

' For money in my need.

' Therefore, false woman, now farewell ;

' While twenty pound doth last,

' My anchor in some other haven,

' I will with wisdom cast.'

When she perceived by his words

That he had money store ;

That she had gall'd him in such sort,

It griev'd her heart full sore :

Therefore to call him back again

She did suppose it best,

* Protest, O. CC.

‘ Stay, George, (quoth she) thou art too quick ;
‘ Why, man, I do but jest.

‘ Think’st thou for all my passed speech,
‘ That I would let thee go ?
‘ Faith no, (quoth she) my love to thee
‘ I wis, is more than so.’

‘ You will not deal with ’prentice boys,
‘ I heard you even now swear ;
‘ Therefore I will not trouble you.’—
‘ My George, hark in thine ear :

‘ Thou shalt not go to-night, (quoth she)
‘ What chance soe’er befall :
‘ But, man, we’ll have a bed for thee,
‘ Or else the devil take all.’

Thus I, that was by wiles bewitch’d,
And snar’d with fancy still,
Had not the power to put away,
Or to withstand her will.

Then wine and wine I called in,
And cheer upon good cheer ;
And nothing in the world I thought
For Sarah’s love too dear,

Whilst I was in her company,
In joy and merriment ;
And all too little I did think,
That I upon her spent.

- ‘ A fig for care and careful thoughts !
 ‘ When all my gold is gone,
‘ In faith, my girl, we will have more,
 ‘ Whoever it light upon.
- ‘ My father’s rich ; why then, (quoth I,)
 ‘ Should I want any gold?’—
‘ With a father, indeed, (quoth she,)
 ‘ A son may well be bold.’
- ‘ I have a sister richly wed,
 ‘ I’ll rob her ere I’ll want.’
‘ Why then, (quoth Sarah) they may well
 ‘ Consider of your scant.’
- ‘ Nay, more than this, an uncle I have,
 ‘ At Ludlow he doth dwell ;
‘ He is a grazier, which in wealth
 ‘ Doth all the rest excell.
- ‘ Ere I will live in lack, (quoth he,)
 ‘ And have no coin for thee;
‘ I’ll rob his house, and murder him.’—
 ‘ Why should you not?’ quoth she:
- ‘ Ere I would want, were I a man,
 ‘ Or live in poor estate;
‘ On father, friends, and all my kin,
 ‘ I would my talons grate.
- ‘ For without money, George (quoth she),
 ‘ A man is but a beast :

‘ And bringing money, thou shalt be
‘ Always my chiefest guest.

‘ For say thou should’st pursued be
‘ With twenty hues and cries,
‘ And with a warrant searched for
‘ With Argus’ hundred eyes :

‘ Yet in my house thou shalt be safe ;
‘ Such privy ways there be,
‘ That if they sought an hundred years,
‘ They could not find out thee.’

And so carousing in their cups,
Their pleasures to content,
George Barnwel had in little space
His money wholly spent.

Which being done, to Ludlow then
He did provide to go,
To rob his wealthy uncle then ;
His minion would it so.

And once or twice he thought to take
His father by the way ;
But that he thought his master had
Took order for his stay.*

Directly to his uncle then
He rode with might and main ;
Where with welcome and good cheer
He did him entertain.

* *i. e.* For stopping and apprehending him at his father’s. *Percy.*

A se'nnight's space he stayed there,
 Until it chanced so,
 His uncle with his cattle did
 Unto a market go.

His kinsman needs must ride with him ;
 And when he saw right plain,
 Great store of money he had took ;
 In coming home again,

Most suddenly, within a wood,
 He struck his uncle down,
 And beat his brains out of his head ;
 So sore he crack'd his crown.

And fourscore pound, in ready coin,
 Out of his purse he took ;
 And coming in to London town,
 The country quite forsook.

To Sarah Milwood then he came,
 Showing his store of gold ;
 And how he had his uncle slain
 To her he plainly told.

' Tush, it's no matter, George, (quoth she)
 ' So we the money have,
 ' To have good cheer in jolly sort,
 ' And deck us fine and brave.'

And thus they lived in filthy sort,
 Till all his store was gone :
 And means to get them any more,
 I wis, poor George had none.

And therefore now, in railing sort,
She thrust him out of door :
Which is the just reward they get,
That spend upon a whore.

‘ Oh ! do me not this foul disgrace,
‘ In this my need ;’ quoth he.
She call’d him ‘ thief and murderer,’
With all despite might be.

And to the constable she went,
To have him apprehended ;
And show’d in each degree how far
He had the law offended.

When Barnwell saw her drift,
To sea he got straightway ;
Where fear, and dread, and conscience’ sting,
Upon himself doth stay.

Unto the mayor of London then
He did a letter write,
Wherein his own and Sarah’s faults
He did at large recite.

Whereby she apprehended was,
And then to Ludlow sent :
Where she was judg’d, condemn’d, and hang’d,
For murder, incontinent.

And there this gallant quean did die,
This was her greatest gains :
For murder, in Polonia
Was Barnwell hang’d in chains.

Lo ! here's the end of wilful youth,
That after harlots haunt ;
Who, in the spoil of other men,
About the streets do flaunt.

BALLAD XV.

KING HENRY THE SECOND AND THE MILLER OF
MANSFIELD.

HENRY our royal king, would ride a hunting,
To the green forest, so pleasant and fair ;
To have the hart chased, and dainty does tripping ;
Unto merry Sherwood his nobles repair :
Hawk and hound was unbound, all things prepar'd
For the same, to the game, with good regard.

All a long summer's day rode the king pleasantly,
With all his princes and nobles each one ;
Chasing the hart and hind, and the buck gallantly,
Till the dark evening enforc'd them turn home.
Then at last, riding fast, he had lost quite
All his lords in the wood, late in dark night.

Wand'ring thus wearily, all alone, up and down,
With a rude miller he met at the last ;
Asking the ready way unto fair Nottingham,
' Sir, (quoth the miller) your way you have lost :
' Yet I think, what I think, truth for to say,
' You do not likely ride out of your way.'

‘ Why, what dost thou think of me? (quoth our king
merrily,)

‘ Passing thy judgment upon me so brief?’

‘ Good faith, (quoth the miller,) I mean not to flatter
thee :

‘ I guess thee to be but some gentleman-thief :

‘ Stand thee back, in the dark ; light thee not down,

‘ Lest that I presently crack thy knave’s crown.’

‘ Thou dost abuse me much, (quoth our king,) saying
thus :

‘ I am a gentleman, and lodging I lack.’

‘ Thou hast not, (quoth the miller,) one groat in thy
purse ;

‘ All thy inheritance hangs on thy back.’—

‘ I have gold to discharge all that I call ;

‘ If it be forty pence, I will pay all.’

‘ If thou beest a true man, (then said the miller,)

‘ I swear by my toll-dish, I’ll lodge thee all night.’

‘ Here’s my hand, (quoth the king,) that was I
ever.’

‘ Nay, soft, (quoth the miller,) thou may’st be a
sprite :

‘ Better I’ll know thee, ere hands I do take ;

‘ With none but honest men hands will I shake.’

Thus they went all along unto the miller’s house,

Where they were seething of puddings and souse :

The miller first enter’d in, then after him the king ;

Never came he in so smoky a house.

‘ Now, (quoth he,) let me see what you are.’

Quoth our king, ‘ Look your fill, and do not spare.’

‘ I like well thy countenance, thou hast an honest face ;

‘ With my son Richard this night thou shalt lie.’

Quoth his wife, ‘ By my troth, it is a handsome youth ;

‘ Yet it is best, husband, for to deal warily :

‘ Art thou not a run-away, I pray thee, youth, tell ?

‘ Show me thy passport, and all shall be well.’

Then our king presently, making low courtesy,

With his hat in his hand, thus he did say :

‘ I have no passport, nor never was servitor ;

‘ But a poor courtier, rode out of my way :

‘ And for your kindness here offered to me,

‘ I will requite it in every degree.’

Then to the miller his wife whisper’d secretly,

Saying, ‘ It seems, this youth’s of good kin,

‘ Both by his apparel, and eke by his manners ;

‘ To turn him out, certainly ’twere a great sin.’

‘ Yea, (quoth he,) you may see, he hath some grace,

‘ When he doth speak to his betters in place.’

‘ Well, (quoth the miller’s wife,) young man, welcome here,

‘ And, though I say it, well lodg’d thou shalt be :

‘ Fresh straw I will have laid on thy bed so brave,

‘ Good brown hempen sheets likewise ;’ quoth she.

‘ Ay, (quoth the good man,) and when that is done,

‘ You shall lie with no worse than our own son.’

‘ Nay, first, (quoth Richard,) good fellow, tell me true ;

‘ Hast any creepers within thy gay hose ?

‘ Or art thou not troubled with the scabado ?’

- ‘ I pray you, (quoth the king,) what things are those?’
 ‘ Art thou not lousy, nor scabby? (quoth he;)
 ‘ If thou be’st, surely thou liest not with me.’

This caus’d the king suddenly to laugh most heartily,
 Till the tears trickled down from his eyes:
 Then to their supper were they set orderly,
 With a hot bag-pudding, and good apple-pies;
 Nappy ale, stout and stale, in a brown bowl,
 Which did about the board merrily troul.

- ‘ Here, (quoth the miller,) good fellow, I drink to thee,
 ‘ And to all courtnols that courteous be.’
 ‘ I’ll pledge you, (quoth our king,) and thank you heartily,
 ‘ For your good welcome in every degree:
 ‘ And here, in like manner, I’ll drink to your son.’—
 ‘ Do so, (quoth Richard,) but quick let it come.’

- ‘ Wife, (quoth the miller,) fetch me forth Lightfoot,
 ‘ That we of his sweetness a little may taste:’
 A fair venison-pasty, then brought she forth presently;
 ‘ Eat, (quoth the miller;) but, sir, make no waste.’
 ‘ Here’s dainty Lightfoot, in faith, (said our king;)
 ‘ I never before eat so dainty a thing.’

- ‘ I wis, (said Richard,) no dainty at all it is,
 ‘ For we do eat of it every day.’
 ‘ In what place, (said our king,) may be bought like this?’
 ‘ We never pay penny for it, by my fay:

‘ From merry Sherwood we fetch it home here ;
‘ Now and then we make bold with our king’s deer.’

‘ Then I think, (said our king,) that it is venison.’
‘ Each fool, (quoth Richard,) full well may see that :
‘ Never are we without two or three under the roof,
‘ Very well fleshed, and excellent fat :
‘ But, pray thee, say nothing where’er thou dost go ;
‘ We would not, for two-pence, the king should ;t
know,’

‘ Doubt not, (then said our king,) my promis’d secrecy ;
‘ The king shall never know more on’t for me.’
A cup of lambswool they drank unto him then,
And to their beds they pass’d presently.
The nobles, next morning, went all up and down,
For to seek out the king, in every town.

At last, at the miller’s house, soon they espied him
plain,

As he was mounting upon his fair steed ;
To whom they came presently, falling down on their
knees ;

Which made the miller’s heart woefully bleed :
Shaking and quaking before him he stood,
Thinking he should have been hang’d by the rood.

The king perceiving him fearful and trembling,
Drew forth his sword, but nothing he said :
The miller down did fall, crying before them all,
Doubting the king would have cut off his head :
But his kind courtesy there to requite,
Gave him a living, and made him a knight.

THE SECOND PART.

When as our royal king came home from Nottingham,
 And with his nobles at Westminster lay ;
 Recounting the sports and pastimes they had ta'en,
 In this late progress along by the way ;
 Of them all, great and small, he did protest,
 The miller of Mansfield's sport liked him best.

' And now, my lords, (quoth the king,) I am determin'd
 ' Against Saint George's next sumptuous feast,
 ' That this old miller, our last confirmed knight,
 ' With his son Richard, shall both be my guest :
 ' For, in this merriment, 'tis my desire,
 ' To talk with the jolly knight, and the brave squire.'

When as the noblemen saw the king's pleasantness,
 They were right joyful and glad in their hearts ;
 A pursuivant there was sent straight on the business,
 The which had many times been in those parts.
 When he came to the place where he did dwell,
 His message orderly then he did tell.

' God save your worship, (then said the messenger,)
 ' And grant your lady her heart's desire,
 ' And to your son Richard good fortune and happiness,
 ' That sweet young gentleman, and gallant young
 squire.
 ' Our king greets you all, and thus doth say,
 ' You must come to the court on Saint George's day.'

 ' Therefore, in any case, fail not to be in place.'
 ' I wis, (quoth the miller,) this is an odd jest :

‘ What should we do there? (he said :) faith, I am half afraid.’

‘ I doubt, (quoth Richard,) be hang’d at the least.’

‘ Nay, (quoth the messenger,) you do mistake ;

‘ Our king he prepares a great feast for your sake.’

Then said the miller, ‘ Now by my troth, messenger,

‘ Thou hast contented my worship full well.

‘ Hold, here’s three farthings, to quit thy great gentleness,

‘ For these happy tidings which thou dost me tell.

‘ Let me see, hear’st thou me? tell to our king,

‘ We’ll wait on his mastership in every thing.’

The pursuivant smiled at their simplicity,

And, making many legs, took their reward:

And, taking then his leave with great humility,

To the king’s court again he repair’d ;

Showing unto his grace, in each degree,

The knight’s most liberal gift and bounty.

When as he was gone away, thus did the miller say :

‘ Here comes expences and charges indeed ;

‘ Now we must needs be brave, though we spend all we have ;

‘ For of new garments we have great need :

‘ Of horses and serving-men we must have store,

‘ With bridles and saddles, and twenty things more.’

‘ Tush, Sir John, (quoth his wife,) neither do fret nor frown ;

‘ You shall be at no more charges for me ;

‘ For I will turn and trim up my old russet gown,

‘ With every thing as fine as may be ;

‘ And on our mill-horses full swift we will ride,
‘ With pillows and pannels as we shall provide.’

In this most stately sort, rode they unto the court,
Their jolly son Richard foremost of all ;
Who set up, by good hap, a cock’s feather in his cap ;
And so they jetted down towards the king’s hall :
The merry old miller, with his hand on his side ;
His wife, like maid Marian, did mince at that tide.*

The king and his nobles, that heard of their coming,
Meeting this gallant knight, with his brave train ;
‘ Welcome, sir knight, (quoth he,) with this your gay
lady ;
‘ Good Sir John Cockle, once welcome again :
‘ And so is the squire, of courage so free.’
Quoth Dick, ‘ A bots on you ; do you know me ?’

Quoth our king gently, ‘ How should I forget thee ?
‘ Thou wast mine own bed-fellow, well that I wot.
‘ But I do think on a trick.’—‘ Tell me that, prithee
Dick.’
‘ How we with farting did make the bed hot.’
‘ Thou whoreson, happy knave, (then quoth the
knight,)
‘ Speak cleanly to our king, or else go s—.’

The king and his counsellors heartily laugh’d at this,
While the king took them both by the hand ;

* [Maid Marian in the morris-dance was represented by a man in woman’s clothes, who was to take short steps in order to sustain the female character. *Percy.*]

With ladies and their maids, like to the Queen of
Spades,

The miller's wife did so orderly stand:
A milk-maid's curtesy at every word;
And down the folks were set at the side-board:

Where the king royally, in princely majesty,
Sate at his dinner with joy and delight:
When he had eaten well, to jesting then 'he' fell,
Taking a bowl of wine, drank to the knight:
'Here's to you both, (he said,) in wine, ale and beer;
'Thanking you all for your country cheer.'

Quoth Sir John Cockle, 'I'll pledge you a pottle,
'Were it the best ale in Nottinghamshire?'
'But then, (said our king,) I do think of a thing;
'Some of your Light-foot I would we had here.'
'Ho, ho, (quoth Richard,) full well I may see it,
'Tis knavery to eat it, and then to bewray it.'

'Why, art thou angry? (quoth our king merrily;
'In faith, I take it very unkind:
'I thought thou wouldst pledge me in ale and wine
heartily,'
'Y'are like to stay, (quoth Dick,) till I've din'd:
'You feed us with twattling dishes so small;
'Zounds, a black-pudding is better than all.'

'Ay, marry, (quoth our king,) that were a dainty
thing,

'If a man could get one here for to eat.'
With that Dick straight arose, and pluck'd one out of
his hose,
Which with heat of his breech began to sweat.

The king made a proffer to snatch it away :—

‘ ’Tis meat for your master ; good sir, you must stay.’

Thus with great merriment, was the time wholly
spent ;

And then the ladies prepared to dance :

Old Sir John Cockle, and Richard, incontinent

Unto this practice the king did advance :

Here with the ladies such sport they did make,

The nobles with laughing did make their hearts ake.

Many thanks for their pains did the king give them
then,

Asking young Richard, if he would wed :

‘ Among those ladies free, tell me which liketh
thee?’

Quoth he, ‘ Jug Grumball, with the red head :

‘ She’s my love, she’s my life, she will I wed ;

‘ She hath sworn I shall have her maidenhead.’

Then Sir John Cockle the king called unto him,

And of merry Sherwood made him overseer ;

And gave him out of hand three hundred pound
yearly ;

‘ But now take heed you steal no more of my deer :

‘ And once a quarter let’s here have your view ;

‘ And thus, Sir John Cockle, I bid you adieu.’

BALLAD XVI.

KING JOHN AND THE ABBOT OF CANTERBURY.*

I'LL tell you a story, a story, anon,
Of a noble prince, and his name was King John;
For he was a prince, and a prince of great might,
He held up great wrongs, and he put down great right.
Derry down, down, hey derry down.

I'll tell you a story, a story so merry,
Concerning the abbot of Canterbury,
And of his house-keeping and high renown,
Which made him repair to fair London town.
Derry down, &c.

' How now, brother abbot! 'tis told unto me,
' That thou keepest a far better house than I;
' And for thy house-keeping and high renown,
' I fear thou hast treason against my crown.'
Derry down, &c.

* The reader must necessarily excuse the miserably corrupt state in which the editor is obliged to present this ballad. It has doubtless originally possessed some merit, which, if an older copy than those already consulted should happen to cast up, may hereafter be restored. In the mean time, it may be perused in the utmost perfection in the 'Reliques of Ancient English Poetry.' The original composition, so judiciously interwoven into this and almost every other old poem in the above elegant collection, evinces so much ingenuity, niceness, genius, and critical taste, that the reverend author certainly merits the bays as a poet, as much as he deserves the lash as an editor.

- ' I hope, my liege, that you owe me no grudge,
- ' For spending of my true gotten goods.'
- ' If thou dost not answer me questions three,
- ' Thy head shall be taken from thy body.

Derry down, &c.

- ' When I am set ' so high on my steed,'
- ' With my crown of gold upon my head,
- ' Amongst all my nobility, with joy and much mirth,
- ' Thou must tell me to one penny what I am worth.

Derry down, &c.

- ' And the next question ' thou' must not flout,
- ' How long I shall be riding the world about ;
- ' And [at] the third question thou must not shrink,
- ' But tell to me truly what I do think.'

Derry down, &c.

- ' O these are hard questions for my shallow wit,
- ' For I cannot answer your grace as yet ;
- ' But if you will give me but three days space,
- ' I'll do my endeavour to answer your grace.'

Derry down, &c.

- ' O three days space I will thee give,
- ' For that is the longest day thou hast to live ;
- ' And if thou dost not answer these questions right,
- ' Thy head shall be taken from thy body quite.'

Derry down, &c.

And as the old shepherd was going to his fold,
He spied the old abbot come riding along ;

‘ How now, master abbot ! you’re welcome home :
 ‘ What news have you brought us from good King John ?’
 Derry down, &c.

‘ Sad news, sad news, I have thee to give,
 ‘ For I have but three days space to live ;
 ‘ If I do not answer him questions three,
 ‘ My head will be taken from my body.
 Derry down, &c.

‘ When he is set ‘ so high on his steed,’
 ‘ With his crown of gold upon his head,
 ‘ Amongst all his nobility, with joy and much mirth,
 ‘ I must tell him to one penny what he is worth.
 Derry down, &c.

‘ And the next question I must not flout,
 ‘ How long he shall be riding the world about ;
 ‘ And [at] the third question I must not shrink,
 ‘ But tell him truly what he does think.’
 Derry down, &c.

‘ O master, did you never hear it yet,
 ‘ That a fool may learn a wise man wit ;
 ‘ Lend me but your horse and your apparel,
 ‘ I’ll ride to fair London and answer the quarrel.’
 Derry down, &c.

‘ Now I am set ‘ so high on my steed,’
 ‘ With my crown of gold upon my head,
 ‘ Amongst all my nobility, with joy and much mirth,
 ‘ Now tell me, to one penny, what I am worth ?’
 Derry down, &c.

- ' For thirty pence our Saviour was sold,
- ' Amongst the false Jews, as I have been told,
- ' And nine and twenty's the worth of thee,
- ' For I think thou art one penny worser than he.'

Derry down, &c.

- ' And the next question thou mayest not flout,
- ' How long I shall be riding the world about ?'
- ' You must rise with the sun, and ride with the same,
- ' Until the next morning he rises again ;
- ' And then I am sure, you will make no doubt,
- ' But in twenty-four hours you'll ride it about.'

Derry down, &c.

- ' And [at] the third question thou must not shrink,
- ' But tell to me truly what I do think ?'
- ' All that I can do, and 'twill make your grace merry ;
- ' For you think I'm the abbot of Canterbury ;
- ' But I'm his poor shepherd, as you may see,
- ' And am come to beg pardon for ' him' and for me.'

Derry down, &c.

The king he turn'd him about and did smile,
Saying, ' thou shalt be the abbot the other while.'

- ' O no, my grace, there is no such need,
- ' For I can neither write nor read.'

Derry down, &c.

- ' Then four pounds a week will I give unto thee,
- ' For this merry true jest thou hast told unto me ;
- ' And tell the old abbot when thou comest home,
- ' Thou hast brought him a pardon from good King John.'

Derry down, &c.

BALLAD XVII.

THE SCOTCHMAN OUTWITTED BY THE FARMER'S
DAUGHTER.

Cold and raw the North did blow,
 Bleak in the morning early,
 All the hills were hid with snow,
 Cover'd with winter yearly ;
 As I was riding o'er the slough,
 I met with a farmer's daughter,
 Rosy cheeks, and a bonny brow,
 Good faith ! my mouth did water.

Down I vail'd my bonnet low,
 Meaning to show my breeding ;
 She return'd a graceful bow,
 Her visage far exceeding :
 I ask'd her where she was going so soon,
 And long'd to hold a parley ;
 She told me, to the next market-town,
 On purpose to sell her barley.

' In this purse, sweet soul, (said I,)
 ' Twenty pounds lies fairly ;
 ' Seek no further one to buy,
 ' For Ise take all thy barley :
 ' Twenty pound more shall purchase delight,
 ' Thy person I love so dearly,
 ' If thou wilt lig with me all night,
 ' And gang home in the morning early.'

‘ If forty pound would buy the globe,
‘ This thing I would not do, sir ;
‘ Or were my friends as poor as Job,
‘ I’d never raise ’em so, sir ;
‘ For should you prove one night my friend,
‘ Wese get a young kid together ;
‘ And you’d be gone ere nine months end,
‘ Then where should I find the father ?

‘ Pray, what would my parents say,
‘ If I should be so silly
‘ To give my maidenhead away,
‘ And lose my true-love Billy ?
‘ Oh, this would bring me to disgrace,
‘ And therefore I say you nay, sir :
‘ And if that you would me embrace ;
‘ First marry, and then you may, sir.’

I told her, I had wedded been
Fourteen years, and longer ;
Else I’d choose her for my queen,
And tie the knot more stronger.
She bid me then no farther come,
But manage my wedlock fairly,
And keep my purse for poor spouse at home,
For some other should buy her barley.

Then, as swift as any roe,
She rode away and left me ;
After her I could not go,
Of joy she quite bereft me :
Thus I myself did disappoint,
For she did leave me fairly ;

My words knock'd all things out of joint,
I lost both maid and barley.

Riding down a narrow lane,
Some two or three hours after,
There I chanc'd to meet again
This farmer's bonny daughter :
Although it was both raw and cold,
I stay'd to hold a parley,
And show'd once more my purse of gold,
When as she had sold her barley.

' Love, (said I) pray do not frown,
' But let us change embraces ;
' I'll buy thee a fine silken gown,
' With ribbons, gloves, and laces,
' A ring and bodkin, muff and fan,
' No lady shall have neater ;
' For, as I am an honest man,
' I ne'er saw a sweeter creature.'

Then I took her by the hand,
And said, ' My dearest jewel,
' Why should'st thou thus disputing stand ?
' I prithee be not cruel.'
She found my mind was wholly bent
To pleasure my fond desire,
Therefore she seemed to consent,
But I wish I had never come nigh her.

' Sir, (said she) what shall I do,
' If I commit this evil,
' And yield myself in love with you ?
' I hope you will prove civil.

‘ You talk of ribbons, gloves, and rings,
‘ And likewise gold and treasure ;
‘ Oh, let me first enjoy those things,
‘ And then you shall have pleasure.’

‘ Sure thy will shall be obey’d,
‘ (Said I,) my own dear honey.’

Then into her lap I laid

Full forty pounds in money ;

‘ We’ll to the market-town this day,
‘ And straightway end this quarrel,
‘ And deck thee like a lady gay,
‘ In flourishing rich apparel.’

All my gold and silver there

To her I did deliver ;

On the road we did repair,

Out-coming to a river,

Whose waters are both deep and wide,

Such rivers I ne’er see many ;

She leap’d her mare on the other side,

And left me not one penny.

Then my heart was sunk full low,

With grief and care surrounded ;

After her I could not go,

For fear of being drowned.

She turn’d about, and said, ‘ Behold,

‘ I am not for your devotion ;

‘ But, sir, I thank you for your gold,

‘ ’Twill serve to enlarge my portion.’

I began to stamp and stare,

To see what she had acted ;

With my hands I tore my hair,
 Like one that was distracted :
 ‘ Give me my money, (then I cried)
 ‘ Good faith I did but lend it.’
 But she full fast away did ride,
 And vow’d she did not intend it.

BALLAD XVIII.

SIR LANCELOT DU LAKE.*

WHEN Arthur first in court began,
 And was approved king ;
 By force of arms great victories won,
 And conquest home did bring ;

Then into Britain straight he came,
 Where fifty good and able
 Knights then repaired unto him,
 Which were of the Round Table.

And many justs and tournaments
 Before him there were prest,
 Wherein these knights did then excel,
 And far surmount the rest.

But one Sir Lancelot du Lake,
 Who was approved well ;
 He, in his fights and deeds of arms,
 All others did excel.

* The title of the old copies is, but very improperly, ‘ The noble
 ‘ achievements of king Arthur, and his Knights of the round table.
 ‘ To the tune of Flying Fame.’

When he had rested him a while,
To play, and game, and sport ;
He thought he would approve himself
In some advent'rous sort :

He armed rode in forest wide,
And met a damsel fair,
Who told him of adventures great ;
Whereto he gave good ear.

‘ Why should not I ? (quoth Lancelot tho)
‘ For that cause came I hither.’
‘ Thou seem'st (quoth she) a knight right good,
‘ And I will bring thee thither,

‘ Whereas the mightiest knight doth dwell,
‘ That now is of great fame :
‘ Wherefore, tell me what knight thou art ;
‘ And then what is thy name.’

‘ My name is Lancelot du Lake.’
Quoth she, ‘ It likes me, then ;
‘ Here dwells a knight that never was
‘ O'ermatch'd of any man ;

‘ Who hath in prison threescore knights’
‘ And four, that he hath bound ;
‘ Knights of King Arthur's court they be,
‘ And of the Table Round.’

She brought him to a river then,
And also to a tree,
Whereas a copper bason hung,
His fellows' shields to see.

He struck so hard, the bason broke :
 When Tarquin heard the sound,
 He drove a horse before him straight,
 Whereon a knight was bound.

‘ Sir knight, (then said Sir Lancelot)
 ‘ Bring me that horse load hither,
 ‘ And lay him down, and let him rest ;
 ‘ We’ll try our force together :

‘ For, as I understand, thou hast,
 ‘ As far as thou art able,
 ‘ Done great despite and shame unto
 ‘ The knights of the Round Table.’

‘ If thou art of the Table Round,
 (Quoth Tarquin speedily,)
 ‘ Both thee, and all thy fellowship,
 ‘ I utterly defy.’

‘ That’s over much, (quoth Lancelot tho)
 ‘ Defend thee by and by.’

They put their spurs unto their steeds,
 And each at other fly.

They couch’d their spears, and horses run,
 As though they had been thunder ;
 And each struck then upon the shield,
 Wherewith they brake asunder.

Their horses’ backs brake under them ;
 The knights they were astound :
 To avoid their horses they made haste
 To light upon the ground.

They took them to their shields full fast,
Their swords they drew out then ;
With mighty strokes most eagerly
Each one at other ran.

They wounded were, and bled full sore,
For breath they both did stand ;
And leaning on their swords a-while,
Quoth Tarquin, ' Hold thy hand :

' And tell to me what I shall ask.'
' Say on ;' quoth Lancelot tho.
' Thou art (quoth Tarquin) the best knight
' That ever I did know ;

' And like a knight that I did hate :
' So that thou be not he,
' I will deliver all the rest,
' And eke accord with thee.'

' That is well said, (quoth Lancelot then)
' But sith it so must be,
' What is the knight thou hatest thus,
' I pray thee show to me ?'

' His name is Lancelot du Lake ;
' He slew my brother dear ;
' Him I suspect of all the rest :
' I wish I had him here.'

' Thy wish thou hast, but now unknown ;
' I am Lancelot du Lake,
' Now knight of Arthur's table round,
' King Hand's son of Benwake :

‘ And I defy thee, do thy worst.’—

‘ Ha, ha, (quoth Tarquin tho)

‘ One of us two shall end our lives,

‘ Before that we do go.

‘ If thou be Lancelot du Lake,

‘ Then welcome shalt thou be ;

‘ Wherefore see thou thyself defend,

‘ For now I dèfy thee.’

They hurled then together fast,

Like two wild boars so rashing ;

And with swords and shields they ran

At one another slashing :

The ground besprinkled was with blood,

Tarquin began to faint ;

For he had back’d, and bore his shield

So low, he did repent.

Which soon espied Lancelot tho ;

He leap’d upon him then,

He pull’d him down upon his knee,

And rushed off his helm ;

And then [he] struck his neck in two :

And, when he had done so,

From prison threescore knights and four

Lancelot deliver’d tho.

BALLAD XIX.

SIR GUY OF WARWICK.*

WAs ever knight, for lady's sake,
So toss'd in love, as I, Sir Guy ;
For Phillis fair, that lady bright
As ever man beheld with eye ?
She gave me leave myself to try,
The valiant knight with shield and spear,
Ere that her love she would grant me ;
Which made me venture far and near.

The proud Sir Guy, a baron bold,
In deeds of arms the doughty knight,
That every day in England was,
With sword and spear in field to fight ;
An English man I was by birth,
In faith of Christ a Christian true ;
The wicked laws of infidels
I sought by power to subdue.

Two hundred twenty years and odd,
After our Saviour Christ his birth,
When king Athelstan wore the crown,
I lived here upon the earth :

* The full title is, 'A pleasant song of the valiant deeds of
' chivalry atchieved by that noble knight, Sir Guy of Warwick ;
' who for the love of Fair Phillis became a hermet, and dièd in a
' cave of a craggy rock a mile distant from Warwick.—Tune, Was
' ever Man, &c.'

Sometime I was of Warwick earl,
 And, as I said, on very truth,
 A lady's love did me constrain
 To seek strange ventures in my youth :

To try my fame by feats of arms,
 In strange and sundry heathen lands ;
 Where I atchieved, for her sake,
 Right dangerous conquests with my hands.
 For first I sail'd to Normandy,
 And there I stoutly won in fight,
 The emperor's daughter of Almain,
 From many a valiant worthy knight.

Then passed I the seas of Greece,
 To help the emperor to his right,
 Against the mighty soldan's host
 Of puissant Persians for to fight :
 Where I did slay of Saracens,
 And heathen pagans, many a man ;
 And slew the soldan's cousin dear,
 Who had to name, doughty Colbròn.

Ezkeldered, that famous knight,
 To death likewise I did pursue ;
 And Almain, king of Tyre, also,
 Most terrible too in fight to view :
 I went into the soldan's host,
 Being thither on ambassage sent,
 And brought away his head with me,
 I having slain him in his tent.

There was a dragon in the land,
Which I also myself did slay,
As he a lion did pursue,
Most fiercely met me by the way.
From thence I pass'd the seas of Greece,
And came to Pavy land aright ;
Where I the duke of Pavy kill'd,
His heinous treason to requite.

And after came into this land,
Towards fair Phillis, lady bright ;
For love of whom I travel'd far,
To try my manhood and my might.
But when I had espoused her,
I stay'd with her but forty days,
But there I left this lady fair,
And then I went beyond the seas.

All clad in gray, in pilgrim sort,
My voyage from her I did take,
Unto that blessed holy land,
For Jesus Christ my Saviour's sake :
Where I earl Jonas did redeem,
And all his sons, which were fifteen,
Who with the cruel Saracen,
In prison for long time had been.

I slew the giant Amarant,
In battle fiercely hand to hand :
And doughty Barknard killed I,
The mighty duke of that same land.

Then I to England came again,
 And here with Colbron fell I fought,
 An ugly giant, which the Danes
 Had for their champion hither brought.

I overcame him in the field,
 And slew him dead, right valiantly ;
 Where I the land did then redeem
 From Danish tribute utterly :
 And afterwards I offered up
 The use of weapons solemnly,
 At Winchester, whereas I fought,
 In sight of many far and nigh.

In Windsor-forest I did slay
 A boar of passing might and strength ;
 The like in England never was,
 For hugeness, both in breadth and length.
 Some of his bones in Warwick, yet,
 Within the castle there, do lie ;
 One of his shield-bones, to this day,
 Hangs in the city of Coventry.

On Dunsmore-heath I also slew
 A monstrous, wild, and cruel beast,
 Call'd the dun-cow of Dunsmore-heath ;
 Which many people had oppress'd :
 Some of her bones in Warwick, yet,
 Still for a monument doth lie ;
 Which, unto every looker's view,
 As wond'rous strange, they may espy.

Another dragon in the land,
I also did in fight destroy,
Which did both men and beasts oppress,
And all the country sore annoy.
And then to Warwick came again,
Like pilgrim poor, and was not known ;
And there I liv'd a hermit's life,
A mile and more out of the town :

Where, with my hand, I hew'd a house
Out of a craggy rock of stone ;
And lived, like a palmer poor,
Within that cave, myself alone ;
And daily came to beg my food
Of Phillis, at my castle-gate ;
Not known unto my loving wife,
Who daily mourned for her mate.

Till at the last I fell sore sick,
Yea, sick so sore that I must die ;
I sent to her a ring of gold,
By which she knew me presently.
Then she repaired to the cave,
Before that I gave up the ghost ;
Herself clos'd up my dying eyes :
My Phillis fair, whom I lov'd most.

Thus dreadful Death did me arrest,
To bring my corpse unto the grave ;
And like a palmer died I,
Whereby I hope my soul to save.

My body in Warwick yet doth lie,
Though now it is consum'd to mould ;
My stature was engraven in stone,
This present day you may behold.

BALLAD XX.

THE HONOUR OF A LONDON PRENTICE.

OF a worthy London prentice
My purpose is to speak,
And tell his brave adventures
Done for his country's sake :
Seek all the world about,
And you shall hardly find
A man in valour to exceed
A prentice' gallant mind.

He was born [and bred] in Cheshire,
The chief of men was he ;
From thence brought up to London,
A prentice for to be.
A merchant on the bridge
Did like his service so,
That, for three years, his factor
To Turkey he should go.

And in that famous country
One year he had not been,
Ere he by tilt maintained
The honour of his queen ;

Elizabeth his princess
He nobly did make known,
To be the phœnix of the world,
And none but she alone.

In armour richly gilded,
Well mounted on a steed,
One score of knights most hardy
One day he made to bleed ;
And brought them all to ground,
Who proudly did deny
Elizabeth to be the pearl
Of princely majesty.

The king of that same country
Thereat began to frown,
And will'd his son, there present,
To pull this youngster down ;
Who, at his father's words,
These boasting speeches said,
' Thou art a traitor, English boy,
' And hast the traitor play'd.'

' I am no boy, nor traitor,
' Thy speeches I defy,
' For which I'll be revenged
' Upon thee, by and by ;
' A London prentice still
' Shall prove as good a man,
' As any of your Turkish knights,
' Do all the best you can.'

And therewithal he gave him
 A box upon the ear,
 Which broke his neck asunder,
 As plainly doth appear.
 ‘ Now know, proud Turk, (quoth he,)
 ‘ I am no English boy,
 ‘ That can, with one small box o’ th’ ear,
 ‘ The prince of Turks destroy.’

When as the king perceived
 His son so strangely slain,
 His soul was sore afflicted,
 With more than mortal pain;
 And, in revenge thereof,
 He swore that he should die
 The cruel’st death that ever man
 Beheld with mortal eye.

Two lions were prepared
 This prentice to devour,
 Near famish’d up with hunger,
 Ten days within a tower,
 To make them far more fierce,
 And eager of their prey,
 To glut themselves with human gore,
 Upon this dreadful day.

The appointed time of torment
 At length grew nigh at hand,
 Where all the noble ladies
 And barons of the land

Attended on the king,
To see this prentice slain,
And buried in the hungry maws
Of those fierce lions twain.

Then in his shirt of cambric,
With silk most richly wrought,
This worthy London prentice
Was from the prison brought,
And to the lions given
To stanch their hunger great,
Which had not eat in ten days space
Not one small bit of meat.

But God, that knows all secrets,
The matter so contriv'd,
That by this young man's valour
They were of life depriv'd ;
For, being faint for food,
They scarcely could withstand
The noble force, and fortitude,
And courage of his hand :

For when the hungry lions
Had cast on him their eyes,
The elements did thunder
With the echo of their cries :
And running all amain
His body to devour,
Into their throats he thrust his arms,
With all his might and power :

From thence, by manly valour,
Their hearts he tore in sunder,
And at the king he threw them,
To all the people's wonder.
' This have I done, (quoth he,)
' For lovely England's sake ;
' And for my country's maiden-queen
' Much more will undertake.'

But when the king perceived
His wrathful lions' hearts,
Afflicted with great terror,
His rigour soon reverts ;
And turned all his hate
Into remorse and love,
And said, ' It is some angel,
' Sent down from heaven above.'

' No, no, I am no angel,
(The courteous young man said,)
' But born in famous England,
' Where God's word is obey'd ;
' Assisted by the heavens,
' Who did me thus befriend ;
' Or else they had, most cruelly,
' Brought here my life to end.'

The king, in heart amazed,
Lift up his eyes to heaven,
And for his foul offences
Did crave to be forgiven ;

Believing that no land
Like England may be seen,
No people better governed
By virtue of a Queen.

So, taking up this young man,
He pardon'd him his life ;
And gave his daughter to him,
To be his wedded wife :
Where then they did remain,
And live in quiet peace,
In spending of their happy days
In joy and love's increase.

BALLAD XXI.

THE DRAGON OF WANTLEY.

OLD stories tell, how Hercules
A dragon slew at Lerna,
With seven heads, and fourteen eyes,
To see and well discern-a :
But he had a club, this dragon to drub,
Or he had ne'er done it, I warrant ye :
But More of More-Hall, with nothing at all,
He slew the dragon of Wantley.

This dragon had two furious wings,
Each one upon each shoulder ;
With a sting in his tail, as long as a flail,
Which made him bolder and bolder.

He had long claws, and in his jaws
 Four and forty teeth of iron ;
 With a hide as tough as any buff,
 Which did him round environ.

Have you not heard that the Trojan horse
 Held seventy men in his belly ?
 This dragon was not quite so big,
 But very near, I'll tell ye.
 Devoured he poor children three,
 That could not with him grapple ;
 And, at one sup, he eat them up,
 As one would eat an apple.

All sorts of cattle this dragon did eat ;
 Some say he'd eat up trees,
 And that the forests sure he would.
 Devour up by degrees :
 For houses and churches were to him geese and turkeys,
 He ate all, and left none behind,
 But some stones, dear Jack, which he could not crack,
 Which on the hills you will find.

In Yorkshire, near fair Rotheram,
 The place I know it well ;
 Some two or three miles, or thereabouts,
 I vow I cannot tell ;
 But there is a hedge, just on the hill edge,
 And Mathews' house hard by it ;
 O there and then was this dragon's den,
 You could not choose but spy it.

Some say, this dragon was a witch,
Some say, he was a devil ;
For from his nose a smoke arose,
And with it burning snivel,
Which he cast off, when he did cough,
In a well that he did stand by ;
Which made it look just like a brook
Running with burning brandy.

Hard by a furious knight there dwelt,
Of whom all towns did ring ;
For he could wrestle, play at quarter-staff, kick, cuff,
box, buff,
Call son of a whore, do any kind of thing :
By the tail and the main, with his hands twain,
He swung a horse till he was dead ;
And that which is stranger, he, for very anger,
Eat him all up but his head.

These children, as I told, being eat,
Men, women, girls, and boys,
Sighing and sobbing came to his lodging,
And made a hideous noise :
' O save us all, More of More-Hall !
' Thou peerless knight of these woods ;
' Do but slay this dragon, who won't leave us a rag on,
' We'll give thee all our goods.'

' Tut, tut, (quoth he,) no goods I want ;
' But I want, I want, in sooth,
' A fair maid of sixteen, that's brisk,
' With smiles about the mouth ;

- ' Hair black as a sloe, both above and below,
- ' With a blush her cheeks adorning ;
- ' To 'noint me o'er night, ere I go to fight,
- ' And to dress me in the morning.'

This being done, he did engage
To hew this dragon down ;
But first he went new armour to
Bespeak at Sheffield-town ;
With spikes all about, not within but without,
Of steel so sharp and strong ;
Both behind and before, arms, legs, all o'er ;
Some five or six inches long.

Had you but seen him in this dress,
How fierce he look'd and big ;
You would have thought him for to be
An Egyptian porcupig :
He frightened all, cats, dogs, and all ;
Each cow, each horse, and each hog,
For fear did flee, for they took him to be
Some strange outlandish hedge-hog.

To see this fight all people there
Got up on trees and houses,
On churches some and chimneys too ;
But they put on their trowses,
Not to spoil their hose. As soon as he rose,
To make him strong and mighty,
He drank, by the tale, six pots of ale,
And a quart of aqua-vitæ.

It is not strength that always wins,
For wit does strength excell ;
Which made our cunning champion
Creep down into a well ;
Where he did think, this dragon would drink,
And so he did in truth ;
And as he stoop'd low, he rose up, and cried, ' Boh !'
And hit him in the mouth.

' Oh, (quoth the dragon,) pox take thee, come out,
' Thou that disturb'st me in my drink : '—
And then he turn'd, and s—t at him ;
Goodlack how he did stink !
' Beshrew thy soul, thy body's foul,
' Thy dung smells not like balsam ;
' Thou son of a whore, thou stink'st so sore,
' Sure thy diet is unwholesome.'

Our politic knight, on the other side,
Crept out upon the brink,
And gave the dragon such a douse,
He knew not what to think.
' By cock, (quoth he,) say you so ; do you see ?
And then at him he let fly,
With hand and with foot, and so they went to't ;
And the word it was, ' Hey boys, hey !'

' Your words, (quoth the dragon,) I don't understand ?'
Then to it they fell at all,
Like two wild boars so fierce, I may
Compare great things with small.

Two days and a night, with this dragon did fight
 Our champion on the ground ;
 Though their strength it was great, yet their skill it was
 neat,
 They never had one wound.

At length the hard earth began for to quake,
 The dragon gave him such a knock,
 Which made him to reel, and straightway he thought,
 To lift him as high as a rock,
 And thence let him fall : but More of More-Hall,
 Like a valiant son of Mars,
 As he came like a lout, so he turn'd him about,
 And hit him a kick on the a—e.

' Oh ! (quoth the dragon, with a deep sigh,
 And turn'd six times together,
 Sobbing and tearing, cursing and swearing
 Out of his throat of leather :)
 ' More of More-Hall ! O thou rascal !
 ' Would I had seen thee never ;
 ' With the thing at thy foot, thou hast prick'd my a--e-
 gut,
 ' And I'm quite undone for ever.

' Murder, murder, (the dragon cried,)
 ' Alack, alack, for grief ;
 ' Had you but miss'd that place, you could
 ' Have done me no mischief.'
 Then his head he shak'd, trembled and quak'd,
 And down he laid and cried ;
 First on one knee, then on back tumbled he,
 So groan'd, kick'd, s—t, and died.

BALLAD XXII.

SIR ANDREW BARTON.*

WHEN Flora with her fragrant flowers
 Bedeck'd the earth, so trim and gay,
And Neptune with his dainty showers
 Came to present the month of May,
King Henry would a progress ride ;
 Over the river of Thames pass'd he,
Unto a mountain-top also
 Did walk, some pleasure for to see ;

Where forty merchants he espied,
 With fifty sail come towards him,
Who then no sooner were arriv'd,
 But on their knees did thus complain :
' An't please your grace, we cannot sail
 ' To France, a voyage, to be sure ;
' But sir Andrew Barton makes us quail,
 ' And robs us of our merchant-ware.'

Vex'd was the king, and turning him,
 Said to his lords of high degree,
' Have I ne'er a lord within my realm,
 ' Dare fetch that traitor unto me ?'
To him replied Lord Charles Howãrd,
 ' I will, my liege with heart and hand,
' If it please you grant me leave he said,
 ' I will perform what you command.'

* The story of this ballad is to be found in most of the English chronicles under the year 1511.

To him then spake king Henry,
 ' I fear, my lord, you are too young.'
 ' No whit at all, my liege, (quoth he,)
 ' I hope to prove in valour strong.
 ' The Scottish knight I vow to seek,
 ' In what place soe'er he be,
 ' And bring ashore with all his might,
 ' Or into Scotland he shall carry me.'

' A hundred men, (the king then said,)
 ' Out of my realm shall chosen be ;
 ' Besides sailors and ship-boys,
 ' To guide a great ship on the sea ;
 ' Bowmen and gunners of good skill,
 ' Shall for this service chosen be ;
 ' And they, at thy command and will,
 ' In all affairs shall wait on thee.'

Lord Howard call'd a gunner then,
 Who was the best in all the realm ;
 His age was threescore years and ten,
 And Peter Simon was his name :
 My lord call'd then a bowman rare,
 Whose active hands had gained fame,
 A gentleman born in Yorkshîre,
 And William Horsely was his name.

' Horsely, (quoth he,) I must to sea,
 ' To seek a traitor with good speed,
 ' Of a hundred bowmen brave, (quoth he,)
 ' I have chosen thee to be the head.'—
 ' If you, my lord, have chosen me
 ' Of a hundred men to be the head,

‘ Upon the main-mast I’ll hanged be,
‘ If twelve score I miss one shilling’s breadth.

Lord Howard then, of courage bold,
Went to the sea with pleasant chear ;
Not curb’d with winter’s piercing cold,
Though ’twas the stormy time of year.
Not long he had been on the sea,
No more in days than number three,
But one Henry Hunt there he espied,
A merchant of Newcastle was he.

To him Lord Howard call’d out amain,
And strictly charged him to stand ;
Demanding then from whence he came,
Or where he did intend to land ?
The merchant then made answer soon,
With heavy heart, and careful mind,
‘ My lord, my ship it doth belong
‘ Unto Newcastle-upon-Tine.’

‘ Can’st thou show me, (the lord did say,)
‘ As thou did’st sail by day and night,
‘ A Scottish rover on the sea,
‘ His name is Andrew Barton, knight?’
At this the merchant sigh’d and said,
With grieved mind and well-away,
‘ But over-well I know that knight,
‘ I was his prisoner yesterday.

‘ As I, my lord, did sail from France,
‘ A Bourdeaux voyage to take so far,
‘ I met with Sir Andrew Barton thence,
‘ Who rob’d me of my merchant-ware;

‘ And mickle debts, God knows, I owe,
 ‘ And every man doth crave his own,
 ‘ And I am bound to London now;
 ‘ Of our gracious king to beg a boon.’

‘ Show me him, (said Lord Howard then,)
 ‘ Let me but once the villain see,
 ‘ And e’ery penny he hath from thee ta’en,
 ‘ I’ll double the same with shillings three.’
 ‘ Now God forbid, (the merchant said,)
 ‘ I fear your aim that you will miss;
 ‘ God bless you from his tyranny,
 ‘ For little you think what man he is.

‘ He is brass within, and steel without,
 ‘ His ship most huge, and mighty strong,
 ‘ With eighteen pieces of ordnance,
 ‘ He carrieth on each side along:
 ‘ With beams for his top-castle,
 ‘ As being also huge and high,
 ‘ That neither English nor Portugal
 ‘ Can Sir Andrèw Bartòn pass by.’

‘ Hard news thou show’st, (then said the lord,)
 ‘ To welcome strangers to the sea;
 ‘ But, as I said, I’ll bring him aboard,
 ‘ Or into Scotland he shall carry me.’
 The merchant said, ‘ If you will do so,
 ‘ Take counsel then I pray withall,
 ‘ Let no man to his top-castle go,
 ‘ Nor strive to let his beams down fall.

‘ Lend me seven pieces of ordnance then,
 ‘ On each side of my ship, (quoth he;)

‘ And to-morrow, my lord, ’twixt six and seven
‘ Again I will your honour see :
‘ A glass I’ll set, that may be seen,
‘ Whether you sail by day or night ;
‘ And to-morrow, be sure, before seven,
‘ You shall see Sir Andrew Barton, knight.

The merchant set my lord a glass,
So well apparent in his sight,
That on the morrow, as his promise was,
He saw Sir Andrew Barton, knight.
The lord then swore a mighty oath,
‘ Now by the heavens that be of might,
‘ By faith, believe me, and by troth,
‘ I think he is a worthy knight.

‘ Fetch me my lion out of hand,
(Saith the lord,) with rose and streamer high,
‘ Set up withall a willow wand,
‘ That merchant-like I may pass by.’
Thus bravely did Lord Howard pass,
And did on anchor rise so high;
No top-sàil at all he cast,
But as a foe he did him defy.

Sir Andrew Barton seeing him
Thus scornfully to pass by,
As though he cared not a pin
For him and all his company ;
Then call’d he for his men amain,
‘ Fetch back yon pedlar now; (quoth he)
‘ And, ere this way he come again,
‘ I’ll teach him well his courtesy.’

A piece of ordnance soon was shot,
By this proud pirate fiercely then,
Into Lord Howard's middle deck,
Which cruel shot kill'd fourteen men;
He call'd then Peter Simon, he,
 ' Look ' now' thy word do stand in stead,
 ' For thou shalt be hanged on main-màst,
 ' If thou miss twelve score one penny breadth.'

Then Peter Simon gave a shot,
Which did Sir Andrew mickle scare;
In at his deck it came so hot,
Kill'd fifteen of his men of war:
 ' Alas! (then said the pirate stout,)
 ' I am in danger now I see;
 ' This is some lord, I greatly doubt,
 ' That is set on to conquer me.'

Then Henry Hunt, with rigour hot,
Came bravely on the other side,
Who likewise shot in at his deck,
And kill'd fifty of his men beside:
Then, ' Out alas! (Sir Andrew cried,)
 ' What may a man now think or say?
 ' Yon merchant-thief that pierceth me,
 ' He was my prisoner yesterday.'

Then did he on Gordion call,
Unto the top-castle for to go,
And bid his beams he should let fall,
For he greatly fear'd an overthrow.
The lord call'd Horsely then in haste;
 ' Look that thy word now stand in stead,

‘ For thou shall be hanged on main-màst,
‘ If thou miss twelve score a shilling breadth.’

Then up the mast-tree sweryed he,
This stout and mighty Gordion ;
But Horsely he, most happily,
Shot him undèr his collar-bone.
Then call’d he on his nephew then,
Said, ‘ Sister’s sons I have no mo ;
‘ Three hundred pound I will give to thee,
‘ If thou wilt to the top-castle go.’

Then stoutly he began to climb,
From off the mast scorn’d to depart ;
But Horsely soon prevented him,
And deadly pierc’d him to the heart.
His men being slain, then up amain
Did this proud pirate climb with speed ;
For armour of proof he had put on,
And did not dint of arrows dread.

‘ Come hither Horsely, (said the lord,)
‘ See thou thine arrows aim aright :
‘ Great means to thee I will afford,
‘ And if thou speed, I’ll make thee knight ’
Sir Andrew did climb up the tree,
With right good-will, and all his main ;
Then upon the breast hit Horsely he,
Till the arrow did return again.

Then Horsely ’spied a private place,
With a perfect eye in a secret part ;
His arrow swiftly flew apace,
And smote Sir Andrew to the heart.

‘ Fight on, fight on, my merry men all,
‘ A little I am hurt, yet not slain ;
‘ I’ll but lie down and bleed a while,
‘ And come and fight with you again.

‘ And do not, (said he,) fear English rogues,
‘ And of our foes stand not in awe ;
‘ But stand fast by St. Andrew’s cross,
‘ Until you hear my whistle blow.—
They never heard his whistle blow,
Which made them all full sore afraid,
Then Horsely said, ‘ My lord, aboard ;
‘ For now Sir Andrew Barton’s dead.’

Thus boarded they this gallant ship,
With right good will, and all their main ;
Eighteen score Scots alive in it,
Besides as many more were slain.
The lord went where Sir Andrew lay,
And quickly then cut off his head :
‘ I should forsake England many a day,
‘ If thou wert alive as thou art dead.’

Thus from the wars Lord Howard came,
With mickle joy and triumphing ;
The pirate’s head he brought along,
For to present unto the king :
Who briefly then to him did say,
Before he knew well what was done,
‘ Where is the knight and pirate gay ?
‘ That I myself may give the doom.’

- ‘ You may thank God, (then said the lord,)
‘ And four men in the ship, (quoth he,)
‘ That we are safely come ashore,
‘ Sith you never had such an enemy;
‘ That is, Henry Hunt, and Peter Simon,
‘ William Horsely, and Peter’s son;
‘ Therefore reward them for their pains,
‘ For they did service in their turn.’

- To the merchant then the king did say,
‘ In lieu of what he hath from thee ta’en,
‘ I’ll give to thee a noble a day,
‘ Sir Andrew’s whistle, and his chain:
‘ To Peter Simon a crown a day;
‘ And half a crown to Peter’s son;
‘ And that was for a shot so gay,
‘ Which bravely brought Sir Andrew down.

- ‘ Horsely, I will make thee a knight,
‘ And in Yorkshire thou shalt dwell;
‘ Lord Howard shall Earl Bury hight,
‘ For this title he deserveth well.
‘ Seven shillings to our English men,
‘ Who in this fight did stoutly stand;
‘ And twelve pence a day to the Scots till they
‘ Come to my brother king’s high land.’

BALLAD XXIII.

JOHNY ARMSTRONG'S LAST GOOD-NIGHT.*

Is there never a man in all Scotland,
From the highest estate to the lowest degree,
That can show himself now before the king,
Scotland is so full of treachery?

Yes, there is a man in Westmoreland,
And Johny Armstrong they do him call;
He has no lands nor rents coming in,
Yet he keeps eight score men within his hall.

He has horses and harness for them all,
And goodly steeds that be milk-white,
With their goodly belts about their necks,
With hats and feathers all alike.

The king he writes a loving letter,
And with his own hand so tenderly,
And hath sent it unto Johny Armstrong,
To come and speak with him speedily.

When John he looked this letter upon,
Good lord, he look'd as blithe as a bird in a tree:
' I was never before a king in my life,
' My father, my grandfather, nor none of us three.

* The best account of Armstrong, his conduct, capture, and execution, (for, alas! instead of ending his life so gallantly as he is made to do in the song, he was ignobly hanged upon a gallows,) is given by Lindsay of Pitscottie, in his History of Scotland. (Edin. 1727, folio.) He is likewise noticed by Buchanan.

‘ But seeing we must go before the king,
‘ Lord, we will go most gallantly ;
‘ Ye shall every one have a velvet coat,
‘ Laid down with golden laces three :

‘ And every one shall have a scarlet cloak,
‘ Laid down with silver laces five ;
‘ With your golden belts about your necks,
‘ With hats and feathers all alike.’

But when John he went to Giltnock-hall,
The wind it blew hard, and full fast it did rain :
‘ Now fare thee well, thou Giltnock-hall,
‘ I fear I shall never see thee again.’

Now Johny is to Edinburgh gone,
With his eight score men so gallantly,
And every one of them on a milk-white steed,
With their bucklers and swords hanging to their knee.

But when John came the king before,
With his eight score men so gallant to see ;
The king he mov'd his bonnet to him,
He thought he had been a king as well he.

‘ O pardon, pardon, my sovereign liege,
‘ Pardon for my eight score men and me ;
‘ For my name it is Johny Armstròng,
‘ And a subject of yours, my liege ;’ said he.

‘ Away with thee, thou false traitòr,
‘ No pardon will I grant to thee ;
‘ But, to-morrow morning by eight of the clock,
‘ I will hang up thy eight score men and thee.’

Then Johny look'd over his left shouldèr,
And to his merry men thus said he,
' I have asked grace of a graceless face,
' No pardon there is for you or me.'

Then John pull'd out his nut-brown sword,
And it was made of metal so free,
Had not the king mov'd his foot as he did,
John had taken his head from his fair body.

' Come, follow me, my merry men all,
' We will scorn one foot for to fly,
' It shall ne'er be said we were hung like dogs,
' We will fight it out most manfully.'

Then they fought on like champions bold,
For their hearts were sturdy, stout, and free,
Till they had kill'd all the king's good guard;
There was none left alive but two or three.

But then rose up all Edinburgh,
They rose up by thousands three;
A cowardly Scot came John behind,
And run him through the fair body.

Said John, ' Fight on, my merry men all,
' I am a little wounded, but am not slain;
' I will lay me down for to bleed a while,
' Then I'll rise and fight with you again.'

Then they fought on like madmen all,
Till many a man lay dead upon the plain;
For they were resolved, before they would yield,
That every man would there be slain.

So there they fought courageously,
Till most of them lay dead there and slain;
But little Musgrave that was his foot-page,
With his bonny Grissel got away unta'en.

But when he came to Giltnock-hall,
The lady spied him presently:
'What news, what news, thou little foot-page,
'What news from thy master and his company?'

'My news is bad; lady, he said,
'Which I do bring, as you may see;
'My master Johny Armstrong is slain,
'And all his gallant company.'

'Yet thou art welcome home, my bonny Grissel,
'Full oft thou hast been fed with corn and hay,
'But now thou shalt be fed with bread and wine,
'And thy sides shall be spur'd no more, I say.'

O then bespake his little son,
As he sat on his nurse's knee,
If ever I live to be a man,
'My father's death reveng'd shall be.'*

* Mr. R. H. Evans, in a late edition of his father's collection of Old Ballads, observes that Mr. Walter Scott has condescended to borrow the last three lines of this stanza in his 'Lay of the Last Minstrel:' but it seems to have escaped Mr. E.'s farther observation, that they are marked by Mr. Scott as borrowed lines.]

BALLAD XXIV.

THE HUNTING IN CHEVY-CHASE.*

God prosper long our noble king,
 Our lives and safeties all ;
 A woeful hunting once there did
 In Chevy-chase befall :

To drive the deer with hound and horn,
 Earl Percy took his way ;
 The child may rue that is unborn
 The hunting of that day.

The stout Earl of Northumberland
 A vow to God did make,
 His pleasure in the Scottish woods
 Three summer's days to take ;

The chiefest harts in Chevy-chase
 To kill and bear away :
 The tidings to Earl Douglas came,
 In Scotland where he lay ;

* This ballad appears to have been modernized about the time of James or Charles I. from an ancient piece upon the same subject, preserved by Hearne, (*Guliel. Neubri. I. lxxxii.*) and thence (not very faithfully or correctly) printed by Percy, beginning,

‘ The Perse owt off Northombarlande and a vowe to God mayd he.’
 An admirable Latin version, written at the command of Dr. Compton, Bishop of London, by Mr. Henry Bold, is inserted among that gentleman’s Latin songs, and in Dryden’s Collection of Miscellaneous Poems.

Who sent Earl Percy present word
He would prevent his sport:
The English Earl, not fearing this,
Did to the woods resort,

With fifteen hundred bowmen bold ;
All chosen men of might,
Who knew full well, in time of need,
To aim their shafts aright.

The gallant greyhounds swiftly ran,
To chase the fallow-deer :
On Monday they began to hunt,
When day-light did appear ;

And, long before high noon, they had
A hundred fat bucks slain ;
Then, having din'd, the drovers went
To rouse them up again.

The bowmen muster'd on the hills,
Well able to endure ;
Their backsides all, with special care,
That day were guarded sure.

The hounds ran swiftly through the woods,
The nimble deer to take,
And with their cries the hills and dales
An echo shrill did make.

Lord Percy to the quarry went,
To view the slaughter'd deer ;
Quoth he, ' Earl Douglas promised
' This day to meet me here :

‘ If that I thought he would not come,
 ‘ No longer would I stay.’

With that a brave young gentleman

Thus to the Earl did say:

‘ Lo ! yonder doth Earl Douglas come,

‘ His men in armour bright ;

‘ Full twenty hundred Scottish spears

‘ All marching in our sight ;

‘ All men of pleasant Tividale,

‘ Fast by the river Tweed.’

‘ Then cease your sport, (Earl Percy said,)

‘ And take your bows with speed :

‘ And now with me, my countrymen,

‘ Your courage forth advance ;

‘ For never was their champion yet,

‘ In Scotland or in France,

‘ That ever did on horseback come,

‘ But, if my hap it were,

‘ I durst encounter man for man,

‘ With him to break a spear.’

Earl Douglas, on a milk-white steed,

Most like a baron bold,

Rode foremost of the company,

Whose armour shone like gold :

‘ Show me, (said he,) whose men you be,

‘ That hunt so boldly here ;

‘ That, without my consent, do chase,

‘ And kill my fallow-deer !’

The man that first did answer make,
Was noble Percy, he;

‘ Who said, we list not to declare,
‘ Nor show whose men we be :

‘ Yet we will spend our dearest blood,
‘ Thy chiefest harts to slay.’

Then Douglas swore a solemn oath,
And thus in rage did say :

‘ Ere thus I will out-braved be,
‘ One of us two shall die :

‘ I know thee well ; an earl thou art,
‘ Lord Percy, so am I.

‘ But trust me, Percy, pity it were,
‘ And great offence, to kill

‘ Any of these our harmless men,
‘ For they have done no ill :

‘ Let thou and I the battle try,
‘ And set our men aside.’—

‘ Accurs’d be he, (Lord Percy said,)
‘ By whom this is denied.’

Then stepp’d a gallant squire forth,
Witherington was his name,

Who said, ‘ I would not have it told
‘ To Henry our king, for shame,

‘ That e’er my captain fought on foot,
‘ And I stood looking on :

‘ You be two earls, (said Witherington,)
‘ And I a squire alone :

‘ I’ll do the best that do I may,
‘ While I have strength to stand ;
‘ While I have pow’r to wield my sword,
‘ I’ll fight with heart and hand.’

Our English archers bent their bows,
Their hearts were good and true ;
At the first flight of arrows sent,
Full three-score Scots they slew.

To drive the deer with hound and horn,
Earl Douglas had the bent ;
A captain mov’d with mickle pride,
The spears to shivers sent.

They clos’d full fast on every side,
No slackness there was found ;
And many a gallant gentleman
Lay gasping on the ground.

O Christ ! it was a grief to see,
And likewise for to hear
The cries of men lying in their gore,
And scatter’d here and there.

At last these two stout earls did meet,
Like captains of great might ;
Like lions mov’d, they laid on load,
And made a cruel fight.

They fought until they both did sweat,
With swords of temper’d steel ;
Until the blood like drops of rain,
They trickling down did feel.

- ‘ Yield thee, Lord Percy, (Douglas said,)
‘ In faith I will thee bring
‘ Where thou shalt high advanced be
‘ By James our Scottish king:
- ‘ Thy ransom I will freely give,
‘ And thus report of thee,
‘ Thou art the most courageous knight
‘ That ever I did see.’
- ‘ No, Douglas, (quoth Earl Percy then,)
‘ Thy proffer I do scorn;
‘ I will not yield to any Scot
‘ That ever yet was born.’

With that there came an arrow keen,
Out of an English bow,
Which struck Earl Douglas to the heart,
A deep and deadly blow :

Who never spoke more words than these,
‘ Fight on, my merry men all;
‘ For why, my life is at an end,
‘ Lord Percy sees my fall !’

Then leaving life, Earl Percy took
The dead man by the hand,
And said, ‘ Earl Douglas, for thy life
‘ Would I had lost my land.

‘ O Christ! my very heart doth bleed,
‘ With sorrow for thy sake;
‘ For sure, a more renowned knight
‘ Mischance did never take.’

A knight amongst the Scots there was,
Which saw Earl Douglas die,
Who straight in wrath did vow revenge
Upon the Earl Percy :

Sir Hugh Montgomery was he call'd;
Who, with a spear most bright,
Well mounted on a gallant steed,
Ran fiercely through the fight;

And pass'd the English archers all,
Without all dread or fear;
And through Earl Percy's body then
He thrust his hateful spear:

With such a vehement force and might
He did his body gore,
The spear went through the other side
A large cloth-yard, and more.

So thus did both these nobles die,
Whose courage none could stain:
An English archer then perceiv'd
The noble earl was slain:

He had a bow bent in his hand,
Made of a trusty tree;
An arrow of a cloth-yard long
Up to the head drew he:

Against Sir Hugh Montgomery
So right the shaft he set,
The grey-goose-wing that was thereon
In his heart-blood was wet.

This fight did last from break of day
 Till setting of the sun ;
 For when they rung the evening bell, *
 The battle scarce was done.

With the Earl Percy there was slain
 Sir John of Ogerton,
 Sir Robert Ratcliffe, and Sir John,
 Sir James that bold baron :

And, with Sir George, and good Sir James,
 Both knights of good account,
 Good Sir Ralph Raby there was slain,
 Whose prowess did surmount.

For Witherington needs must I wail,
 As one in doleful dumps ;
 For when his legs were smitten off,
 He fought upon his stumps.

* That is, says Percy, ' the curfew bell, usually rung at eight o'clock.' But this ingenious conjecture happens, unfortunately, to be an egregious mistake. The ' evening bell' is the bell for vespers, or six o'clock prayers, as the learned commentator might have observed in transcribing or printing the original ballad, which expressly tells us, that

' When EVEN SONG BELL was rang, the battell was not half done.' That it was formerly looked upon as an uncommon, and, perhaps, irreligious circumstance, for a Christian army to continue engaged after the ringing of this bell, appears from a similar passage in the ancient Spanish romance of *TIRANT LO BLANCH* (Barcelona, 1497, folio) ; where it is said, "*E continuant toste'ps la batailla era ia quasi hora de vespres,*" &c. (Capitol clvii.) "*L'heure de Vêpres approchoit, et le combat duroit encore.*" (Traduc. Fran. i. 293.)

And with Earl Douglas there was slain
Sir Hugh Montgomery ;
Sir Charles Currèl, that from the field
One foot would never fly ;

Sir Charles Murrèl of Ratcliffe too,
His sister's son was he ;
Sir David Lamb, so well esteem'd,
Yet saved could not be.

And the Lord Maxwell, in likewise,
Did with Earl Douglas die :
Of twenty hundred Scottish spears,
Scarce fifty-five did fly.

Of fifteen hundred Englishmen,
Went home but fifty-three :
The rest were slain in Chevy-chase,
Under the green-wood tree.

Next day did many widows come,
Their husbands to bewail ;
They wash'd their wounds in brinish tears,
But all would not prevail.

Their bodies, bath'd in purple blood,
They bore with them away ;
They kiss'd them dead a thousand times,
When they were clad in clay.*

* [It is hardly possible to read these pathetic stanzas, without reverting to the admirably-imagined representation of 'Chevy-chase the day after the battle,' by Mr. Bird ; lately exhibited in the gallery of the British Institution, and now engraving in metzotinto by Mr. Young.]

This news was brought to Edinburgh,
Where Scotland's king did reign,
That brave Earl Douglas suddenly
Was with an arrow slain.

‘ O heavy news ! (King James did say)
‘ Scotland can witness be,
‘ I have not any captain more
‘ Of such account as he !’

Like tidings to King Henry came,
Within as short a space,
That Percy of Northumberland
Was slain in Chevy-chase.

‘ Now God be with him ! (said our king,)
‘ Sith ’twill no better be ;
‘ I trust I have within my realm
‘ Five hundred as good as he !
‘ Yet shall not Scot nor Scotland say,
‘ But I will vengeance take ;
‘ And be revenged on them all,
‘ For brave Lord Percy's sake.’

This vow full well the king perform'd,
After, on Humbledown ;
In one day, fifty knights were slain,
With lords of great renown ;

And of the rest of small account,
Did many hundreds die.
Thus ended the hunting of Chevy-chase,
Made by the Earl Percy.

God save the king, and bless the land
In plenty, joy, and peace ;
And grant, henceforth, that fowl debate
'Twixt noblemen may cease !

BALLAD XXV.*

OF THE SIX QUEENS THAT WERE MARRIED TO
HENRY THE EIGHTH, KING OF ENGLAND.

WHEN England's fame did ring
Royally, royally,
Of Henry the Eighth our king,
All the world over :
Such deeds of majesty
Won he most worthily,
England to glorify,
By the hand of fair heaven.

His royal father dead ;
Curiously, curiously,
Was he then wrapt in lead,
As it appeareth :
Such a tomb did he make,
For his sweet father's sake,
As the whole world may speak
Of his gallant glory.

* From Johnson's ' Crowne Garland of goulden Roses,' &c. 1612.
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England's brave monument
Sumptuously, sumptuously,
Kings and queens gave consent
To have it there grac'd:
Henry the Eighth was he,
Builded in gallantry,
With golden bravery,
In his rich chapel. *

And after did provide,
Carefully, carefully,
To choose a princely bride,
For his land's honour:
His brother's widow he
Married most lawfully,
His loving wife to be
Royal Queen Catherine.

Which queen he loved dear,
Many a day, many a day,
Full two-and-twenty year,
Ere they were parted.
From this renowned dame,
Mary his daughter came;
Yet did his bishops frame
To have her divorced.

* [The chapel called Henry the Seventh's, in Westminster Abbey, where the costly and beautiful tomb of that monarch is still in good preservation. It was the workmanship of one Peter, a Florentine. See Dart's *Antiq. of West. Abbey*, and Walpole's *Anecd. of Painting in England*.]

When as Queen Catherine knew
 How the king, how the king,
 Prov'd in love most untrue,
 Thus to forsake her ;
 Good Lord ! what bitter woe,
 Did this sweet princess show,
 Unkindly thus to go
 From her sweet husband.

' O my kind sovereign dear !
 (Said the queen, said the queen,)
 ' Full two-and-twenty year
 ' Have I been married :
 ' Sure it will break my heart,
 ' From thee now to depart,
 ' I ne'er play'd wanton's part,
 ' Royal King Henry.'

All this availed nought,
 Woful queen, woful queen ;
 A divorce being wrought,
 She must forsake him :
 Never more in his bed
 Laid she her princely head :
 Was e'er wife so bestead,
 Like to Queen Catherine ?

Amongst our Englishmen
 Of renown, of renown ;
 The Earl of Wiltshire then
 Had a virtuous fair daughter ;
 A brave and princely dame,
 Anna Bullen by name ;

This virgin was by fame,
Made wife to King Henry.

From this same royal queen,
Blessedly, blessedly,
As it was known and seen,
Came our sweet princess,
England's Elizabeth !
Fairest queen on the earth ;
Happy made by her birth,
Was this brave kingdom.

When Anna Bullen's place
Of a queen, of a queen,
Had been for three years' space,
More was her sorrow :
In the king's royal head
Secret displeasure bred,
That cost the queen her head,
In London's strong Tower.

Then took he to wife Lady Jane,
Lovingly, lovingly,
That from the Seymours came,
Nobly descended ;
But her love bought she dear,
She was but queen one year ;
In child-bed she died, we hear,
Of royal King Edward.

England then understand,
Famously, famously,

Princes three of this land,
 Thus came from three queens:
 Catherine gave Mary birth,
 Anna Elizabeth,
 Jane, Edward by her death,
 All crown'd in England.

After these married he,
 All in fame, all in fame,
 A dame of dignity,
 Fair Anne of Cleve:
 Her sorrow soon was seen,
 Only six months a queen,
 Graces but growing green,
 So quickly divorced.

Yet liv'd she with grief to see,
 Woful queen, woful queen!
 Two more as well as she,
 Married unto King Henry:
 To enjoy love's delights,
 On their sweet wedding nights,
 Which were her proper rites,
 Mournful young princess.

First a sweet gallant dame,
 Nobly born, nobly born,
 Which had unto her name
 Fair Catherine Howard:
 But ere two years were past,
 Disliking grew so fast,
 She lost her head at last:
 Small time of glory!

After her Catherine Parr,
 Made he queen, made he queen,
 Late wife to Lord Latimer,
 Brave English baron.
 This lady of renown
 Deserved not a frown,
 Whilst Henry wore the crown
 Of thrice famous England.

Six royal queens you see,
 Gallant dames, gallant dames,
 At command married he,
 Like a great monarch :
 Yet lives his famous name,
 Without spot or defame ;
 From royal kings he came,
 Whom all the world fear'd.

BALLAD XXVI.

*Of a wealthy Merchant, who forgetting his profit, gave his
 mind to pleasure.**

A MERCHANT of great riches dwelt
 In Surria,† (as I read,)
 Whose yearly traffic to the Cair,‡
 Full well suffic'd his need :

* [From Anthony Munday's ' Banquet of Daintie Conceits,' printed in 1583. It is directed to be sung after a pleasant new tune called ' Prima Visto.' See the Harleian Miscellany, vol. ix, p. 221.]

† [Qu.—Syria?]

‡ [Perhaps, Cairo?]

For, bringing precious stones from thence
The profit rose so much,
(By his account unto himself)
As very few had such.

This merchant, to give greater grace
To jewels of such price,
Compounded with a skilful man,
Both excellent and wise,
To sett these stones in finest gold,
Agreeing, by the day,
(Because he should not slack his work,)
A certain sum to pay.

This cunning workman every day
Applied his business well ;
And every night receiv'd his wage : *—
At last it so befel ;
Unto the Merchant's house was brought
A goodly instrument,
Which, for the beauty and the sound,
Did highly him content.

The workman (as his custom was)
Unto his business came :—
When as the Merchant took the harp,
And showed him the same ;
His skill in music being great,
Did take the instrument ;
Demanding, if that he should play ?—
The Merchant was content.

* [Wages.]

So sweetly did he play thereon,
And with such rare delight,
That thus he wasted forth the day,
Until it was dark night.
Then for his duty* he doth call,
And as much doth require,
As if he had apply'd his work,
Serving for daily hire.

The Merchant says, 'he had not wrought,
' But played all the day :—
The workman says, 'you did command ;
' Then I must needs obey.
' Your bargain is for daily wage :—
' All day I have been here,
' And done what you commanded me ;
' My wages then is clear.'

In brief, they fell so much at square,
And so far did proceed,
That by the judges of the town,
Sentence must be decreed :
Which was against the Merchant flat ;
And so much he must pay
The workman, as if he had wrought
And labour'd all the day.

The Merchant scant digested this,
That he so much must pay :
And might have gotten twice so much
If he had wrought all day.

* [*Duty* is here put for *pay* ; according to the legal stipulation.]

His folly now he doth repent,
And bids such gauds, farewell !
He finds more sweetness in the nut
Than in the outward shell.

BALLAD XXVII.

THE FAIRIES' FAREWELL, OR GOD-A-MERCY WILL.

BY DR. CORBET.*

*To be sung or whistled to the tune of ' The Meddow
Brow,' by the learned ; by the unlearned, to the tune of
' Fortune.'*

' FAREWELL, rewards and fairies !'
Good house-wives now may say :
For now foul sluts in dairies
Do fare as well as they ;
And though they sweep their hearths no less
Than maids were wont to do,
Yet who of late for cleanliness
Finds six-pence in her shoe ?

* [Dr. Percy observes that this humorous old song fell from the hand of the witty bishop of Norwich, and was printed in his ' Poetica Stromata,' 1648, and in the third edition of his poems, 1672. The former of these, from its internal evidence, is regarded by Mr. Gilchrist (in his own much improved edition) as published under the eye of the bishop's family. Bishop Corbet died in 1635, at the age of 52.]

Lament, lament, old abbies,
The fairies' lost command :*
They did but change priest's babies,
But some have chang'd your land :
And all your children stol'n from thence
Are now grown Puritans,
Who live as changelings ever since,
For love of your demains.

At morning and at evening both,
You merry were and glad,
So little care of sleep and sloth,
These pretty ladies had.
When Tom came home from labour,
Or Ciss to milking rose,
Then merrily went their tabor,
And nimbly went their toes.

Witness those rings and roundelays
Of theirs, which yet remain,
Were footed in queen Mary's days
On many a grassy plain.
But since of late Elizabeth,
And later James came in ;
They never danc'd on any heath,
As when the time hath been.

By which we note, the fairies
Were of the old profession ;

* The departure of fairies is here attributed to the abolition of monkery. Chaucer has, with equal humour, assigned a cause the very reverse in his 'Wife of Bath's Tale.' *Percy*.

Their songs were Ave Maries,
 Their dances were procession :
 But now, alas ! they all are dead,
 Or gone beyond the seas ;
 Or farther for religion fled,
 Or else they take their ease.

A tell-tale in their company
 They never could endure ;
 And whoso kept not secretly
 Their mirth, was punish'd sure :
 It was a just and christian deed
 To pinch such black and blue :
 O how the common-wealth doth need
 Such justices as you !

Now they have left their quarters ;
 A Register they have,
 Who can preserve their charters ;
 A man both wise and grave.
 An hundred of their merry pranks,
 By one that I could name,
 Are kept in store ; con twenty thanks
 To William for the same.

I marvel who his cloak would turn,*
 When Puck had led him round ;
 Or where those walking fires would burn
 Where Cureton would be found ;

* The belief that the turning of the cloak or glove, or any garment, solved the benighted traveller from the spell of the fairies, is alluded to in Corbet's ' Iter Boreale,' and is still retained in some of the western counties. *Gilchrist.*

How Broker would appear to be,
 For whom this age doth mourn ;
 But that their spirits live in thee,
 In thee, old William Chourne.

To William Chourne of Staffordshire,
 Give laud and praises due,
 Who every meal can mend your cheer
 With tales both old and true :
 To William all give audience,
 And pray ye for his noddle :
 For all the fairies' evidence
 Were lost, if that were addle.

BALLAD XXVIII.

ON THE DEATH OF SIMON DE MONTFORT, EARL OF
 LEICESTER, AT THE BATTLE OF EVESHAM, 1266.

(Literally versified from the Norman-French)

BY WALTER SCOTT, ESQ.*

IN woeful wise my song shall rise,
 My heart impells the strain ;
 Tears fit the song, which tells the wrong
 Of gentle Barons slayn.

* [This version was made at the desire of Mr. Ritson, for a projected reprint of his 'Ancient Songs from the time of King Henry the Third to the Revolution;' the new materials for which all perished except this relique, which its highly esteemed Translator has permitted in the most friendly, and therefore flattering manner, to appear in the present publication. The Norman-French original, which ought to have accompanied this ballad, cannot now be traced.]

CHORUS.

Now lowly lies the flower of pries,*
 That could so much of weir:†
 Fayr peace to gaine they fought in vayn,
 Their house to ruin gave,
 And limb and life to butcheryng knyfe,
 Our native land to save.
 Erle Montfort's scathe, and heavy death,
 Shall cost the world a tear.

As I here say, upon Tuesdaye
 The battle bold was done ;
 Each mounted knight there fell in fight,
 For ayd of foot was none :
 There wounds were felt, and blows were dealt
 With brands that burnish'd be ;
 Sir Edward stoute, his numerous route
 Have won the maisterie.

Now lowly lies, &c.

But, though he died, on Montfort's side
 The victorye remain'd ;
 Like Becket's fayth, the Erle's in deathe
 The martyr's palm obtain'd ;
 That holy Saint would never graunt
 The Church should fall or slyde ;
 Like him, the Erle met deadly peril,
 And like him dauntless dyed.

Now lowly lies, &c.

* Price.

† War.

The bold Sir Hugh Despencer true,
The kingdom's Justice he,
Was doom'd to dye, unrighteouslye,
By passynge crueltie.
And Sir Henry, the son was he
To Leister's nobile lord,
With many moe, as ye shall know,
Fell by Erle Gloster's sword.
Now lowly lies, &c

He that dares dye, in standing by
The country's peace and lawe,
To him the Saint the meed shall graunt
Of conscience free from flawe.
Who suffers scathe, and faces death,
To save the poor from wrong,
God speed his end, the poor man's friend,
For suche we pray, and long !
Now lowly lies, &c.

His bosom nere, a treasure dere,
A sackclothe shirt they founde,—
The felons there full ruthless were
Who stretch'd hym on the grounde.
More wrongs than be in butcherye,
They did the knight who fell,
To wield his sword and keep his worde
Who knew the way so well.
Now lowly lies, &c:

Pray, as is meet, my brethren sweet,
The maiden Mary's Son,

The infant fair, our noble heir,
In grace to guide him on.
I will not name the habit's* claym,
Of that I will not saye ;
But for Jesus' love, that sits above,
For churchmen ever pray.
Now lowly lies, &c.

Seek not to see, of chivalrye
Or count, or baron bold ;
Each gallant knight, and squire of might,
They all are bought and sold ;
For loyaltie and veritie,
They now are done awaye—
The losel vile may reign by guile,
The fool by his foleye.
Now lowly lies, &c.

Sir Simon wight, that gallant knight,
And his companye eche one,
To heaven above, and joye and love,
And endless life are gone.
May He on rood who bought our good,
And God, their paine relieve,
Who captive ta'en, are kept in chaine,
And depe in dungeon grieve !

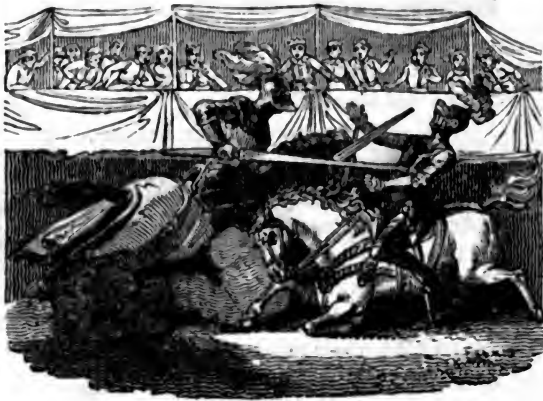
Now lowly lies the flower of pries,
That could so much of weir :

* The clerical habit is obviously alluded to ; and it seems to be cautiously and obscurely hinted, that the church was endangered by the defeat of De Montfort.

Erle Montfort's scathe, and heavy death,
Shall cost the world a tear. *

* It was the object of the Translator to imitate, as literally as possible, the style of the original, even in its rudeness, abrupt transitions, and obscurity ; such being the particular request of Mr. Ritson, who supplied the old French model of this ballad minstrelsy.

END OF VOL. II.



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